Can Beauty Come Out of Ashes (with Xanax and a Cold Brew)?
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Character:	Peter Parker, Wade Wilson, J. Jonah Jameson, OFC, Vanessa Carlysle, Mary Jane Watson, Harry Osborn, Aunt May, Domino, Shatter Star, Natasha Romanov (Marvel), Valkyrie (Marvel), Francis "Ajax" Freeman, Ellie Phimister, Jack Hammer (Marvel), Nathan Summers, Dopinder (Marvel)
Additional Tags:	Wade is the world's most talked about fashion designer, fashion - Freeform, Slow Burn, Mutual Pining, Travel, Drama & Romance, slight angst, Minor Self Harm, Implied suicidal tendencies/thoughts, Implied/Referenced Drug Use, Food Issues, 'cause Peter can't always afford food, but Wade helps him out, this is happy I swear, Happy Ending, Cool clothes, FAASSHIOONNN, Spideypool Big Bang 2018, prompt #56, except I expanded on it a lot, Wade Wilson Needs A Hug, So does Peter, they hug each other, Language, Paparazzi, Wade Is Insecure, Kissing, Romance, Paranoia, Wade wears heels, Wade wears a lot of things, Fuck Toxic Masculinity, Feminization, cross dressing, MAKE UP!!!, SO MUCH MAKE UP, and clothes, Drinking, Implied Drug Use, Broke Peter, Sugar Daddy Wade, Protective Wade, Protective Peter, Toxic Media, Anxiety Attacks, Peter and Wade both have them, Hurt/Comfort, Mental Illness, Eccentric Billionaire Wade, no powers, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Masturbation, Dirty Thoughts, Teasing, Size Kink, Height Differences, Maybe Peter has a Daddy Kink?, We'll discover it with him if he does, Miscommunication, That turns into communication, Jealousy, Jealous! Peter, Kind of Possessive Wade, not in a toxic way, Depressive Thoughts, Dirty Talk, Blowjobs, Dom/sub Undertones, Daddy Kink, Dom Wade, Sub Peter, Talks of homelessness, Dealing with relationships, and exes, Healthy Communication, Kink Negotiation, EVERYTHING IS CONSENSUAL AND DISCUSSED, Always, AS ALL tHINGS SHOULD BE, Crossdressing Kink, Light Dom/sub
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Can Beauty Come Out of Ashes (with Xanax and a Cold Brew)?

by dabblingwithwords

Summary

Based off prompt #56: Wade is a huge fashion designer that no one has seen and Peter is

hired to be his model.

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"I got one of my sources tellin’ me Wade Wilson, fucking *Deadpool*, is going to make an appearance," Jameson says. "You know how big that is kid? That’s recluse coming out of a billion dollar hiding hole *big*. I want you on the ground floor, I want you taking the first goddamn picture of that pompous scarred sonofabitch and coming back here to print first thing, you got that?”

Peter's head hurts.

Notes

omg!!! so this is the first chapter of the spideypool big bang 2018! it's been a lovely collaboration with lovely people!

BETA by: QQI25, honestly, she's amazing
ARTIST: Xenia, and you can follow her art blog at : x3nia.tumblr.com, so talented for real

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Peter Parker doesn't remember his last full meal.

He thinks it was three days ago, on a sidewalk outside a Taco Bell on 8th Ave in the middle of a rainstorm. Some kid dropped their bag in the water lining the curb and Peter had about -25% shame and just went for it.

It had sucked.

But Taco Bell sucks when it's *not* covered in sewer water so. Barely a difference really.

He doesn't know why he's thinking about shit stained Taco Bell and Monday as he wedges himself into the small elevator at the Daily Bugle.

It's still raining; it started earlier this week and never let up, and Peter knows there's this big Gala Jameson is sending the new girl Tammy to. He hopes the rain stops, for her and all the women in white dresses' sake.

The elevator lurches at every stop, the gears turning loud, and Peter's already made his peace with dying in this death trap years ago. When it reaches his floor, he's the last one out, and he shoulders his book bag and braces himself for Jameson's newest frustration.

Betty is seated at her desk in front of his office, and she gives Peter a little smile as he dumps his soaked belongings on his meager desk.

"Hey," she whispers, beckoning him to come over, which he does, after wiping his glasses on his shirt, "have you eaten today?"

Peter gives her a tired smile.

He hopes it can hide the growling of his stomach.

"Define eaten," he jokes and she rolls her eyes and reaches into her purse, pulling out a crinkled Starbucks bag.

She offers it to him.

"Wait, really? I can't take this, this–"

"Is a sausage sandwich muffin," Betty interrupts with a teasing grin, "take it, Pete, you're practically swaying on your feet."

Peter takes the bag from her.

"Thank you," he says, sincere, before turning to his desk and sitting down to eat.

He has the muffin halfway to his mouth before Jameson's office door is slamming open and Peter wants to sink into the horrible blue carpet.

Maybe, just maybe, Jameson won't need him right this very inconvenient second.

"Parker!" Jameson screams, "My office, five minutes, or you're fired!"

Peter looks down at the sandwich, takes one meek bite, and stands to go see what Jameson wants.

“Parker you look like shit,” is the first actual thing Jameson says to him and Peter can’t really argue that, doesn’t have the energy to argue that.

“Thanks,” he grumbles, adjusting his glasses.

“Wasn’t a compliment,” Jameson says, his cigar hanging unlit from between his teeth, “now, there’s that fancy ass Gala tonight. I was just going to send that new twiggy girl with the bad teeth–”

“Sophie,” Peter tells him.

“Yeah, Sarah, but I got one of my sources tellin’ me Wade Wilson, fucking Deadpool, is going to make an appearance. You know how big that is kid? That’s recluse coming out of billion dollar hiding hole big. I want you on the ground floor, I want you taking the first goddamn picture of that pompous, scarred sonofabitch and coming back here to print first thing, you got that?”

Peter’s head hurts.

“I thought Sophie was taking the pictures,” Peter says.

“She’s covering the event, you’re covering Wilson. Anymore stupid ass questions, Parker?”

“I don’t have a suit.”

“Make one! Dig one out of your favorite dumpster, that’s not my problem! Oh, and if you get me that photo I’ll give you an extra $650, how’s that sound?”

Peter stands up straighter.

“That…that would be *so* great, sir, I need a new camera so that would really help–”

“I don’t care about your sob story Parker, out of my office. And pick up your pass from Beth.”

Peter bites his tongue from correcting Jameson again.

“Yes sir,” Peter nods and leaves immediately, before Jameson redacts the generous added bonus.

He’s done it before.

Peter feels a little happier, a little more optimistic, as he sits at his desk and eats his lukewarm (free) Starbucks breakfast sandwich.

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Peter has about five hours before the Gala starts.

Honestly, he doesn’t understand fashion events. There is a cocktail hour that begins at nine and then the main event begins at eleven. Peter’s tired just thinking about it. It does, however, give him time to rummage around New York’s thrift stores during the day to try to find a suit that could pass for an extravagant Gala.

He resolves just going into the fabric store down the street from the Bugle, and he's suddenly thankful that aunt May made him join her sewing club with her friends from ages six to fourteen. If there's one thing he knows how to do, it's sew. Which…yeah, fuck toxic masculinity; he's fucking great at sewing.

There's a short woman with a tight ponytail behind the counter, and she helps Peter pick out good fabrics, ones that don't look cheap, that hold their shape, that aren't made from gross synthetics.

Peter arrives back at work with rolls of fabric swathed in trash bags to protect them from the rain and he's sure he can hear Jameson getting an ulcer just watching him sew the pattern at his desk.

At one point Tammy comes up to him, lips pursed.

"Um, Peter," she says, and he looks up from where he's trying to pin the fabric to get the width of his shoulders, "do you need help?"

It's one of the most bizarre days at work he's had, because him and Tammy and another woman named Sophie take over an empty conference room down the hall to help make Peter a suit in six hours.

"Parker you look like a cotton candy fairy," Jameson says from the doorway and Peter looks up from the pale blue floral print to give his homophobic boss a tight-lipped smile.

"Do you want to pay for me to get a suit, sir?" he asks.

Jameson's eyes narrow and he takes in the two women glaring at him over Peter's shoulders.

"Carry on but be quick about it, this is a newspaper, not a sweatshop."

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"I have shoes you can borrow," Sophie tells him once they clock out for the day, Peter's new suit bundled under so many trash bags it looks like he's starting a collection.

"Are they heels?" Peter asks, hiding a yawn in the crook of his shoulder. "Because I suck at walking in heels."

Sophie laughs, and shakes her head.

"No, they're my boyfriend's. He's broader than you so his suits wouldn't fit, I like ours better anyway than the one he has, but his shoes might work. They're simple too, just black, so they won't distract from the floral. You can come get them on your way to the subway."

"That'd be great, 'cause all I got is my sneakers."

"They're covered in duct tape," Sophie says.

"I never said they were good sneakers."

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Peter calls MJ as soon as he gets back to his apartment.

He's sure everyone on the M train hated him and his rolls of fabric and bundle of trash bags. He drops the fabric on the floor and drapes his new suit over the back of his pull out couch.

"Hey, it's me," he greets, holding the phone between his shoulder and cheek, "do you still have that cream button-down shirt that's too big for you?"

MJ's silent, and Peter can hear her rummaging through the hangers in her closet.

"Yeah, I do," she says, wary, "why?"

"I'm going to this Gala tonight for work and I need a nice shirt that isn't stained with mustard," Peter explains, making his way into his small kitchen and looking in his cabinets for dinner.

Chicken flavored ramen it is.

"You're going to a Gala? And you didn't invite me?"

"I would invite you if JJ had given me an extra ticket," Peter explains, contrite, "they sell for over a thousand a piece."

"Yowza, no thank you," MJ whistles and Peter can hear her taking the shirt out of her closet.

"Exactly," Peter agrees, popping the instant ramen into his microwave.

"Are you eating ramen again?" MJ asks and Peter jumps to sit on his counter as he waits.

"Yeah, why?"

MJ gives a long-suffering sigh over the line.

"Tiger, *how* are you still alive?"

"Sheer force of will?"

"Come over. Now," MJ tells him, "and I'll give you the shirt and cook you dinner."

"MJ, we're both broke, you don't have to–"

"First off, you're broke, I'm almost broke," MJ corrects, "and second, I just got paid from my last show, so it's all good. I also made way too much pasta so come over, help me eat it, and I'll do your makeup."

"Why do I have to wear makeup?" Peter asks just as the microwave dings.

"Because, Pete, you have permanent bags under your eyes, and if you're going to a fancy ass Gala you gotta look like you belong at a fancy ass Gala."

Peter can't really argue with that.

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He braves the rain to MJ's place in Brooklyn, the subway windows fogging over with heat from all the bodies cramped into such a small space.

He's just carrying his suit now and it's easier, less of a mess. When he arrives at her building he's soaked but the trash bags have done their job and protected the suit. He pulls it out and shows MJ, and she oohs as she runs her hands over the floral pattern.

"You're going to look like Harry Styles," she says, grinning.

"Who?" Peter asks as she hangs the suit up with care, nothing like how Peter has been handling it.

"I can't believe you made that," MJ is saying as she goes into the kitchen and retrieves two bowels from the nearby cabinet. "You should go into fashion instead."

"Well, I *have* done some modeling," Peter reminds her, taking a bowl with a gracious smile.

"Oh, yeah," MJ laughs, "how did I forget about that?"

"'Cause it was only two times three weeks ago and I'm pretty sure my agent lost my number."

MJ smiles, the rain pattering against the glass panes of the windows and casting the living room in a dull blue light as they serve themselves pasta and sit on the couch in front of the modest television. She leans against Peter's side as they eat, and they leave the TV off.

"What time is it?" Peter asks, and he'd probably be asleep and drooling on MJ's head if it weren't for the distant thunder helping to keep him present.

She fumbles with her phone and turns it on.

"Almost nine-thirty," she tells him. "Time to get you all dolled up."

"Can you just go for me? This is gonna suck," Peter groans and MJ smacks his thigh as she stands.

"Look, you get to go to a rich person event with rich people food and rich people alcohol and take pictures of Wade fucking Wilson so you don't get to be all whiny, capisce?"

"…No, I still wanna be whiny."

"Get your ass up, Parker."

He gets up.

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MJ makes him sit on the lid of her shitty toilet in her shitty bathroom.

"It looks like you haven't slept in years," she says under her breath as she works over Peter's skin with a makeup brush, before grabbing some mousse and styling his hair.

"You're more excited about this then I am," he tells her as she goes through three blouses trying to

match the best ones, all of which are a little too small besides the one that belongs to Harry.

She holds it out for Peter to take and must see the hesitance on his features because she gives him that sympathetic head tilt and pitying smile.

“He won’t care,” she says. “He won’t even find out. It’s just a dumb shirt.”

Peter takes it, but he doesn’t want to.

“You guys still in touch?” he asks, pulling off his t-shirt to shrug on Harry’s ridiculously comfortable one.

“Not really,” MJ whispers, guilt flashing over her features but Peter shoots her a reassuring grin and poses with Harry’s shirt, the floral jacket of his suit tossed carelessly over his shoulder.

“How do I look?” he asks.

“Like a million bucks,” MJ assures, gesturing for him to put on the jacket so she can smooth out the wrinkles. “Don’t let an old lady throw up on you again.”

“Hey, she was drunk and I didn’t really have a choice,” Peter grumbles, adjusting the suit pants and squeezing his feet into Sophie’s boyfriend’s shoes.

“Also she hasn’t been on the M in a week so I’m good,” Peter laughs, and checks the time on his phone. “Shit, I needed to meet Sophie like, ten minutes ago.”

“Then get going,” MJ says, getting his camera and press pass from where Peter left them on her kitchen counter, “and don’t forget these.”

“Thanks,” Peter says, and means it, “for the pasta and makeover and shirt.”

“Yeah, of course,” MJ takes a breath and then reaches up and pulls Peter into a tight hug.

“Who says we’re not past the awkward phase?” Peter whispers into her shoulder and she smacks the back of his head, lightly.

“You’re certainly not helping,” she says, gruff, but smiling. “Now go! Take pictures and get signed to a modeling label, you’re hot enough to be in Vogue.”

“Oh, god,” Peter sighs, but leaves with his shitty umbrella and warm food in his stomach.

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“Peter…did you not take a cab?” Sophie asks when she seems him outside of the venue, the rain having thankfully stopped but it was still falling hard when Peter left MJ’s apartment.

So Peter is still kind of really wet.

“Like I can afford an eighty dollar fare,” Peter grumbles, wanting nothing more than to get drunk off free champagne, “I made my suit five hours ago.”

“Well you look good,” Sophie says. “Are you wearing mascara?”

“Probably. Lets go,” Peter says, holding out his arm and letting Sophie hold onto his elbow as he guides them to the side entrance of the plaza.

There’s a red carpet and everything, but no big celebrities are walking down, most of the big names arrived for the cocktail hour that was closed to journalists. It’s still grand, and they still have to show their IDs and passes and go through security.

Peter can hear the bass of the music through the walls of the hotel’s lobby, red carpets, and gold décor.

It’s grand and vast and entirely strange to him.

He can’t imagine walking through these halls and feeling like he belongs. Not to mention it’s packed, crowded wall to wall with rich family names, actors, sponsors, and fashion designers. Sophie is squealing in his ear, pointing out the Hadid sisters who are lounging by the couches near the entrance to a golden parlor, surrounded by people who want to say they had a drink with them.

“I don’t see Wilson,” Peter whispers, trying to keep a hand on his camera so no one bumps into it. It’s film– he’s brought his good one– and he doesn’t want some drunk, self-entitled asshole breaking it.

“Me neither,” Sophie says, stopping a waiter to grab two flutes of champagne off their silver tray.

Peter takes it gratefully.

“I guess we just start taking pictures and interviewing, and hope he shows up,” Sophie whispers, taking a delicate sip of her drink.

“What if he doesn’t show up?” Peter asks, already feeling overwhelmed with the people and terrible music. “He’s known for being unpredictable.”

“It’s a charity for cancer funded by his organization, I’d be surprised if he doesn’t show. And disappointed. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I want to go meet Justin Bieber.”

“Don’t leave me,” Peter hisses, but Sophie just shoots him a wink over her shoulder and melts into the crowd.

She’s good at pretending like she belongs here. Peter is not.

He would be feeling out of place anyway, but he’s also the only man in a colorful suit, everyone else in varying shades of black and blues and greys, and he also knows MJ snuck some light pink eyeshadow on him and just…this is so nerve-wracking.

He downs his champagne in record time, doesn’t relish its smoothness, and instead just focuses on what he loves: photograpy.

People pose, and he tries to find the ones that don’t. Candids are so much better. Bella Hadid actually comes up to him at one point to compliment his suit and he gets a good picture of her laughing into her glass, eyes sparkling under the gold light of above chandeliers.

She would know if Wilson was here.

“Hey,” Peter asks her, only feeling a little bad that with her heels he’s two inches shorter, “is Deadpool here?”

Bella, surprisingly, gives a snort.

“I haven’t seen him,” she says, voice raspy with alcohol. “His assistant is here somewhere though. Just saw her.”

Wade Wilson’s assistant.

She’s a supermodel, stepped up in his company to arrange his appointments, his bookings, everything. She’s smart as a whip, good with words, and there have been rumors of them sleeping together. Some people find it hard to grasp a powerful woman standing on equal footing with her male counterpart. Vanessa Carlysle. She isn’t Deadpool, but maybe Jameson will pay for a picture of her at least.

He’s had three glasses of champagne before the music really starts making his head hurt and he’s desperate for some fresh air. He’s always been attracted to high places, and he sneaks off to the elevators and rides it all the way up to the roof. He’s pleased and surprised to find the door leading out to be opened; usually he has to pick the lock himself.

He’s drinking his fourth glass of champagne as he walks out onto the roof. He almost drops it when he sees that someone else had the same idea he did.

It’s too dark to see the guy’s features, but he’s obviously just as surprised to see Peter as Peter is to see him. The only light outside is the bulbous fairy lights and nearby skyscrapers. He can make out the man’s skin, however, couldn’t really miss it. His heart speeds up, with nerves or something else he isn’t sure, because he’s about 99% certain that the infamous *Wade Wilson*, creator of ‘X’, stage name Deadpool, is standing in front of him.

And he looks ridiculous in his dumb floral suit and camera and messed up hair and two empty champagne glasses. Peter wants to sink into the roof.

“I’m sorry,” he stutters out, backing up to go inside and leave Wilson to himself, “I didn’t mean to–”

“Wow,” the man says, drily, and Peter’s mouth snaps shut, “I knew my skin looked bad but no one’s ever literally run away from me before.”

What?

“What?” Peter asks, feeling lost, “I’m not running from you, I–you look like you wanted privacy–”

“I don’t own the roof,” Wilson says, and his voice is deep and rough, a mixture of disuse and cigarette smoke, “if you want to come out here you can, kid, I won’t bother you I promise.”

Peter’s still feeling a little lost, a little (a lot) out of his depth here, especially with how standoffish Wilson is, but if Peter takes a second to think about why Wilson is so quick to snap it’s pretty obvious. He’s seen the articles pointing out Wilson’s scars in blurry pictures, in memes and crude online forums. He knows what the public thinks of Wilson’s skin. Tonight was supposed to be the first appearance Wilson made in six months since his accident to introduce his new summer line and it looks like the pressure might be getting to him more than anyone knew.

Well, more than the public knew.

Peter approaches slowly, and the closer he gets, the clearer he can see the angry red and white of Wilson’s skin. Wilson turns his head away to look out over the city as Peter comes to stand ten feet away from him. The noise of the city helps stop the awkwardness from becoming heavy, but Peter

still feels hyper aware of everything going on around them. Wilson's lit a cigarette, and he smokes it like a man who wants to suffocate.

"I don't have any champagne left or I'd offer you some," Peter says.

Wilson looks to him like he's surprised Peter's talking. Then his eyes dip to the camera around Peter's neck over his press pass and his expression becomes guarded, closed off.

"You're press, huh?" he asks, taking a deep drag of nicotine. "You guys are fucking vultures, you know that?"

"If it helps I'm not technically press," Peter says, his nerves making his hands shake around the stems of the glasses, "I mean, I was sent here to take pictures of you but I'm not cruel, dude. I came out here 'cause things were too packed inside."

"I don't believe you," Wilson says but some tension has drained from his posture when Peter doesn't raise his camera.

Peter doesn't know why he feels so adamant about Wilson being comfortable, maybe because he knows first hand how shitty being bullied is, so he takes off the camera from around his neck and walks to place it by the door of the roof. When he comes back Wilson is staring at him with a sharp grin that doesn't reach his eyes.

"You think that makes you any better?" he asks.

Peter shrugs.

"I'm not gonna take your picture without your consent, so you can think whatever you want. I just want more champagne."

Wilson studies him for a long beat.

"Who made your suit?" he asks, and it's only when he shifts that Peter realizes he's wearing sharp red heels because they scrape along the rough, weathered floor of the roof.

"I did," Peter answers, trying not to be intimidated by how much taller Wilson is than him, especially with those shoes.

"You did? No shit," Wilson laughs, all the previous distrust and tension gone as he reaches out and runs a very light finger over the fabric of Peter's shoulder. "This is good, honey, you do this for a living then?"

"Uh, no, I'm a photographer," Peter says and Wilson breathes out a plume of smoke from the corner of his mouth so the wind doesn't blow it into Peter's face.

"You model? You look familiar," Wilson says, shoulders still a little stiff with self-doubt but the longer Peter stays and doesn't flinch away the looser the other man's posture gets.

Peter's beginning to realize just how insecure Wade Wilson is.

"A little bit," Peter answers, "just like, some light catalogue work. I needed the extra money."

Wilson hums, and then holds out his hand.

Peter has to fumble with the glasses before he gets his right hand free to complete the polite gesture.

“Wade Wilson,” Wilson says, “don’t call me Mr. just call me Wade. Or make up a cute nickname, I don’t think you’ve done that for me yet.”

“Um, Peter Parker,” Peter says, confused by Wade’s choice of words but deciding to roll with it anyway.

“You have nice bone structure,” Wade says, almost to himself, and he leans forward a bit, getting into Peter’s personal space, “and nice eyes.”

Peter feels completely exposed with Wade this close.

“I have brown eyes,” he feels the need to clarify. “It’s the most common eye color in the world.”

“What’s that have to do with the price of wine in Italy?” Wade retorts, swaying back.

“What?” Peter asks.

“I have my first opening this week,” Wade says, tilting his head and looking Peter up and down. “You wanna model for me?”

Peter’s pretty sure his brain has shut down.

“This is a joke,” is what his dumb mouth says and his stupid brain makes him keep talking, “you’re messing with me.”

Wade gives him a look.

“Dude, do I look like I’m joking?”

“I don’t know, I just met you.”

“I ain’t gonna force ya,” Wade sighs, stubbing out the rest of his cig on the back of his own hand, Peter looking on in alarm when Wade barely reacts to the burn, “but here’s my card. Call the number on the bottom right by noon tomorrow and the gig is yours. Also your zipper’s undone.”

Wade slips a gold card into the waistband of Peter’s trousers with a saucy wink before reaching into his back pocket and pulling out his infamous Deadpool mask. Peter can make out the stark red from where he’s standing as Wade slips it on like a second skin and makes his way back towards the entrance of the roof. He picks up Peter’s camera, and for one terrifying second Peter thinks he’s going to chuck it off the roof.

Instead, he holds it out for Peter to take.

“Turns out I’m not ready to be back by popular demand,” Wade says, rolling up the very bottom of his mask so that only his mouth is visible, “but I’ll give you a photo on the house.”

“Wait, really?” Peter asks because his brain’s been shutting on and off since Wade offered him a job based on his muddy-ass brown eyes and ragged suit and he’s having a hard time processing all this good fortune so fast.

“I’ll give ya five seconds,” Wade calls and he tosses the camera to Peter who fumbles to catch it, “make sure you get my good side.”

Peter doesn’t respond, he doesn’t have time, so he quickly adjusts his ISO before raising the camera and snapping a picture. He’s sure it’ll be a bit underdeveloped, but Wade’s smiling that sharp white grin and it looks almost dazzling against the red of his mask.

“Call me, baby,” Wade sings before kicking the door open with his heels and sauntering back inside.

Peter’s standing there with two empty champagne glasses in the crook of his left arm, his camera in his right hand, and a gold card stuck into the waistband of his pants.

“What just happened?” Peter asks the empty roof.

He’s glad no one answers.

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Sophie finds him later in the evening, and they part ways outside of the gala. No one reported seeing Deadpool, and his assistant was left fielding questions all evening. The money made at the silent auction and the tickets from the event were given to the charity Wilson (Wade, Peter could call him Wade now) had picked.

“Kind of lame that he never showed up,” Sophie grumbles, stepping into the cab as Peter helps lift her dress off the wet sidewalk.

“Kind of,” Peter agrees, though he isn’t sure he means it, camera heavy in his hands as Sophie waves goodbye to him from the window of the cab.

He stands there for some indefinite amount of time, knowing that he has pictures, expensive, career-Aunt-May-helping pictures literally in the palms of his hands. He also remembers how self-conscious Wade had been, how he’d held himself, made himself smaller. Peter knows how that feels, but can’t imagine how it must be with the whole world watching versus a group of pimple popping high school students. He could head to the Bugle right now, develop these photographs, sell them to any news outlet, any big name label, and make enough money to pay for May’s medical expenses for the rest of the year. It’s a close call, deciding between the one person in his life he’d give everything for and his moral code.

“Goddamn it,” he groans, and instead reaches into his pocket for the gold card Wade had given him.

Even in the dim, watered down light of the city it seems to glow. He takes a breath, and then dials the number.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

peter goes on the subway a lot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

X3NIA.
TUMBLR

by the talented X3nia

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He gets a call back from an unknown number thirty minutes after he left a stammering voicemail and had just finished climbing the ten flights of stairs to his apartment.

Thankfully, he's stripped off the suit and gotten into a pair of threadbare sweats when his phone rings shrill in the dim solitude of a tired New York night. "Hello?" he answers, opening his fridge and taking stock of his last two beers and one sad chobain expired yogurt.

"Am I speaking to Peter Parker?"

"Uh, yeah, hi," Peter says, more alert at the crisp no nonsense tone coming from the other line.

"Great, look, I need you to come to 1515 Broadway tomorrow at eight am sharp. It's the big building that's entirely made of glass. It's hideous, I'm sure you've seen it. Tell security your name, then head up to the 31st floor."

Peter doesn't really know what to say except, "Okay."

"Eight. No later. Don't be thirty minutes earlier either, Wade hates that."

Wade. *Oh*. Now the phone call is beginning to make a little more sense, but Peter's had about four flutes of champagne tonight and has been working since nine so his cognitive functions aren't the best.

"Who is this?" he asks, and tries to sound polite.

"I'm Wade's assistant, Vanessa. If you hit on me once you lose the gig, you understand?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Don't call me ma'am I'm not eighty."

"Sorry…miss?"

There's a long suffering sigh, a rustling of papers, and then a loud *crash*, like a door being smashed in. Vanessa seems to hardly react to it.

"You have the address? You got that?" she asks, sounding strained.

"Yeah, I got it."

"Bring some form fitting clothes, we're taking Polaroid's and measurements. Try to eat something light for breakfast, but you have to eat. Understood?"

Peter's mind is spinning. He's looking at his beer and his sad–probably moldy–yogurt.

Shit.

"Peter?"

“Yes! Hi, yes, I’ll eat.”

There’s a heavy silence, one where Peter can almost feel Vanessa’s disappointment.

Another, deeper voice sounds from far away, and Peter can’t make it out through the grainy connection and the bass it carries, but Vanessa is answering the other person first, then turning her focus back to Peter.

“Yeah, I got it, handsome. Parker, text this number your preferred breakfast food and I’ll get Dopinder to get you something. See you tomorrow at eight.”

The line goes dead and it takes Peter an embarrassing amount of time to process what just happened. Then he looks at the time on his phone. He needs to be up and dressed and looking nice in *six hours*, and he’s pretty sure the rain has washed all the cheap mascara off his face.

His stomach growls and that, combined with the moldy yogurt makes his decision for him. He texts the number: *please egg and bacon sandwich please. thank you!*

///

January is *freezing* in the city, the wind harsh enough to cut through your clothes and chill you down to your bones.

Unfortunately, it’s a Friday, and Peter is scheduled to work at the Bugle today. Which sucks, because he still hasn’t figured out how he’s going to tell Jonah that not only did he *not* get the picture of Wade developed, he doesn’t want to print the one he has at all.

After Wade’s reaction to knowing that Peter is press, and Peter doing some digging that same night, he’d been met with hideous TMZ and E! Entertainment headlines showcasing Wade’s scars and the accident and his designs and Peter…Peter remembers how the man had been on the defensive the moment Peter stepped out onto that roof.

He knows how Jonah is gonna spin the article.

Peter is a good person. He’s strong in his morals. He isn’t giving Jonah the picture, no matter how much the cigar smoking, wife-cheating, loud mouth pays.

Peter’s most likely going to be fired.

It wouldn’t be the first time, or realistically the last, JJ has a temper and he uses it often, but two weeks without steady pay isn’t going to be fun. However, now he won’t have to apply to Trader Joes and be rejected again, he’ll be working for Wade fucking Wilson, AKA Deadpool, AKA this century’s fashion icon, for his clothing line X, and he’ll make a little more money than he would at Trader Joes.

Just a little.

He’s nervous, *so* nervous his hands are shaking as he takes the M up to Broadway, because he’s lived in New York long enough to know that Summer/Spring Fashion Week starts in about a month

and that models are usually booked (he assumes) way more in advance than he was.

Then again, Wade is said to unpredictable and very particular, so maybe this is common for the world's most controversial designer.

He hates Times Square, can't *stand* it, but the building Vanessa told him the address for is right beside Viacom except it's somehow bigger, more obtrusive, and painted a horribly designed red. He's seen this building only a couple times before, but had never thought much of it besides it being quite ugly.

It's crowded, but that isn't what surprises Peter. What surprises him is the four block long line that's pooling out of the building's entrance. For a moment, he contemplates if he should wait with these people.

Vanessa didn't mention anything to him, so he cuts it, and passes the two security guards with enough confidence that they don't question his being there. Before him are three sets of escalators, a white polished foyer that's almost cavernous in both its height and width. People in suits are walking about like it's Mad Men and Peter really hopes his sneakers aren't tracking a trail of mud behind him as he makes his way up one of the escalators to another lobby.

There's no music playing, it's quiet besides for the shuffling of loafers and clacking of stilettos.

Peter wonders if he's stumbled upon some kind of spaceship in the middle of Times Square. If he felt out of place at the Gala at least he was sort of dressed for it. Here? He's a sewer rat on satin sheets: he doesn't fit.

There's another pair of security guards standing before a checkpoint and they stop Peter there.

"Bag," the man says and gestures for Peter to hand him his ratty backpack, which he does, and only feels a little bad about its state.

He hands the second guard his ID, who scans it into a computer system as the first man dumps out the bag's contents on a white table behind him. Peter tries not to feel self-conscious at the empty McDonald's wrappers, gum, and a dirty pair of underwear that falls to the surface. The guard gives him a look, a pretty judgy one, before roughly stuffing everything back into Peter's bag and handing it ruefully to him.

Peter takes it and is ushered through, but he falters when he sees ten elevators lined in pairs along the walls before him.

Fuck.

Which floor did Vanessa say?

"Um," he says, turning, "I'm here to see Vanessa Carlyle?"

The guard who sorted his things looks up at him.

"31st floor. You're late."

Peter looks at his Adventure Time watch. It was five dollars.

"I still have fifteen minutes," he says, confused.

The guard shakes his head. "She's always early."

“Which means?”

“You’re already late.”

///

The morning passes in a frantic blur that tastes like black coffee with a bitter tang of anxiety.

Vanessa doesn’t arrive until 1pm, and that’s after Peter had been waiting for hours with a group of young men that are frankly much better looking than him. They don’t have bags under their eyes, their skin is glowing, and Peter found a piece of gum on the bottom of his jeans.

He’s never felt so out of place in his entire life, and the room they are in is white and sleek and filled with racks of clothes that are around the cost of Peter’s rent every month.

Doubled.

He’s overwhelmed, and hungry, and even though there’s a buffet of food at the far end of the room no one has made a move towards it and Peter isn’t sure if it’s meant for him.

When Vanessa walks into the room Peter doesn’t know it’s her. He’s never seen a picture, only heard that she’s thin and attractive and kind of scary, so when the models around him stand up a little straighter, smile a little bigger, he puts two and two together.

What he can’t figure out is why she’s walking straight towards him.

He had placed himself in the corner of the spacious room by some of the clothing racks closest to the food because even if he couldn’t eat it he could smell it and imagine eating it.

Vanessa holds out her hand for him to shake before she stops walking.

“You’re Peter,” she says, and it doesn’t sound like the question it’s supposed to be.

“Yes, ma’–miss, nice to meet you,” Peter greets, awkward and tense as he shakes her hand.

Her eyes flit over to the buffet table and she pulls her phone out of the back pocket of her jeans.

“You haven’t eaten your food,” she says, tapping away at a new iPhone that hasn’t been released yet, and Peter watches her, intimidated and impressed, and then looks over to the food.

“Uh,” he says, “I didn’t know if we could eat?”

She doesn’t look up as she addresses him.

“Of *course* you can eat, that’s why I had you text me a midnight. There are bacon and egg sandwiches there, eat half of one, then you can eat more after the fittings.”

“Okay,” Peter says, and doesn’t trust himself to just eat half of one.

The other male models are watching him with smug distaste, and they almost kill his appetite.

Almost.

But these people probably can afford to eat whatever they want whenever they want, and it makes Peter angry, that they choose to not eat while he doesn't have a choice. So he reaches forward and picks up a greasy parchment wrapped sandwich, and takes a large bite.

Vanessa looks up, eyes softening and then she steps back, pockets her phone, and looks him up and down.

She has a white streak in her hair, her nylon track pants cuffed around her ankles and tucked into thin neon pink sock boots. The shoes match the color of her eye shadow, and she taps manicured nails against her arms.

"Hmm," she hums, a coy gleam in her eyes, "Wade sure has a type."

"Sorry?" Peter asks, mouth kinda full with half chewed eggs and meat, but Vanessa hardly reacts to the rude display.

"Come on, kid," she sighs, not acknowledging the other models in the room, "you're in. We're going down the hall, we'll take some polaroid's, and then I'm going to give you an address to go to, okay? You don't need to go through the full audition phase, Wade told me to hire you last night."

"No offense," Peter says, inhaling the rest of his sandwich and trying to chew as quickly as he can, "but um, *why*?"

Vanessa shrugs, back on her phone, not needing to look to know where she's going as they step onto the elevators and take it another five floors up.

"Not sure," she answers honestly, and her nose ring catches the gold light of the elevator, "probably because you don't look like everyone else in that room."

"Aren't they hired?" Peter asks, not really sure what to do with the empty wrapper in his hands and chooses to just hold it awkwardly.

The doors ping open and Vanessa steps out confidently, still tapping away.

"Nope," she says, popping the 'p', "I'm sending them home. They're too dull."

Peter wants to say, "and I'm not?" but he isn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth, especially since he's gotten at least five missed calls already from Jonah's office so he's going to try not to fuck this up.

The room they walk into is a lot smaller than the one they were in previously, and there's just a man with long maroon hair standing lazily behind a camera, a green scaled jacket draped over his shoulder.

He looks up with Vanessa approaches and gives her a tight, Botox smile.

"Oh doll, what mouse have you brought me today?" he hums, and they kiss lightly in greeting.

"Be nice, Shatter," Vanessa warns, "Wade wants to see him in the neon red and blue fit, okay? Just a few polaroid's, then we'll be on our way."

The man, Shatter, meets Peter's gaze with an exaggerated pout and Peter smiles politely and holds out his hand.

Shatter looks like he doesn't understand the gesture.

"Nice to meet you," Peter tries and Shatter just kind of places his limp hand in Peter's and seems to…wait.

Peter looks to Vanessa for some kind of direction, but the business woman is already walking into another room and so Peter does what he thinks is appropriate and kisses Shatter's hand awkwardly.

Shatter looks pleased, so Peter assumes that was the right move.

"Oooh, I like you," the man sighs, then a serious expression settles over him as he steps closer to Peter, "but we gotta get you out of whatever the hell you're wearing. Gotta get some blush on you and highlight. We'll work with your brows, you have nice brows, and cheekbones, okay, so you're bone structure is nice, that's good, that's good…"

He ushers Peter to a vanity placed against the wall, pushes him onto a wobbly stool, and begins, for lack of a better word, *beating* Peter's face.

Peter lets it happen, the powder making him sneeze, but he trusts that this guy knows what he's doing if Vanessa left Peter alone with him. Shatter talks under his breath the whole time, and Peter notices he's wearing lip-gloss and a shimmering lid.

"Ugh, be honest with me, you're straight aren't you?" Shatter mutters, almost angrily, "The really pretty ones are always somehow straight."

Peter blushes, not expecting to have to out himself today, and doesn't answer.

Shatter doesn't seem to care; he just moves on to messing up Peter's hair and then pulls him by his arm to stand, manhandling him into a changing room with one outfit hanging in a red bag.

"Get dressed and come on out, it won't be a perfect fit, since we don't have your exact measurements yet, but we'll adjust."

Then Shatter is gone, the dressing room curtain being shimmied closed, and Peter stands there, dazed, trying to process what just happened.

"What am I doing?" he whispers.

It feels like his entire life has changed in less than twelve hours. He isn't entirely convinced this is real. But he shakes himself and unzips the bag.

Time to get dressed.

///

The fabric is surprisingly soft.

It's light, and breathable.

The top is a sweatshirt, a neon red button down collar peeking over the top. Shatter rolls one sleeve up, so that the red shows underneath and buttons tight around Peter's wrist.

The trousers are a dark blue, almost grey, and they stop above his ankles, iridescent when the fabric catches the light when he walks.

The only thing dressing his feet are white mesh socks, his skin still visible through the thin fabric.

Peter hasn't ever seen an outfit like this.

He never would have thought any of these pieces would work well together but they do.

Peter looks messy in a purposeful kind of way, in an "I just had sex and threw on all these layers without caring" kind of way.

The bright pink blush Shatter put on him makes him look flushed like a doll, and the intense blue and green eyeshadow makes his brown eyes appear almost hazel under the soft box lights.

Shatter instructs Peter where to stand, *how* to stand, and then he's snapping Polaroid's.

"Look like you just had the best *fuck* of your life and you know everyone else will *never* have what you just had," Shatter instructs and Peter's face is on fire, and he probably looks lost, but Shatter is cooing and snapping pictures and Peter just goes with it.

He feels a little upset that he's never had sex as amazing as what Shatter is describing. He doesn't know what emotions that would conjure up, but he tries his best.

It's strange, the confidence that comes to him during this.

He feels like he looks good. He *feels* good. He's never felt like this in his own skin before. He isn't sure if it's the combination of a supportive photographer, the makeup, or a bangin' outfit, or all three, but Peter is feeling himself in a way he hasn't in a very, *very* long time.

Vanessa walks back in after about thirty minutes, and she eyes all the Polaroid's littering Shatter's feet.

"You went a little overboard," she says, but her gaze is on Peter, looking him up and down with an appreciative gleam in the sharp curve of her grin, "but he looks amazing."

"I know he does," Shatter retorts, bending down to scoop up the photos and handing them to Vanessa, "I get why Wilson likes him."

Vanessa rolls her eyes and then she walks up to Peter and hands him a white card along with three choice Polaroid's.

"Go to this address and show them these pictures," she tells him, "we'll be in touch."

She leaves, her heels clicking on the white floor, and Peter looks back to Shatter.

"I'm gonna change now," he says.

"Okay," Shatter says, holding the camera back up, "just a few more."

///

Peter doesn't have time to take the makeup off, so he gets on the subway and ignores all the looks that turn his way.

The difference though, is that people aren't looking at him with mild discomfort or disgust, they're looking at him like they think he's *attractive*.

Like they can't help but stare.

Peter squirms, uncomfortable and not used to this much positive reinforcement in one day.

His stomach growls, and he realizes he'd left the building so quickly he didn't get a chance to eat any more of the delicious sandwiches. He tries not to dwell on that when he gets off at Bedford Ave in Brooklyn.

He follows google maps all the way to a lovely brownstone off the main street, ivy collecting over the brick and giving the building a very homey, London vibe.

Peter double checks the address, then triple checks it.

The brownstone in front of him must be a town house, because there's a tall gate with a code and only one mailbox that Peter can see. There aren't any instructions on the card Vanessa gave to him, and he doesn't feel comfortable texting her everytime he has a question, so he goes with his gut and presses a call button on the small intercom that rests on the side of the gate.

There's static, and then a familiar gruff voice fizzes through.

"Is this Red Wall? 'Cause you're thirty minutes late and I'm past being politely hungry," Wade says and Peter feels his nerves return full force.

He swallows, trying to find his voice.

"Uh, no not Chinese," Peter fumbles out, "that place is good but their delivery sucks."

There's silence, then, "who the hell is this?"

"Peter?" Peter says, and feels really out of his depth right now. "We met at the Gala?"

"*Oh!*" Wade exclaims, and his entire tone changes, the sharpness rounding out to feather light edges, "the cute twink!"

"Hey!" Peter snaps, not thinking, "I'm not a *twink*."

"There's no shame in being a cutie patootie, baby," Wade says, and he sounds like he's enjoying himself far too much, "but if that offended you I'm sorry and can offer you some egg rolls from this lazy ass Chinese restaurant."

"I'll take you up on that," Peter says, some of the irritation fading, but he's still a little on edge, "if you throw in some fried rice I'll even show you the Polaroid's from today."

He's not sure where this confidence is coming from, or this playful teasing, but he tries not to overthink it when Wade gasps over the line.

"Baby boy I'll buy you the whole fuckin' restaurant, *why* are you still outside? Come on up, get out of the rain."

Peter wants to tell Wade it isn't raining but then the connection cuts off and the gates swing open and Peter’s really about to do this, isn’t he?

He’s *really* about to walk into Wade Wilson’s privately owned brown stone and show him Polaroids of himself dressed in the guy’s clothes.

Not giving himself time to chicken out and run away Peter walks up to the brownstone and knocks on the front door.

He sends an impulsive, last minute text to MJ saying, *i think i'm about to go eat chinese food with wade wilson*

Chapter End Notes

wow! sorry for such a long wait omg won't happen again lol

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

don't drink and drive, kids

Chapter Notes

so there's some alcohol in this chap! enjoyyy xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The door opens.

By itself.

A flash goes off and Peter jumps, heart nearly beating out of his chest. A camera is sitting in the corner of the porch, red light beeping.

So the guy's a little paranoid.

Good to know.

Peter doesn't have too much time to be impressed by the door though, because this apartment isn't what Peter had been expecting. He thought it would look like the office in Times Square, or match the homey, quaint look from outside.

Instead, it's a mess.

It looks like what Peter suspects a detective's office must resemble after a grueling yearlong chase. There are pictures of clothing covering every surface, fabrics and needles and all different types of sewing machines. Ashtrays are placed anywhere they won't topple over (even though some have) and Peter can see the *huge* TV from the living room off the main hallway, so large it's like Wade's own personal theater.

Peter wonders how many games the guy has.

The place is disorganized, manic, and Peter doesn't think Wade pays for a housekeeper, even though he can obviously afford it. Underneath all the mess though, is beautiful paintings on the walls, lovely couches and chairs, a rug beneath Peter's feet that's a light blue and faded and really pretty.

It's like an intricately designed museum met a thirteen-year-old stoner, and Peter feels like he could find something new every corner he peered into.

"Le GASP! You got dressed up for me?" Wade's voice exclaims, echoing around the apartment, and Peter looks up to see Wade Wilson standing at the top of the steps.

He’s wearing a Deadpool mask, this one has gold glitter eyebrows and a star on one cheek, and Peter has a feeling Wade got bored one day and decided to be crafty. He’s donned in a ninja turtles bathrobe, pink fluffy bunny slippers, and his entire outfit (besides the mask) is probably less than twenty dollars and Peter’s so confused and entranced by this man that he forgets Wade asked him a question.

“Shatter said the blue would make my eyes look better,” Peter says and continues to stand awkwardly in the foyer.

Wade snorts.

“Fucking pompous ass,” Wade says, and tilts his head, regarding Peter like an owl, “he treat you right? He’s annoying but he’s good at his job, *damn*, come upstairs, let me get a better look at you.”

Peter’s stomach swoops with nerves and he tries to remind himself that this is just a guy in a kid's bathrobe as he crosses the long hallway and up the dark wood steps.

They don’t even creak under the added weight.

When Peter almost reaches Wade the guy twirls and skips into another wide living space, a large modern kitchen to Peter’s right and full glass windows everywhere else. There’s a fluffy red carpet and a mix match assortment of furniture.

This room is decidedly cleaner than the one downstairs, and there’s a door in the kitchen that Peter assumes could lead to either a bathroom or a back balcony.

Peter’s beginning to realize that everything in Wade’s apartment is soft, fluffy, and light. He wonders if it’s because of Wade’s skin, if he needs certain types of fabric to avoid irritation.

“Come on,” Wade clicks his tongue impatiently, standing by one of the large windows, “don’t be shy, I can’t bite ya with this bad boy on. It’s like Hannibal Lector’s mouth guard, ya know?”

Peter isn’t sure about Wade, or these kinds of comments.

They make his guard go up, they put him on edge because he isn’t sure of Wade’s intentions behind saying them.

“That doesn’t make me feel better,” Peter says, self conscious about his ratty sneakers and Wade’s nice clean rugs.

But Wade isn’t striking Peter as someone who cares too much about cleanliness, based off downstairs, so Peter walks over and hopes he isn’t tracking too much grime behind him. Wade has him stop before the sunlight and he tilts his head, regarding Peter closely.

“Close your eyes, honey pot, gotta see ya clearly and you don’t need to see all this,” he says, gesturing to his face and Peter wants to say he doesn’t mind, that he’s seen Wade’s skin already, but if the man isn’t comfortable with showing Peter then Peter isn’t going to push anything.

He closes his eyes, feeling exposed, feeling a little vulnerable, but Wade doesn’t touch him and he doesn’t get uncomfortably close like Shatter had. Instead Peter can just feel Wade’s eyes taking him in, looking at every detail of his face, and Peter hasn’t ever been scrutinized like this before.

Then he hears Wade sliding the leather back over his head and the guy walks past him.

“You can look,” Wade says, voice a little rough and coming from the kitchen, “thanks for indulging me. You want anything? Coffee? Tea? Vodka?”

“Would it be bad if I said all three?” Peter asks and when Wade laughs some of his disquiet settles.

“God *no*,” Wade replies, pulling a handmade mug from one of the blue wood cabinets, “that’s a Sunday morning for me, Pete. I ain’t gonna get you drunk, but how’s a shot sound? I’ll make your coffee Irish; I have some vanilla cream that work for you? Any allergies? You vegan? Is that how your skin is so luminous? Maybe I outta try that…”

“Not vegan,” Peter says, walking over so that he’s hovering at the edge of the open kitchen, “but I tried for a while.”

Peter can’t be sure, but Wade seems to raise his eyebrows, the mask lifting with the movement. Peter wonders if it’s comfortable.

“No shit. Well, the fried rice doesn’t have any meat in it, so we’ll be nice and healthy anyway,” Wade hums, puttering about the kitchen, getting a coffee filter, dumping in the grounds without measuring and firing it up.

He gets a bottle of Smirnoff from the same cabinet, it’s wedged between a box of Goldfish and Tulsi Stress Relief tea, and pours probably more than a shot into two mugs.

“Can I ask you an unprofessional question?” Peter asks, and Wade turns, crossing his arms and leaning against the counter.

The robe’s sleeves pull up, and Peter can see the scarring of Wade’s skin stretched across his wrist, the yellow gloves Wade is wearing covering most of it.

“Sure,” Wade says, easily, “what’s up?”

How should Peter word this?

He should think it through, phrase it correctly, be polite–

“Why am I even here?” he blurts.

Nice.

Wade laughs, like he’s pleasantly surprised.

“No, really, I barely have any modeling experience. I’m not attractive. I don’t have anything to really offer you like those other people at the office and–”

“I’m gonna stop you right there,” Wade interrupts, his tone serious but not mean, and Peter falls silent, a little contrite, “and answer your question with a question: how much did you get for that picture of me?”

Peter steps back, a little offended.

“Nothing,” he says, earnest, “I didn’t sell it.”

Wade spreads his arms, like that’s going to solve all of Peter’s internal insecurities.

“There ya go baby,” Wade says, and his entire demeanor has changed, shifted like melting ice cream down a cone.

He's become more at ease, and Peter hadn't even realized Wade had his guard up until he'd taken it down.

Peter's still confused.

"Wait," he says, "that was a test?"

"Bingo," Wade whistles, taking the coffee pot and pouring it into their two mugs, respectively, "there's no trust in money, Pete. You wanna know how many times I've been betrayed by people working for me? Too many to count…can fuckin' name em all though, I never forget a bad name. If I'm picking my models I'm choosin' to trust you with my livelihood. There's no way in hell I'm risking all that just because someone is a hundred percent my type."

Peter doesn't know what to say.

His head is spinning. Paranoid, indeed.

"Oh," is all he says as Wade hands him his mug and walks past him to sit heavily on one of the overstuffed chairs.

Peter copies him, sitting on the edge of the seat, his nerves from earlier coming back now that they fallen into an expectant silence.

"Is this normal?" Peter asks.

When Wade turns to him he shrinks back into the seat a little.

Hello, Peter's foot, meet his mouth. You should be well acquainted by now.

"Is what normal?" Wade returns, rolling his mask up to take a large gulp of vodka scented coffee.

To be fair it mostly smells like vanilla thanks to the cream, and just tastes like a really nice latte. Peter's certain he's going to become addicted.

"This. Having your models over, making them drinks, offering them Chinese–"

"Fuck, we're *still* waiting on that? Jesus Bea, I thought we'd eaten already," Wade grumbles, pulling a flip phone from his pocket and angrily typing with his left hand, "and yes, this is normal. Like I said, you can leave whenever. You don't ever have to come back if you're not comfortable. I can just have you deal with Ness."

Peter assumes he means Vanessa. And then he wonders what their relationship really is. If anyone knows about messy exes, it's Peter.

"Uh, no, I'm good," Peter rectifies, because he is. "I just haven't heard about any boss being this… uh, chill?"

Wade snorts.

He must find Peter fairly amusing, and Peter counts that as a good thing. After all, Wade could be laughing *at* him, like most people.

"I ain't your boss. We're co-workers. And this is normal for *me*," Wade clarifies, throwing his phone over his shoulder and not caring about the worrying crunch it makes, "my models are giving me their time and their health and their bodies, least I can do is try and get to know them. You don't have to let me get to know you, though; like I keep sayin', you can leave whenever you want.

Most people last under an hour. I talk a lot, as you most likely already gathered. Also ADHD doesn't help with the whole stayin' on track thing ya know? Runaway train, that's me, baby, so *please*, interrupt me or I'll just keep going all day and I hate hearing myself talk."

"Are you on Adderall?" Peter asks and it's a rude question for someone he doesn't know but Wade doesn't seem phased by much and he's created a space in the span of twenty minutes that's somehow devoid from any judgment or criticism.

"Damn, babe, I'm on everything," Wade hums and just as he's finished an intercom on the wall buzzes.

Peter half expects someone else to answer that, like a butler or a maid or something, but Wade just jumps to his feet, pulls down his mask, and sashays away.

"Be back in a jiffy," Wade tells Peter over his shoulder, "don't go snoopin'. Or no fried rice."

Then he bounds down the stairs and Peter can hear him fall with a loud groan, but he also gets back up the next second and is opening the front door with a clatter.

He's not what Peter had been expecting.

None of this is what Peter had been expecting.

He thought this was going to be very professional, very out of his depth, very *not* one on one.

He expected to see Wade maybe once in his entire time working with him, not drinking Irish coffees and ordering Chinese. To be fair the guy is a little unsettling, a little too comfortable and maybe a bit offensive, but he's caring and considerate in the ways that matter and he's told Peter he can leave an obsessive amount.

Not five minutes later Wade's bounding back up the stairs and Peter can't help but eye him warily.

"Are you okay?" Peter asks as Wade proceeds to dump all the take out containers on the ground, somehow not spilling anything, "I heard you fall."

"I'm like a cockroach, Pete," Wade says, sitting down with a huff and opening everything up with his left hand, his right busy texting on an iPhone, "indestructible. Or, ya know, according to that bullshit paper you work for."

Peter flushes, ashamed and feeling caught out.

"Uh," he stammers, "how do you know that?"

Even through the mask Wade looks unimpressed.

"You're nametag at the Gala? Also, background check."

"Oh," Peter says weakly.

"Come, eat," Wade urges, gesturing Peter forward with cheap wooden chopsticks, "you look like a one of these noodles, can't have that."

Peter's never turned down a free meal. Aunt May taught him manners after all, and so Peter joins Wade on the nice rug to eat greasy Chinese and listen to Wade talk about the difference between nylon, polyester, and Kevlar, and how, when he met Justin Trudeau, proposed his ideas on how they could "take Alaska".

///

They talk for four hours, easily.

At around 2pm Wade gets a call and has to leave the room. Peter hasn't had this much to eat in one day in a long time, and he leans back against the chair behind him, full and caffeine buzzed and completely at ease.

Turns out, Wade's a total dork.

He has every game in the world, including Mario Cart and Overwatch, and a of Game of Thrones DVD box set sitting comfy next to his Golden Girls Limited Edition one.

Peter could stay here forever and not get bored.

He looks out the large windows, at the sun touching the tips of the buildings, lining Manhattan's blurry skyline in a hazy plume of charred yellow. He wonders, not for the first time, how he's here.

"I gotta get," Wade tells him when he comes back in the room, an apologetic note in his tone, "but take whatever leftovers you want. Actually, I insist, take them or you're fired."

"Can't argue with that," Peter says, gathering the remaining containers and putting them back in the paper bag, "thanks for lunch. And coffee."

"You got breakfast too, right?" Wade asks, even as he types away at his phone, "those egg sandwich things?"

Peter's a little touched that Wade had anything to do with that. But it would explain the other voice on the other end of that call with Vanessa.

"Yeah, yeah thanks for that."

"'Course, baby, someone's gotta look out for you," Wade says, looking up and meeting Peter's gaze, "Ness is gonna be in touch. Quit that job at the Daily Jerk Off. I'll pay you triple the amount you're getting there. Also, you're into photography right? I need someone to be on the Paris leg of this whole shebang with me next month, to document for Vogue. Send Ness your portfolio if you're interested in that. Okay! Gotta, go, you know you're way out?"

Peter's pretty sure his jaw is on the floor.

He doesn't get a chance to answer because Wade's dashing up another flight of stairs to a third level and Peter…Peter has kind of shut down. There's too much for him to unpack in that sentence.

There's been too much good fortune in one day. In *less* than a day.

He looks down at the Chinese leftovers in his hands. He looks upstairs to where he assumes Wade is.

His phone buzzes in his pocket and he takes it out, dazed.

A text from MJ: WHAT THE FUCK IS UR LIFE RN???

Peter really wishes he had an answer. Maybe Karma's on his side after all.

///

"Wait, you're *quitting*?" Sophie asks, disappointment and shock heavy in her tone.

Peter is balancing the phone between his shoulder and his ear as he gets changed into his pajamas, and he should've put it on speaker but now he's here and he's going to make this work.

"Yeah," he says, a little distracted because he put both his feet through one pant leg, "I think I'm modeling for Deadpool's 'X' Spring Collection?"

The line is silent.

It's silent for so long that Peter has to pull the phone back so he can make sure he didn't accidentally hang up.

"Uh, Soph–"

"You're joking," she says, utterly deadpan, "please tell me this is an April Fools prank."

"It's February."

"Peter," she speaks slowly, like she's trying to explain bioengineering to a two year old, "there's so much you need to tell me. Right now."

Peter can't help the smile that stretches his face, can't help the excitement that makes his heart thud and his entire body warm.

"How much time do you have?" he asks as he settles on his threadbare couch.

Sophie scoffs.

"I'm canceling my dinner plans. Now talk."

So he does.

It's a two hour long phone conversation, and Peter ends it feeling no less dazed but a little more excited as he pulls himself off his gross couch and moves to face plant on his gross bed instead. He hasn't had any time to reflect on the day, and now he's too exhausted to use up the mental capacity to try.

He wishes, wistfully, that he could tell Aunt May. He wishes he could call her, and hears her own excitement mirroring the flutters of his own. Sadness, melancholy and heavier than a weighted blanket, falls along his limbs.

Any motivation or amazement he had been feeling is swept out from under him in a chilled whoosh. He's lost all his energy.

He looks to his phone, and dials a familiar number. Instead of the comforting voice and the pleasant voicemail, Peter is met with a robot and it's telling him this line is no longer in use.

He hangs up, tosses his phone across the room, and wishes he had enough empathy to care that his screen cracks.

///

Vanessa contacts him the next day.

She calls at 6am, and tells him the first preview show is in a week, and that he needs to come in to the address she gives him every day until then at 8am.

And then she hangs up.

Peter doesn't get a chance to ask her if today counts as his start day, but knowing her, and how efficient she is, it probably does. Peter contemplates going back to bed for an extra thirty minutes, but the hot water in his shower will be used up in twenty, so with everything he has left he crawls out of bed and down the hall to his small, dirty bathroom.

He used to have a roommate, his old friend from high school Ned, but the guy is home for seven months for a freelance coding job (he didn't need to go home for it but the guy sucks at laundry and feeding himself and his mom doesn't so) Peter's had the place to himself.

It's been weird.

Peter isn't sure if he likes it or not.

It's a lot more solitary, but he can sing in the shower and microwave ramen in his underwear, and masturbate without worrying about being too loud, so…there's a plus.

Peter gets ready with the grace and efficiency of a blind sloth, and he might not have anything to eat for breakfast but he does have coffee from Dunkin' Donuts and that's all he needs, no sugar, straight from the coffee pot. It burns his lips and tongue but he chugs it like its water and he's been lost in the Sahara desert his entire life.

The address that Vanessa gave him takes him to Soho above a Juice Bar and cobblestone streets, and Peter wasn't nervous before but as he takes the stairs up and rings the bell to room 204 his anticipation kicks up a notch now that he has time to think and process and realize he has no idea what he's doing here.

Or what he's *been* doing.

But he's made it this far, might as well keep going and see where he ends up. If nothing becomes of this he still has a good story to tell.

He can hear movement through the door, and the low bass of music, but he can't make anything telling out. He presses a little closer, wonders if he should maybe knock again in case no one heard him the first time, and he's raising his fist when the door swings inward and a beautiful woman is staring out at him.

The most striking thing about her is the vitiligo around her left eye.

When she sees him she smiles politely.

“Oh,” she says before he can stammer out an introduction to excuse his sorry presence, “are you Peter?”

“Yeah,” he says, and relaxes, “I’m sorry, I don’t know who you are.”

“Domino,” she smiles, and steps aside so Peter can walk into the room, “are you here for Natasha?”

“I don’t know,” he answers honestly, taking in the wide windows, the white walls, and the wood floorboards covered in different plants and dried paint, “Vanessa told me to come here at eight.”

Domino’s eyes flit to the analog clock on the far wall.

“It’s eight thirty,” she says but she doesn’t sound upset.

Peter flushes anyway.

“I’m sorry,” he fumbles, “the R was late ‘cause there was a gas leak and I didn’t know your number or what I was doing and there’s no service at 14th street and–”

“Hey, breathe, it’s okay,” Domino laughs, patting his shoulder consolingly, and she’s so comforting and soft that Peter almost swallows his tongue to shut up, “just teasing. I’ll let Nat know you're here, she’ll teach you how to walk. Have you modeled before?”

“No,” he says, “I mean, twice but they were just head-shots. I’ve never walked down a runway? Is that what I’m doing?”

Domino tilts her head, looking him up and down. It’s not creepy, she doesn’t seem to be checking him out, more like taking in his appearance and how he’s standing and he really needs to do laundry this weekend–

“You ever take dancing lessons? Or anything?”

“Gymnast as a kid,” Peter admits, for the first time in his life thankful that May made him take those classes for the first eight years of his adolescence, “I don’t think I was very good.”

“It’ll help,” Domino tells him, then ushers him into the kitchen space, sitting him down at a wood table and puttering about the stove.

“Tea?” Peter thinks back to all the coffee he IV’d into himself and all the water he hasn’t had.

“Water would be great, thanks,” he says and Domino gets him a glass with a lemon and then sits across from him, staring.

He doesn’t really know what to do.

“Nat’s going to teach you how to walk,” she tells him, “I could give you some modeling tips? I’ve been working with Wade for six years now.”

“Really? Are you a model?”

Domino nods.

“And makeup artist. Sometimes. He lets me do whatever,” she says, resting her cheek in her hand. “You’re a cutie, you know that? Got great eyelashes and cheekbones.”

That's…one of the nicest compliments he's gotten about his face. Shatter had mentioned it too but his approach was a lot more flirty and not stated like a fact like Domino had.

"Wow, um, thanks," Peter stutters, "you're like, beautiful, so that means a lot."

She waves her hand.

"It shouldn't mean anything, you need to already know you're a catch," she says.

Peter doesn't know how to respond. His self-esteem is worse than the J.

"I'm working on that part," he admits.

She smiles. It's like looking into the sun.

"I'll help with that."

The front door opens and Peter turns in his seat to see who entered. Based off of what Domino told him it's Natasha. A short, red haired woman strolls into the room, sunglasses on, red lips pursed in a tight line when she spots Peter, and then the time.

"You're late," she says, and Peter's pretty sure her thighs are stronger than every part of his body, "it's nine."

"You're late too," Peter blurts and hopes that she doesn't kill him.

Domino laughs, and it clears any tension that the other woman had been holding.

"Oh, stop," Natasha sighs, and pushes her sunglasses up onto her head, "the R was running late. A gas leak or something."

"I ran into that too!" Peter exclaims, and Natasha levels him with an unimpressed look.

"Stand up," she says, and Peter clambers to his feet.

"He's got good posture," Domino speaks up as Natasha circles him, a graceful hawk leveling its road kill dinner, "and he did gymnastics for eight years."

Natasha hums.

"That's helpful," she mutters, stopping in front of Peter, her heels together, and toes pointed out, the perfect first position. "So, we'll start simple. When you want back is straight, chin is raised, gaze is forward. You put one foot in front of the other and follow a line. Let's practice."

Peter's sneakers squeak on the floor as he follows her into the large living room and Natasha looks down, then back up, shooting Domino and unreadable look.

"Take those off," she tells Peter, and then, under her breath, "burn them."

///

Peter wasn't prepared to work out today.

But that's what Natasha has him do. An hour of strength building yoga followed by twenty-minute yen yoga that focused on flexibility and meditation.

It was tough, Peter's arms were shaking not ten minutes in, and he didn't realize how utterly out of shape he was until Natasha let him have a break and he collapsed in a heap on the floor, resembling the limp ramen he had dropped on his feet the other night.

Domino was nice enough to bring him water.

The rest of the day was walking practice, in varying heel heights and widths, and Peter's feet definitely had blisters and some bruising around the ankles. Natasha hands him a cold compress, and tells him to go home, eat, take a hot bath if he can, and sleep.

Peter doesn't do any of that.

His day ends and the sun is setting and he's standing on the corner of the street with such a strange surge of energy that he can't just go home and sleep. A part of him wants to see if Sophie or MJ can hang, or maybe he should check in with Ned, but when he pulls his old iPhone out of his pocket and sees the cracked screen he thinks of why it's cracked and the exercise high crashes and burns as devastatingly as that guy dropping his taco across the street.

So Peter doesn't call anyone.

He doesn't go home, either.

Instead he takes gets some transfers and winds up in Brooklyn around Williamsburg and collapses in a stool at a tiki bar he's been to a few times before when his friend's have had birthdays.

Peter isn't sure how this place is still open.

A permanent C rating is stuck on the front window, and has tried to be as subtly covered up by movie posters as is legally allowed.

The whole bar isn't "tiki" themed so much as biker trash with flower lei's hanging from the ceiling and shitty Family Dollar purchased coconut cocktail glasses. Nothing's changed since Peter was last here. It's still dark and sticky and smells like cigarette smoke but it's exactly what Peter needs right now. There's a group playing pool in the back, and what looks like a dog birthday party between two Nine Inch Nails fans in the far corner by the bathrooms, and Peter relaxes minutely in his stool.

This is where he belongs: in a shitty whole in the wall "tiki" bar with bikers and dogs and something that smells like piss under his stool.

Not clean studios with beautiful people and millions of dollars worth of clothes and homes and glamor.

Who is Peter trying to fool?

He can't keep up a life like that. He can barely keep up the life he has now, and that's really sad, he's really sad isn't it? Shit, where did this depression come from? He'd been on Cloud Nine and now–

"Well well well, if it isn't whatever the hell your name is," a swarmy voice breaks through Peter's self-deprecating thoughts and Peter looks up from his cracked iPhone on the counter to the bartender hovering in front of him.

“Weasel,” Peter groans, resting his cheek in his palm, “you’re still here?”

“Wow, way to get a free drink: insult the bartender,” Weasel grouches, pushing his thick framed glasses higher up onto his wide nose, “I’ll even spit in your prissy cocktail, on the house.”

“Can you just give me something that’ll knock out a horse and I’ll leave you alone for the rest of the night?” Peter asks, really not in the mood to talk to Weasel but somehow relishing in this sharp, almost not joking, banter they always fall into.

Unfortunately Weasel always sees Peter at his lowest.

The guy’s annoying, and kinda greasy, but he always throws a free shot Peter’s way and when you’re as tight on money as Peter is that’s everything.

“Haven’t seen you in a while,” Weasel comments as he gets to work making Peter’s drink, and Peter’s pretty sure the guy just mixed tequila and absinthe, “last time you were dressed way nicer. You come from another reception?”

Last time Peter had come from a funeral.

So.

Thanks, Weasel.

Weasel must have realized he said the wrong thing, or maybe Peter’s glaring at him hard enough that the biker’s on the other side of the room pick up on it, but whatever tips Weasel off to social norms works because the guy plops a maraschino cherry into Peter’s drink with a slight grimace.

“Too soon? That was too soon, sorry, I never know when it’s appropriate to joke about death,” Weasel says and slides the drink over to Peter.

“Never,” Peter answers sourly, “it’s never an appropriate time to joke about someone’s family member dying.”

Weasel’s mouth twists.

“Well shit, kid, when you put it like that…” then Weasel scurries off and Peter’s grateful that he doesn’t have to keep up a conversation any longer.

Instead he knocks back the drink and then another one appears, and Peter paces himself a little, because he’s already feeling buzzed and he hasn’t eaten today and throwing up in Weasel’s bar is never fun.

He would know.

So the second drink is handled with care and awareness that he’s already spent $20 here, and Peter’s so deep in his own head that he isn’t conscious of the door rattling open so loud it slams against the far wall.

He snaps himself out of his stupor when a body squeezes into the stool right next to his. It’s a tight fit, Peter now has to lean his shoulder against the wall for some semblance of space, and he’s about to tell the stranger that there are about ten other stools open and available and *not this close to him*, when the words get caught with the vodka in his throat.

Wade Wilson is staring at him with an equally surprised expression.

He isn't wearing his iconic Deadpool mask.

Instead he has a black hoodie pulled high over his bald head, red sunglasses over his eyes, and gloves on his hands. He looks comfortable and relaxed and Peter definitely was not expecting to run into his employer at a sleazy bar in downtown Brooklyn.

They stare at each other.

It's kind of awkward.

"Um," Peter starts, but doesn't finish.

Wade takes off his sunglasses and throws them at Weasel without looking.

"Ow, fuck you, Wade," Weasel hisses but Wade and Peter haven't broken eye contact and now it's probably getting weird.

"What're you drinking?" Wade finally breaks the silence to ask and it takes Peter and his alcohol soaked brain a second to process Wade's question.

His hands are tingling, a sure sign that he's drunk, and he glances down at his near empty glass.

"Not sure," Peter admits, cheeks flushed because this is so fucking embarrassing, he's sure this is entirely unprofessional.

Should he leave?

Should *Wade* leave?

No, Wade can't leave, he just got here, *Peter* should leave–

"Great, hey, Skunk!" Wade calls, turning to address where Weasel is busy making three drinks at once, "Get us those onion rings and water and make me a Shirley Temple!"

"I'm not a fucking octopus, asshole," Weasel replies, "make yourself a goddamn Shirley Temple!"

"That's *literally* your job," Wade yells back, attracting all the looks from every patron in a three block radius, but he's bending over the counter and grabbing glasses and ice and cherries and Peter just watches, awed, as Weasel lets him make his own drink, "I'm doing your job you lazy fuck!"

"You mean you're breaking about five health code violations," Weasel shoots back but doesn't make a move to stop him.

"Yeah, 'cause you really care about cleanliness," Wade responds, sitting heavily back in his stool with a pink drink for himself and a glass of water he pushes toward Peter.

"Uh, thanks?" Peter says, and takes a cautious sip.

He isn't sure why he expected it to not be water, 'cause it is. He's blaming it on the tequila and absinthe.

"So you met Nat and Dom, huh?" Wade asks, settling into his seat and looking at Peter expectantly.

I guess this is happening, Peter thinks, *I guess I'm going to drink with my new boss.*

“Yeah,” Peter confirms, taking a much needed sip of water, his tongue loose and social anxiety diminishing, “they’re cool. I mean, I thought Natasha was gonna kill me most of the time and I can’t feel my arms.”

Wade laughs, and it softens his features, makes the sharp scars a little less prominent.

“She make you do that tough yoga shit?”

“For two hours.”

“Damn, and you’re still able to hold a glass? I’m impressed.”

“Me too, I didn’t think I’d make it out of the building.”

“Ya know, I met her and Dom at fashion week about six years ago. They were both yelling at this male reporter for being a sexist asshole right, and it looked like fun, so I just went in and joined and…”

Wade talks and Peter listens.

They drink, alcohol then water, then a demolish a basket of onion rings, and Peter is feeling dopey and warm and surprisingly okay.

It’s not awkward, talking to Wade.

It’s not awkward like Peter expected it to be.

They began where they’d last left off, and Wade has Peter laughing so hard he almost chokes and Peter returns the favor five minutes later with his story about the man and his taco and they hadn’t realized how late it was until Weasel clears his throat and draws their reluctant attention to him.

“I’m going home,” Weasel says, looking at them like they’re the reason for all of his life problems, “Wade, lock up and don’t steal any cherries. Fuck you both for drinking all my liquor.”

Weasel leaves and Peter looks at the time.

Or, he tries to.

His phone screen is still pretty horribly cracked.

“Whoa, what happened there?” Wade asks, picking up the phone and inspecting it with a low whistle, “Shit Pete, this is some professional cracking. What’d you do, drop a damn piano on it?”

“I stepped on it,” Peter lies, taking the phone back and pocketing it.

It’s late, and he should probably go. He needs to be up in six hours.

“Hmm,” Wade hums, thoughtful, before finishing the rest of his drink and standing, offering Peter his arm so Peter can get off his stool safely without falling over.

“Thanks,” Peter slurs, then trips over his own feet.

“Whoa, hey man, you good to get home?” Wade asks, holding him up and Peter waves his hands at the man, a failing attempt to show him he’s fine.

“I’ll be a-ok,” Peter says, and Wade looks unimpressed.

“Let me take you home,” he insists, watching Peter with an amused smile, “you look like me after Fashion Week.”

“Ha ha, that’s not a relatable reference,” Peter deadpans and Wade simply places a hand between his shoulders to steer him out of the now empty bar. He waits with Peter on the sidewalk, and when a black SUV pulls up Wade ushers them inside, buckling Peter in.

“What’s your address, Pete?” Wade asks and Peter just leans against the glass, the cool surface nice against his overheated skin.

“You tell me, Wade, it’s up your butt,” Peter sighs, eyes slipping closed, and Wade laughs, short and surprised.

“All right then,” he hears Wade sigh, then the guy’s making a call but Peter can’t focus on that right now because he’s too busy falling asleep.

///

He wakes up in his bed, in his apartment, with a sticky note taped to his forehead.

He peels it off, and squints at the writing.

“*Did you know you drool in your sleep? Thank god I’m not prissy. Go to Nat’s whenever you wake up. New phone is on your counter xxxxx*”

Chapter End Notes

thank you everyone for your lovely responses and support! greatly appreciated, and a huge help at motivating me to write!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

it's 6 o'clock somwhere

Chapter Notes

slight TW for this chapter: talk of abuse (not explicit) and drinking

ALSO! the rating went up!! cause it might get smutty i'm kinda feelin' that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two days pass in a blur.

Peter can now almost touch his toes without his hamstrings feeling like they're gonna snap in half. He's been able to afford feeding himself, since Wade expedited half his paycheck so Peter could afford dinner and lunch without jeopardizing about his upcoming bills.

Natasha's softened up to him, probably because he never shuts up and now she knows his entire life story.

She's a good listener, and Domino is great at advice, and it only takes Peter up to the day before the private show to realize they're together.

Because he walks in on them.

Making out.

"Sorry!" He blurts, covering his eyes and practically running into the doorframe as he turns to give Domino time to pull her shirt back down.

She's laughing though; so she doesn't sound too bothered by the intrusion. Peter peeks at his watch, worried that he's too early, but no, he's late like usual so maybe they just got tired of waiting for him.

Peter can't help the sad surge of jealousy that swells through him. He misses being in a relationship where you feel pulled to the other so intently you can't keep your hands off each other.

He misses feeling wanted.

Great, now he's sad *and* tired–

"Dude, you can turn around," Natasha says, sounding outright smug, and Peter does, slowly, in case she's messing with him and they're in an even more compromising position than before.

He peeks through his fingers.

Natasha is watching him, a mischievous glint in her eyes, posture completely relaxed as she crosses her arms over her chest. Domino's still laughing from the kitchen.

"He's redder than your hair!" she shrills, peeking into view, no shame at all in her expression or her body language.

Her shirt is still pulled up, showing off her stomach, and the top of her jeans is undone but she stands there wearing the almost ravished style with an air of superiority and achievement.

She *is* a model. She's used to being on display Peter guesses, but then again, so is he and here he is blushing like it's his first time seeing people kiss.

At Domino's comment he gets redder.

"I didn't mean to interrupt anything," Peter starts but Natasha's sighing and walking over to where their two yoga mats are spread out on the floor.

"Stop worrying over it," Nat says, taking her place at the front of the mat, "it's not like you walked in on me fingering her."

Peter's face is going to *melt off*.

He looks to Domino for some kind of support but she just shrugs and winks, her smile popping her dimples as she toes on her boots.

"You heading out?" Nat asks, stretching her arms over her head.

"Yup," Dom says, skipping over to plant a soft kiss to Natasha's outstretched hand, "Wade wants company."

Natasha groans.

"Shouldn't he be in LA right now?" she asks, words tired with exasperation, and Peter realizes that he hasn't seen Wade in a while.

Not a long time, just a few days, but with the rate they started off Peter half expected to see him everyday.

He hasn't gotten to thank him for the new phone.

"And that's what I'm checking on," Domino says, a meaningful look in her eyes before she gives Peter a pat on the shoulder and exits the apartment with a grace Peter is sure he'll never posses.

"LA?" Peter asks as he takes off his shoes, trying desperately to hold onto this change in conversation,"Isn't the show here?"

Natasha laughs.

"Yeah, it's in a small runway set up in Brooklyn. It's just for sponsors, and some journalists. It'll be good practice for you too."

"Oh, okay, cool," Peter says, trying not to let the new wave of anxiety pull him into a riptide of nerves, and if Natasha notices the waver in his voice she thankfully doesn't comment on it.

They go through their usual morning routine, with some boxing thrown into the mix, and then Natasha is wedging stilettos onto Peter's feet and Peter bows over.

“Fuck,” he hisses when the heels dig into his ankle, “these are so uncomfortable. Is this really what I’m wearing?”

“No, you’ll be barefoot,” Natasha says, “like everyone else. This is for practice.”

“This is *torture*.”

“If you can walk in dagger stilettos you can walk in anything,” Natasha tells him but she looks far too amused with Peter’s current situation for him to feel any better.

“Can I put on socks? Band-Aids? Different shoes?”

Natasha rolls her eyes but she’s smiling, just a little.

“Walk,” she tells him.

He falls.

///

“Ow, ow, ow, *ow*–”

“Oh my *god*, stop whining,” MJ hisses, slapping another Band-Aid onto Peter’s bleeding ankle.

The thin skin is rubbed red and scabbed over, and he’s pretty sure he has some nasty blisters if the wrinkle in MJ’s expression is anything to go by.

“Jeez, Pete, you’re really walking in heels?” she asks, worried, as he sinks deeper into his couch with a weary sigh.

“No,” he says, wishing he had some good food to eat, “but Natasha says if I can walk in stilettos I can walk in anything.”

MJ stares at him, calculating.

“Well,” she says after a moment of quiet, gathering up the Band-Aid wrappers to throw away, “she’s not wrong.”

“What am I doing?” Peter laughs, covering his face with his hands, and he didn’t realize how utterly lost he feels until now, until his chest gets tight, until his throat closes, until his eyes are stinging.

He feels so overwhelmed, and lost, that he doesn’t know how to handle it all.

Can he seriously walk on a runway? Does he want to walk on a runway? Since when did modeling become his life?

And he hasn’t even really started yet.

“Hey,” MJ says, softly, moving Peter’s feet so she can sit down on the small couch, “you don’t have to do this. You know that, right?”

“They already paid me,” Peter says, not removing his hands because he’s scared that if he does he’ll start crying, “Wade bought me a new phone.”

“Peter,” MJ coos, wrapping her hand around his ankle and that hurts worse than the anxiety of walking in front of reporters and journalists because he remembers how Harry used to do that when they were dating, when Peter was in love, when Peter was happy and May was alive and–

He shifts so MJ has to let go of him and stands, choosing to pace instead of spreading his depression out over the couch. He can feel MJ’s eyes on him but he doesn’t meet her gaze. He’s not strong enough for that right now.

“What are you nervous about?” she asks and he can’t answer.

Weirdly enough, he wants to call Wade. Maybe they could get another drink?

That helped last time Peter was feeling utterly miserable. An unbiased third party would be great right now because they wouldn’t try to dig into Peter’s moping or ask pointed questions and Peter could go back to ignoring his feelings and stuffing them so deep they just burst forth at the most inconvenient time and it’d be a problem for *future* Peter, not *now* Peter.

“Do you want to get a drink?” Peter asks, and MJ purses her lips, looking…off.

Something isn’t right, and maybe Peter can find the answer in the averting of her eyes, of the way tension settles in her shoulders. She’s picking at her nails, a nervous habit, and Peter’s anxiety isn’t all that threatening in the face of his best friends discomfort.

“I can’t,” she settles on, taking a breath, “I have dinner plans.”

“Okay,” Peter says, crossing his arms and hating how his heart rate picks up, “is this…a friendly dinner? Or a date type dinner?”

It’s strange that he’s having to pry information from her. Usually MJ texts him when she has a date, or asks him to come over and help her pick out an outfit.

She’s never this…shady.

“Oh god,” she groans, burying her face in her hands and looking up at Peter with a pinched expression, “swear you won’t be mad?”

“Uh,” he says, throat dry, “don’t give me a reason to be mad?”

He tries to make it sound like a joke but he’s serious, and scared.

The only person Peter can think of who would elicit this response from MJ is–

“Harry,” MJ says in a rush, like she’s throwing the name up, like it’s toxic, “I’m meeting Harry for dinner.”

The air is punched from Peter’s lungs.

He feels a strange, misplaced betrayal, and a pang of hurt, deep inside his chest.

“Oh,” is all he says.

He can feel himself closing off.

“Hey,” MJ says, standing and holding out her hands, “it’s not a date. We’re just catching up.”

“Right,” Peter responds, but it sounds weak even to his ears, “cool.”

“Peter,” MJ prods, grabbing his wrists and tugging until he looks at her, “I don’t have to go. I just…I miss him? And we were all so close and I miss that. I really *really* miss that.”

Anger, sharp like static electricity, zips through him and he pulls his hands away.

“You know why I don’t talk to him,” he begins and she nods, her eyes so desperate that Peter feels horrible.

“I know,” she says, “I know, but he’s sorry. Peter, you know he felt awful.”

“Yeah,” he echoes, wondering if he has the energy for this.

MJ’s grip on him tightens.

“I’m not looking to date him,” she plows on, rushing out the words before Peter shuts down entirely, “I’m just catching up. You’re…you can come? If you want?”

Peter laughs, and it’s bitter, tastes like black coffee on his tongue as he steps back and out of her reach.

“Nah, you know, I don’t think that’d be fun,” he spits, angrier than he means to.

MJ looks devastated.

Who the hell does Peter think he is? Who is he to dictate her life, who she hangs out with, who she chooses to associate with? He sighs, trying to find equal footing while he sinks in quicksand.

“Sorry, I’m sorry,” he sighs, looking out the window because the traffic is a lot less harmful than MJ’s face, “can we talk about this later? I’m tired, I can’t do this right now.”

She hesitates like she wants to argue but instead she gathers up her coat and purse and makes her way to the door.

“Don’t shut me out,” she says and guilt clenches his chest like a viper, “I’ll text you.”

The door closes and Peter stands in his dirty apartment with his broken heater and his empty fridge and tries, and fails, to not feel anything.

///

Today is Peter’s first runway.

Vanessa called him at six am in the morning to tell him to come to the studio in Times Square again where he’ll get ready with the rest of the models.

Peter’s too emotionally and physically drained to feel his anxiety as he crawls out of bed, lumbers onto the subway, and takes the forty five minute commute into the most touristy part of Manhattan. Just as he’s getting off the platform his phone rings and he answers immediately.

“Hello?” he asks.

“Peter,” it’s Vanessa, “today's canceled. I’m working on re-scheduling. You’ll still be paid on Monday, keep your phone on.”

Then she hangs up.

Peter’s trapped between complete apathy and irritation.

It’s barely past seven and he’s now in Manhattan and he’s not looking forward to getting back on the train. He has three texts from MJ.

He has one from an unknown number.

Trepidation fills him and he swipes it open.

Peter, it’s Harry. I’m in town for a while. Can you do coffee sometime? I really want to see you.

“Well,” Peter says, “it’s six o’clock somewhere.”

///

Sister Margaret’s is open, miraculously.

Weasel looks how Peter feels, chugging a Redbull behind the counter and squinting as sun fills the space when Peter opens the door.

“Fuck, you too?” Weasel sighs and Peter’s about to ask what he means when he spots Wade, turning around in his stool, to see who Weasel’s rudely addressing.

“Oh,” Peter says, awkward, “hi.”

“Hey,” Wade replies, confusion pinching his face, “what’re you doing here?”

Peter isn’t sure whether he should stay or leave.

The runway show was canceled, and Wade’s *here*, drinking, at 1pm on a Friday.

Granted, Peter’s here too.

“I can go,” Peter begins, “I didn’t mean to interrupt–”

“God, sit down,” Weasel groans, “you be his therapist, I’m too tired for his shit right now.”

Wade’s shoulders hunch and Peter feels a strange surge of protectiveness in the face of Wade’s hurt so he lets the door slam closed before he’s striding forward and taking a seat next to Wade.

Wade, who isn’t meeting his gaze.

“Sorry about the last minute schedule change,” he says, voice heavy and words bitter, “had some minor set backs. You know, what can go wrong will go wrong and all that jazz.”

“Yeah,” Peter agrees, not sure what he’s agreeing to, just knowing that Wade’s hurting something

fierce and so is he.

“Hey,” Peter whispers, purposefully leaning down so Weasel feels excluded from the conversation, “thanks for the new phone. I haven’t dropped it yet.”

Wade smiles, tight but genuine.

“Good,” he says, taking a deep swig of beer, and it’s strange to see him so quiet.

Peter has only known Wade for a week, has only seen him three times in total, but silence and melancholy feel misplaced on the animated man he ate Chinese food with. The dreary, sad bar probably isn’t helping.

“Do you wanna go to Coney Island?” Peter asks and Wade finally turns to look at him, expression unreadable.

“It’s cold,” he says, “and winter. Isn’t the point of Coney Island the games? And beach? And other summer things, like comparing your body to the guys on steroids while eating a hot dog?”

That is…very specific.

Peter rolls with it, ‘cause hey, he gets it.

“Sure, but it’s also quiet and creepy and isolated in the winter,” Peter wheedles, “and I need a distraction and you look like you need a distraction so lets distract each other.”

He’s not sure where this bravado is coming from but he’s dying for something to get his mind off of Harry and MJ and people being in love and since work was canceled today *this* is all he has.

And he *really* needs this.

Wade’s staring at him, meeting his gaze unflinchingly, and he knocks back the rest of his beer and stands in a whirlwind of newfound energy.

“Ya know what baby boy, that’s *exactly* what I fuckin’ need right now. Lets find some ghosts and get some pizza and freeze our asses off.”

///

The subway ride was a little awkward, both Wade and Peter a little in their heads, but as soon as they stepped out into the frigid wind and ice cold weather it shook them from their stupors.

“Ya know,” Wade begins, hands deep in his pockets, “I have free alcohol at my place. And it doesn’t feel like Antarctica before climate change.”

Peter nods.

“Lets do that.”

///

They play video games and Wade's commentary makes Peter laugh so hard he's scared he's going to pull something.

Wade makes them hot toddies and pancakes and they waste the day away buzzed and sugar high and Peter forgets about Harry and MJ and how miserable he's been feeling because Wade is loud and exuberant enough to chase it all away.

It's easy, hanging out with Wade, and Peter respects the guy when Wade begins to tell him about his new designs, when Wade takes him to the third floor into a studio that should be a bedroom and Peter feels all the fabric, looks at all the photographs in awe.

"You did all this?" Peter asks, not bothering to keep the notes of wonder out of his tone or expression as he runs his hands along a silk embroidered pant leg, "Wade, these are beautiful."

Wade's leaning heavy on the doorframe, his mug of warmed whiskey and honey loose in his hand, and he's watching Peter with a lazy smile and eyes soft enough to melt snow.

"They're okay," Wade dismisses, not unkindly, in a matter of fact way that has Peter narrowing his eyes and when Wade laughs Peter feels like he's accomplished something.

///

"When did you get into photography?" Wade asks, and they're back on the first floor, Bob's Burgers humming in the background, and Peter's had three hot drinks and feels warm and good all the way down to his toes.

"When I was ten," he replies, curling up in one of Wade's red overstuffed chairs, "after my Uncle passed."

"Ah," Wade hums, stilling from where he'd been messing unsuccessfully with a burned rubik's cube, "I'm sorry."

His sincerity chases Peter's buzz, threatens to bring in reality, and Peter doesn't want that.

"It's fine," he says and Wade takes the change in his demeanor for what it is.

"You should show me your work sometime," Wade comments, attention flicking to the TV to the cube to Peter, "I wanna see what you got."

"Yeah, okay," Peter replies, a little embarrassed, "it's not that good."

He narrowly misses the pillow Wade throws at him.

"None of that, Pete," Wade says, eyes intense, "I'm sure it's better than those black and white photographs of flowers with the one red rose."

Peter snorts. "Yeah, a little," he relents.

"Okay then," Wade points out, drinking the rest of his whiskey, "enough putting yourself down."

“Wade, you’re *constantly* putting yourself down,” Peter supplies and Wade shrugs.

“No,” Peter says, swaying to his feet and walking over so he’s standing where Wade’s curled up in a beanie bag chair, “if I can’t put myself through the wringer you can’t either.”

Wade raises a hairless eyebrow.

“What is this, a badly written fanfic? We’re gonna hold each other accountable now and shit?”

“You bet your 6k plasma screen TV we are,” Peter shoots back, crossing his arms and relishing in the way Wade’s attention on him never wavers, “I mean, c’mon man, we both tried drinking on a Friday afternoon. That’s not great.”

“It’s not horrible either,” Wade counters, “it could’ve been a Sunday morning. And that's God's day.”

Peter snorts.

“Sure,” he says, smiling, “lets not get to that point.”

He holds out his hand and Wade’s staring at him like he’s trying to figure him out, like Peter’s the twisted Rubik’s cube and Wade can’t get him straight.

“God, you’re worse than Ness,” Wade groans but he shakes Peter’s hand regardless, grip tight and warm.

“I’m hungry,” Peter tells him suddenly and Wade laughs, standing with a grunt and sighing as he looks around his messy apartment.

“All right, Princess, where do you wanna go?”

///

The Mexican restaurant is small, tucked between a laundry mat and a post office, but it’s Peter’s favorite.

The floor is sticky and stained, the windows are consistently steamed over with heat from the kitchen, but the food is cheap and authentic and the best Peter’s had. It’s greasy enough that it’ll sober them up within five minutes.

Wade takes the first bite and *melts*.

“Jesus fucking Halla, baby, you know how to pick ‘em,” he moans and Peter takes one of their many tacos and proceeds to inhale the entire thing.

“Good, right?” he says, mouth full, and Wade nods, enthusiastic, as he takes a second chicken taco.

“Let me die here,” Wade pleads, the most uncaring about his appearance than Peter’s ever seen him, even taking off his pink wool gloves to eat, “bury me in chimichuri sauce and throw me into a vat of this chicken grease.”

Peter wrinkles his nose at the imagery.

“I’d rather not,” he says, sipping at his diet coke and somehow relaxing even more than he had earlier.

They devour the rest in a rush, and Wade leans back in the booth with a content sigh, patting his stomach over his hoodie.

“Congrats, Princess, you’ve officially made me forget about my day,” Wade says with a lazy salute and Peter grins, snagging the last taco.

“Same,” he agrees, resting his head in his hands.

“I think I’m going to explode.”

“Not on me, hopefully,” Peter grins, peeking up at Wade under his lashes.

Wade’s looking at him in that thoughtful way he usually wears around Peter before leaning forward and wiping a small dollop of sauce off Peter’s cheek, the touch surprisingly intimate and gentle.

“Thanks,” Peter says, and hopes his voice isn’t as breathless as he suddenly feels.

How long has it been since someone has touched him like that? In a way that was careful and caring and tiptoeing the line between flirtatious and platonic? He blames the fact that he hasn’t had sex in three months on the way his heart rate spikes.

He hopes Wade doesn’t notice.

“You’re kinda cool,” Wade says after a beat, slipping his pink gloves back on when a group of loud teenagers pass by the window.

“So are you,” Peter replies honestly, sitting up so he’s resting against his palm and not slouched over the table, “we should do this again sometime.”

Wade almost seems surprised, but he hides it well enough, mouth stretching into a large grin.

“Yeah,” he agrees, “someone’s gotta feed ya.”

Peter, catching on, straightens.

“Wait, Wade,” he begins but Wade’s already bounding to his feet and rushing to the register to pay.

“Too slow!” he yells over his shoulder, “Dinner’s on me!”

“I can pay for myself!” Peter protests, even if it isn’t true.

The girl behind the register takes Wade’s card but Wade’s still staring at Peter, his grin way too smug. Peter glowers, and hopes it looks intimidating. By the way Wade’s smile stretches he guesses it isn’t.

///

“Will you *ever* let me pay for anything?” Peter asks as they walk back to the subway, hands deep

in their pockets to try and shield themselves from the cold.

“You? Never,” Wade answers, bumping Peter’s shoulder companionably.

Peter looks up at him, reaching out to pull them to a stop before they enter the subway. Wade stills, going completely frozen, and Peter drops his grip, nervous that he overstepped.

He swallows, suddenly nervous.

“I was having a really shitty day,” he admits softly, and it’s easier to tell this to Wade without looking at him. “A really shitty year, to be honest.”

“Lemon, it’s February,” Wade whispers, and Peter cracks a smile, meeting his gaze because he kind of has to now.

“30 rock?” Peter asks.

“30 rock,” Wade confirms, but his expression is open and earnest, and it prompts Peter to wordlessly continue.

“I don’t know where I was going with this,” Peter admits, “but this is the most fun I’ve had in a long time. So. Thank you, I guess.”

“You’re thanking me?” Wade asks, sounding strained, and Peter wishes there was better lighting so he could see Wade’s expression clearly.

He shrugs.

“Yeah I mean, you gave me a job and bought me a way too expensive phone and two dinners and let me play your video games,” Peter rambles and now that he’s listing everything off in a row it’s a lot.

It’s too much.

“You don’t even know me! You–you bought me all these expensive things and you don’t know me, you don’t know if I’m a nice guy or if I’m a piece of shit and you’ve been so nice, *why* have you been so nice–”

“Whoa whoa, hey Peter, breathe man,” Wade says worried, stepping closer but not touching, at a loss for what to do.

Peter’s words are getting stuck in his throat, and he can recognize the familiar signs of a panic attack.

Shit.

The feelings he tried to bury all day and last night are coming back with a vengeance and what an *inconvenient* time for them.

“I think I’m freaking out,” Peter gasps and Wade laughs, but he sounds strained.

“Yeah, maybe a little,” he agrees, bending so that he can meet Peter’s gaze, “I can stop buying you things. If it’s freaking you out, I’m sorry, I’m used to buying people I like shit, that’s what I do, the five love languages and all that? And you’re always hungry and I can always buy you food so like why wouldn’t I? Does that make sense, am I making sense? I can stop though, if it’s making you freak, I don’t want to make you uncomfortable,” Wade prattles, and his nervousness is somehow

making Peter feel a little calm, gives him something else to focus on.

“My ex contacted me,” Peter blurts and Wade’s mouth snaps shut, his hands hovering fretfully over Peter’s shoulders.

“Ah,” Wade says, “good or bad?”

“Bad,” Peter answers, kind of wishing that Wade would touch him like he so obviously wants to, “they cheated on me.”

Wade’s expression pinches, into one of understanding and distaste.

“A sleazebag,” Wade says, “I’m sorry, Pete.”

“I thought I was over it,” Peter admits, and now that he’s talking about it he can’t seem to shut up, “but one of my best friends met with them for dinner last night and they texted me this morning and I really thought I didn’t give a shit about them anymore but…but I dunno I guess I do and I *hate* that I do…”

Wade *finally* touches him, a gentle reassurance on his shoulders, his thumbs rubbing against Peter’s hood.

“It’s okay if you’re not over it,” Wade whispers, “hell, I have my fair share of horrible exes. Sometimes it just hits you, ya know?”

Peter nods, swallowing around the sudden tightness of his throat.

Wade’s gaze is intense, and Peter hates that this is the moment he begins to think that Wade’s attractive because now *really* isn’t the best time–

It’s just ‘cause he’s been nice, Peter tries to reason with himself, *it’s just ‘cause he’s the only guy who’s shown interest in me since Harry. I’m lonely and horny. That’s it.*

“Peter? Did you hear me?”

Shit.

“What?” Peter asks and hates that he feels his cheeks warm.

Fuck.

Fuck fuck *fuck* this is *so* inconvenient–

“Were they…?” Wade hesitates, unsure on how to continue, “they didn’t hurt you, right?”

“What?” Peter repeats and feels like a broken wind up doll.

“Were they abusive?” Wade asks bluntly and quickly rushes to continue, “You don’t have to answer but I know people who can make them disappear in less than twenty four hours if you want and I will gladly–”

“No! No I mean, emotionally sure, but not physically,” Peter says and freezes when Wade pulls out his phone and begins texting. “Uh, Wade what are you doing?”

“Nothing,” he says, fake cheer in his tone, “just calling in a few favors…”

“Wade! Stop, wait,” Peter laughs, grabbing at Wade’s phone, which is useless, because Wade is easily a foot taller than him and just holds it over his head like the asshole he is, “I said they *weren’t* abusive–”

“Physically,” Wade corrects, and all the humor is gone from his tone, serious enough that Peter feels his smile falter and his breath catch, “you said they weren’t *physically* abusive. Emotional abuse is just as damaging, baby, and that’s more than enough cause for them to disappear. Now, if you’ll excuse me…”

Peter doesn’t think at the best of times.

He *definitely* isn’t thinking now, because he jumps up, wraps his legs around Wade’s trim waist, and snatches his phone out of his hand.

He can make eye contact with Wade easily like this, and Wade’s left hand automatically comes up to Peter’s lower back to support him. Peter has a fleeting moment to feel triumphant before he feels butterflies instead, and he hasn’t been this close to someone without the intention to kiss in a long while.

They’re just…staring at each other. They do that a lot, Peter realizes faintly.

Wade surprised, rightfully so, because this scrawny dude he barely knows just climbed him like a tree to steal his phone and Peter…doesn’t have an excuse.

God, he’s an *idiot*.

“Um,” he croaks, because now he’s realizing how intimately they’re pressed together, the heat from Wade’s palm is soaking through his thin jacket, and Peter *really* wants to be able to focus on something other than how Wade feels between his thighs, “don’t…don’t kill my ex boyfriend.”

Wade looks stunned.

“Boyfriend?” he repeats.

“Ex,” Peter corrects, growing more and more embarrassed by the minute, “sorry for jumping on you.”

“That’s…okay,” Wade stutters, but Peter’s still wrapped around him like an overzealous koala and Wade’s still holding him up and–

“I’m…gonna get down now,” Peter tells him.

Wade laughs, but it’s weak.

“Yeah, sure, okay spider monkey, careful on the downswing,” Wade says and lets Peter drop his legs from his waist.

Peter bounces down, and passes Wade’s phone back to him.

Wade takes it with that same dazed, disbelieving look, before visibly shaking himself.

“Are you okay?” he asks and Peter’s grateful for the topic change.

“I feel better,” Peter answers, “are *you* okay?”

Wade fumbles.

“Me? Pete, you were just having an anxiety attack.”

“Yeah, and you canceled your show tomorrow,” Peter says and Wade’s expression closes off, “you don’t have to talk about it but…*are you okay*?”

Wade hesitates, like he isn’t sure whether or not to answer, but he settles on a small smile and a sheepish look.

“I’m right as rain Princess,” Wade says, and pockets his phone, “thanks for putting up with me tonight. Text me if you ever wanna finish Overwatch.”

“Yeah I will,” Peter says, smiling, “I’ll see you soon?”

“Fingers crossed baby,” Wade grins, turning on his heel and walking the other way, “get home safe! I’ll see ya for your fittings for Paris next week!”

“Wait,” Peter says, and then calls, “what fittings? Wade!”

The man just laughs.

Chapter End Notes

i wrote this in thirty minutes at work omg why

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

peter's got 99 problems and exes are all of them

Chapter Notes

TW: wade jokes about suicide (not explicit)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Vanessa looks tired.

Peter tries to focus on that as Shatter purposefully messes up his hair, which Peter doesn't think is necessary since his hair looks like a rat made a home in it on his best days.

"Everything okay?" Peter asks her, because everyone is oddly quiet and still, Vanessa glued to her iPad and Shatter not making one comment about Peter's lips or brow structure.

"Don't you worry your pretty little head," Vanessa quips, manicured nails tapping away, "just focus on this dress rehearsal. All is well."

It's a pretty clear dismissal, a polite way to tell Peter to mind his fucking business and stay in his lane, but it's just made him all the more curious. He glances around the room, spots Domino doing her own makeup, all the other models that Peter hasn't met yet sprawled out around the large room, either in makeup chairs themselves or laying on the concrete floor on their phones.

The environment is chill; a food table is laid out, Beyoncé playing quietly from an old 2000s pink boom box, and Peter's nervous. He likes to talk when he's feeling uneasy but no one else seems to be in a socializing mood. Which is leaving Peter to dwell in his own thoughts and emotions and he doesn't like it when he has time to think.

It doesn't usually bode well for him.

"Shatter, what's been up with you? Rusty okay?" Peter tries.

Shatter swipes a bright blue blush over Peter's cheeks with a distracted look in his eyes.

"He's just peachy," Shatter replies and that's that.

Peter sighs, accepting that no one else in this giant room is going to humor him. He wishes Wade was here. He'd be talking. He wouldn't stop talking, Peter thinks, he'd probably annoy everyone here.

That's a pleasant thought, and Peter chooses to focus on that instead of his growing anxiety.

Vanessa gets a call and leaves to take it.

Shatter finishes Peter's makeup, mists him with setting spray, and shoos him away so another guy can take his seat. Peter feels restless. He knows he can't leave the building, because he's in his outfit and he's had his makeup done and who knows when they're actually going to start, but he can't just sit still like everyone else around him. He needs to move. Especially when he's nervous.

So he explores.

The building is only three floors, and the one below theirs is an office space and the first floor a gallery. There's not much to see, and Peter can't enter the other floors without a code.

He takes out his phone and texts Wade.

peter: *hey*

All right.

He did it.

He's thankful he got Wade's number the last time they hung out, but Wade is probably really busy and doesn't have time to text one of his models small talk when it's the first dress rehearsal and he's trying to reschedule that private walk with Vanessa and fittings for Paris and–

wade *: r u bored?*

Peter sits down in the cold stairwell, careful of wrinkling his satin pants, and smiles down at his phone. Bless Wade, honestly.

peter: *no offense to you or anyone here but yes. no one is talking*

wade: *ask them y so serious?*

peter: *i don't think anyone but you would get that reference*

wade: *boo u whore*

peter: *you like mean girls?*

wade: *do u kno me @ all?*

peter: *fair*

wade: *guess where i am*

peter: *weasel's?*

wade: *ew*

Peter grins, waiting for Wade to respond.

"Peter, what are you doing in here?" Domino asks and Peter pockets his phone, even as it vibrates in his hand with Wade's response.

"Thinking," Peter says and Domino glances at where he's put away his phone.

“Okay,” she accepts, eyes calculating, and Peter has the weird sense that he did something wrong, “well we’re ready. You good?”

“I’m good,” he affirms and she gives him a reassuring smile and ruffles his hair as he passes.

Shatter’s gonna kill him.

///

Peter is certain he’s going to trip over his feet and die.

He doesn’t get any shoes; all the models are barefoot thank god. Peter needs to thank Wade for that, honestly. The outfits are all lavish, all layered with so many different parts and embroidered patterns. The colors clash but work when the models move together and Peter thinks they must all look like an iridescent sparkling sea.

It’s kind of fun, to walk down the runway and feel confident and cool. There’s a video camera set up at the end of the stage, and Peter’s sure it’s for Wade. He wonders, belatedly, where the guy is.

The rehearsal passes without Peter tripping over anything, and three outfit changes and six hours later Peter’s shrugging on his worn loose jeans and sneakers when one of the models approaches him.

She has a shaved head, and intense dark eyes, and Peter looks up when she stops, arms crossed, a few feet away from him.

“I’m Ellie,” she says, impromptu, and waits.

“Peter,” he introduces, not really knowing what she wants because she’s looking at him like she’s expecting something and he isn’t sure what that is.

“You’re new,” she observes.

“Yeah,” Peter hesitates, then stands, not bothering to tie up his left shoe under her piercing gaze, “I’ve never really done this before.”

“I could tell,” Ellie says and Peter bristles, a little offended, at this stranger coming over here to just call him out.

“Uh, okay,” Peter picks up his bag, slinging it over his shoulders, “I’m gonna go.”

“Try to loosen up,” she tells him, taking a step back to the dressing rooms, “you’re too tense. Vodka helps.”

Then she turns and walks away and Peter watches her go, feeling uncomfortable and belittled. He checks his phone on the way to the subway and sees a stream of unread texts from Wade.

wade: *i’m in LA. sucks.*

wade: *y do ppl not like sugar here?*

wade: *u’d think they’d be nice cause of sun*

wade: *OMG ness sent me the tape of today*

wade: *u killed it*

wade: *strut baby*

wade: *walk walk fashion*

wade: *blue is ur color i called it*

wade: *hmm imma add moss to ur look*

wade: *wdy think?*

The tension that Ellie gave him fades into comfortable warmth, and Peter can't help smiling dumbly down at his phone. He needed that. Wow, he *really* needed that. He steps out of the main path of the people around him to duck under the awning of a Starbucks, typing out his response as quickly as he can.

peter: *moss? like nature?*

Wade's response is immediate.

wade: *lol ya like nature*

wade: *moss on ur feet and the side of ur neck n face*

wade: *maybe some flowers in ur hair*

wade: *i'm diggin it fairy vibes*

Peter tries to picture it, thinks back to all of the designs and clothes he'd seen in Wade's third floor studio. He types before he can doubt himself.

peter: *bringing in the four elements could be cool. like earth, fire, wind, air.*

wade: *FUK SOME1 CAN B ON FIRE*

peter: *wait wade no*

wade: *LIGHT EM UP GOOD IDEA BBY*

peter: *no you can't really light people on fire!*

wade: *dun it b4 to myself*

Peter freezes, not sure if Wade's referencing his iconic fire spark shoes that he debuted in 2013 or if he's making a jab at himself for the accident. Either way, it makes dread swarm like a hive in Peter's stomach, makes his fingers feel oddly tense.

How does he respond? He can't really convey tone over text, and he doesn't want Wade to misconstrue anything he says. But he can't let Wade punish himself. It hadn't been his fault.

He's about to tell Wade that, context of fire be damned, but Wade beats him to the punch.

wade: *u killed it today c u soon*

It's a goodbye and Peter tries not to feel disappointed by it.

peter: *see you soon have fun in LA*

Wade just sends him a gif of Elmo on fire.

///

They have another rehearsal the next day.

It's shorter, and more for the technicians than the models. Peter does try to relax, he did some of the sun salutations that Nat had taught him before coming in, and it helped. He caught Ellie's eye as they were packing up for the day and she shot him a quick thumbs up.

It rejuvenates him for the rest of the way home.

///

Peter's eating his microwaved ramen, scrolling through Netflix, when his phone rings.

He doesn't look whose calling as he answers; because he just dropped a noodle on his keyboard and he's worried he broke everything. So he's trying to clean up the broth splatter with his sleeve and balance the cheap container in his other hand when a familiar voice echoes around his apartment and reminds him how empty it is.

"Peter?"

Peter freezes. He almost drops his ramen.

He sets his laptop next to him on his shitty couch, the ramen by his feet and it spills but he doesn't care.

He doesn't care because he can't really find the air he needs to keep a steady head, and his hands hesitantly press the speaker button because he's not sure he's capable of holding anything right now.

"Harry," he says, and it comes off stilted and hesitant, "why are you calling me?"

There's noise on the other end of the line, cars passing, and Peter doesn't know where Harry is but it's strange that he's not in an office.

"I've been trying to contact you," he begins, sounding oddly timid, "I met with MJ."

"Yeah, I know," Peter says, still not sure why Harry thought calling him is okay, after Peter didn't respond to his text, after Peter said *not* to contact him at all–

“Can we talk? Please?” Harry asks and it makes Peter’s heart clench, makes him feel cold and panicked.

He isn’t prepared for this.

“I’m mad at you,” Peter lands on, staring unseeing out the window of his apartment, “I don’t want to talk to you.”

Harry sighs, and it’s almost drowned out by the racing cars over the line.

“I know,” he says, defeated, “I know. I just…I’m sorry. I’m so sorry I hurt you. You deserved better, and I was self-sabotaging and got you caught in the middle of it. It happened because I was drunk and felt so worthless and shitty that I wanted to wreck anything good I had. It’s not an excuse, it’s just how I was feeling.”

Anger grasps Peter by the throat, makes him choke, makes him frantic.

“You cheated on me,” Peter reminds him, trying to keep his voice devoid of emotion, “you *fucked* your secretary on our anniversary, Harry. Millions of people feel like shit every day but they don’t take it out on others. I’m not going to be your therapist and tell you I forgive you so you feel better about yourself–”

“That’s not why I’m calling,” Harry interrupts, and he sounds so small and desperate and Peter’s never heard him like this, “I’m not trying to appease any of my guilt. I deserve to feel all of it. I want you to be able to have closure so you can move on. I want to give you the opportunity to… fuck, I dunno. I don’t know, Pete, I’ve just…I think about you a lot. And meeting with MJ just reminded me of college and how close we all were and I really miss that. She does too. I’m offering an olive branch, and I know I’m the one that broke it in the first place but I’m trying Pete. I’m really trying. Reach out if you want. I won’t contact you again.”

Harry hangs up and Peter’s left with the heavy silence his words left behind.

Peter hates that he misses him.

///

Peter doesn’t sleep.

He can’t.

He pulls Harry’s t-shirt that MJ gave him from the bottom of his closet and considers throwing it away. Or burning it with a match in his sink. It doesn’t smell like him anymore. Peter knows he should get rid of it, but there’s a part of him that can’t find the resolve to do it.

A part of him isn’t ready yet.

He throws it back into his closet and doesn’t forget its presence.

///

“Peter,” Vanessa calls him the next morning at six am and Peter wishes he could be frustrated at her calling so early but he was up and can’t find the energy to be put out.

“Am I late?” he wonders, letting his head fall back on his pillows so he can continue staring at that mold spot on his ceiling, and then belatedly realizes he mumbled that out loud.

“Can you meet me for coffee?” she doesn’t sound as demanding as she normally does, instead she sounds almost timid.

Tired.

Peter can relate.

“Uh, yeah, where?” he asks, a little more awake because something might be wrong and he has no idea what it could be.

“I’ll come to you. What’s a good place nearby?”

Peter imagines his neighborhood: the Texas Chicken place on the corner, the bodega across from that, the post office, the Family Dollar, the hardware store where the guy always looks at Peter like he’s the world’s dumbest person–

“Uh, there’s a coffee shop called Caffeine Underground? They have CBD oil drinks, they’re pretty–”

“Sure, I’ll meet you there. Bring your portfolio.”

She hangs up.

He forgot to ask her what time.

He gets dressed anyways, and ignores the way his closet seems to be watching him.

///

The coffee shop just opened.

There’s not another soul in the place, besides for the equally tired girl with bangs behind the register and a small white dog passed out on one of the couches in the corner.

She recognizes Peter as he enters.

“Good morning,” she says, and Peter can tell she’s trying to sound welcoming but she looks like she also didn’t sleep.

Peter feels for her.

“Morning,” he smiles, hoping the bags under his eyes aren’t too frightening, “can I get a large red eye please?”

“Yeah,” she laughs, “it comes with two shots of espresso, that good?”

Peter thinks about his appointment with Natasha to work out in an hour, and then rehearsals following. He tries not to grimace.

“Can you double it?” he asks and she nods in companionable understanding.

“You got it,” she says, ringing him up and beginning to make his drink.

He walks over to one of the nearest tables and sits down, his backpack in the empty chair beside him and his camera resting in his hands. He brought his laptop where he actually keeps his photography portfolio, just in case Vanessa wants to see it.

The girl tells him his drink is ready and Vanessa arrives five minutes later, a large cup of coffee already in her hands. She beelines straight for him, slumping down into the plastic seats and groaning into her hands.

Peter’s never seen her like this.

“You okay?” he asks, concerned, and she flops her head into her hands and stares at him with dark eyes.

“Never date someone you work with,” she tells him, looking completely strung out, “it never works.”

Peter feels a lot at that but it’s too early and he’s too tired to shift through all of it right now. The biggest emotion is a deep disappointment that drops in his stomach like a horrible stone.

He didn’t know Vanessa and Wade were still together. And that must be what Vanessa is talking about because it’s public knowledge that the two are on again off again and Peter can’t think of anyone else the woman in front of him could be referencing.

He also isn’t sure if she’s telling him this as a warning, if she’s noticed something and is trying to stop Peter from getting in too deep.

Or if she’s talking about someone else and drawing from her past relationship with Wade to advise Peter but either option doesn’t leave him very hopeful.

“Okay,” is all he can think to say, and he really doesn’t want to talk about exes or past relationships anymore. He’s still trying to get Harry out of his mind.

“Sorry, I’m being unprofessional,” Vanessa sighs and Peter instantly feels bad.

“No, it’s okay, I didn’t sleep last night I’m not really awake yet,” Peter smiles, trying to lighten the mood some, “what’s going on?”

Vanessa waves her hand and takes a long pull of her coffee.

“Don’t worry about it,” she tells him, “shouldn’t have brought anything up. Drama among the models, gotta work some stuff out.”

“It’s not Natasha and Domino?” Peter asks, suddenly worried.

Whether he’s been aware of it or not he’s been developing feelings for the two women: they’ve been his anchors in all this.

“No, no, those two will be together forever,” Vanessa sighs, a wistful smile pulling her features.

Hope fills Peter, wakes him up more than the coffee and four shots of espresso, but he tries not to linger on it. He thought, when Vanessa had originally sat down, that there was a problem with her and Wade. But it’s with the models and Wade isn’t concerned.

He shouldn’t be feeling hopeful about anything regarding Wade; his boss whose become his kind of friend who he texts sometimes and finds wildly attractive and fantasizes about–

Nope.

No thinking.

“If it helps I’m not hooking up with any of the models,” Peter says and thankfully Vanessa laughs.

“Thank you,” she says, sarcasm dripping from her words, “now, let me see your photos.”

Peter fumbles with his backpack to get out his laptop, hands shaking with nerves he didn’t know he was feeling. He realizes, in a belated, dazed kind of way, that this is the first time he’s shown someone his photographs. Granted, Jonah saw his work, but they were all re-determined assignments, not Peter going out into the world and trying to capture something intriguing. He pulls up his portfolio and lets Vanessa flip through it, drinking his coffee just for something to distract himself with as she looks through his life work.

“These are good,” she says after a while of intense silence, “better than what you did at that newspaper.”

Peter nods, agreeing, but she doesn’t look up to see. It’s a vulnerable thing, showing someone your work. Peter’s scared she’s going to rip him apart.

“When did you take this?” Vanessa asks, turning Peter’s laptop to face him and he sees the film photograph he’d taken of Wade on the roof of the Gala a month ago.

“Your charity gala,” Peter tells her, “it’s where I first met him.”

“Huh,” Vanessa says, turning back to look at the image, a soft smile gracing her worn features, “he looks good.”

Peter doesn’t know what to say to that. He can’t really say thanks; it’s not him Vanessa is complimenting.

“Can you send me this?” she asks, gentle and tender and Peter feels whatever hope he had squashed in the face of Wade and Vanessa’s long history together; a history that seems intent on repeating itself.

“Yeah,” he says, “of course.”

Vanessa passes him back his laptop, staring at him thoughtfully.

“You’re good,” she tells him, matter of fact, “and Wade is obviously comfortable around you. You wanna document him in Paris?”

Peter stutters, completely caught off guard, not knowing how to handle all these back and forth backlashes of different emotions so early in the morning.

“Yeah, yes, yeah,” he gushes, an old enthusiasm returning to him, because who has time for

crushes when he can make more money doing what he loves? “I… Would I just follow him around? Take pictures of the shows and stuff?”

“Exactly,” Vanessa says, a grin pulling the softness from around her eyes, “we’re going to publish a book about Wade’s influence in the fashion world. I need you to sign this NDA.”

She’s reaching into her purse as she talks, hands the documents over to Peter. It’s about twenty pages thick, and he feels increasingly overwhelmed as she passes him a pen.

“Read it carefully,” she tells him, “and sign it when you’re done.”

He nods, already beginning to focus. It takes him around thirty minutes to read and digest the whole thing, and he signs where he needs to before sliding the forms back to Vanessa who pockets them with a self satisfied smile.

“Great,” she says, sounding genuinely excited, “this will be fun. Do you have a passport?”

Peter shakes his head and she nods.

“I figured. We should get that started. Do you have any questions?”

“Am I still modeling?”

“For the private show, yes. I’m sure you can whenever if you want, but Wade made it seem like photography was your main interest. It’s up to you. If you want to walk in New York Fashion week let me know, it starts in three weeks.”

Peter nods; he feels like he’s walking through jelly, he’s so overcome.

“Okay,” he says weakly.

“I guess I’ll see you in a few hours, and I’ll send you this weeks current schedule,” Vanessa says, standing with a flourish, a bounce in her step. “What’d you get?”

She gestures to his now empty coffee cup.

“Red eye. Coffee and four shots of espresso.”

“Great.”

She picks up her bag and walks to the counter to order just that. Peter sits, his laptop out, his camera smiling up at him, not knowing whether he should laugh or cry.

///

peter: *paris? you’re letting me go to paris???*

wade *: is that a surprise? i mentioned it*

peter: *wade. how can i repay you? really*

wade *: make me look good ;)*

Peter laughs, slightly hysterical. Then he thinks of Vanessa and the laughter dies along with whatever small, insignificant flame of hope he had left. This is why crushes are overrated. They just hurt, and most of the time they don't lead anywhere. He's unprepared for Wade to text him again.

wade *: r u going 2 tht fancy din din tomorrow?*

Did Vanessa mention a dinner? Shit, Peter isn't sure. He's still waiting on the schedule.

peter: *idk don't know about it*

wade *: lol cum w me plss*

Peter's kind of stuck on the incorrect way Wade spelled "come" but that's not really the issue at hand here. While he's hesitating and growing all the more anxious (copious amounts of caffeine really aren't great if you have anxiety kids) his phone vibrates.

Wade's number is bold on his screen, and Peter barely hesitates before swiping to answer the call.

"Uh, hi?" Peter greets.

"Why do you sound so shady?" Wade asks, and Peter can hear a cacophony of voices in the background.

"Where are you calling me from?"

"I'm still in LA, baby, I get back in like, ten hours, maybe," Wade says, and the background noise is almost too loud for Peter to understand him, "sorry to call, hate texting. Also I forgot what you sounded like."

"Wade it's been four days," Peter responds, but he can't help the dumb flame of hope that's starting to relight like a stubborn match in his chest.

"Aw, you've been counting too?" Wade sighs and Peter rubs a hand over his eyes, trying to will the last heavy dregs of exhaustion from himself.

"What's this dinner?" Peter asks, trying to keep them on topic, "Vanessa didn't mention it to me."

"Huh," Wade hums, his voice deep and a little tinny over the phone, but it's nice, it's comforting. "She was supposed to. Didn't ya'll meet today?"

"Yeah, she just left," Peter says, feeling a little in the dark about what's going on, "should I ask her–"

"Nah, don't stress your sleep deprived lil' head about it Pete, I'll handle it," Wade interrupts, the considering tone gone from his voice, "you're gonna accompany me. Ooh! Take some pics that'd

be fun. It's tomorrow at some weird time in the middle of the night, it's for sponsors and shit. Real pompous people ya know? But you gotta make the big bucks somehow even if it means wanting to shoot yourself in the head all evening. Trigger warning. Shit, I should've said that *before*–"

"So you want me to come with you to take pictures?" Peter asks, trying to get as much coherent information from Wade as possible because the guy is sounding a little manic, like Peter when he's had way too much Redbull.

"Bingo was his name-o," Wade titters, laughing at his own joke, and it makes Peter feel something, the sound of that. "Yeah Petey, I land at some time at some point today, come by my place tomorrow morning whenever and we'll get our outfits aligned. How's that sound?"

Peter can't help the wiry grin that spreads over his face.

"Fashion show at lunch?" he tries and he's rewarded when Wade laughs again.

"Ah, The Office, a relic," Wade hums. "So what else is up with you?"

Peter settles back in his seat, the smile melting into something softer, as he begins to fill Wade in on his week. Wade listens, and eventually the noise in the background lessens and Peter isn't sure if Wade left wherever he was to talk to Peter instead but it's a thought that makes Peter feel special, regardless.

///

Vanessa sends him his schedule when he's in the middle of mountain pose with Natasha.

"Oh," he says, opening the email, "this isn't that bad."

Natasha plucks the phone from his hands, scrutinizing.

"Huh," is all she says before handing it back.

"What?" Peter asks, eyebrows furrowing as he looks for any discrepancies and finds none, "is something off with it?"

"Just didn't know you and Wade were like that," Natasha comments off-handedly, like saying that didn't just stop Peter's heart and make him freeze on his yoga mat.

"Like what?" he asks, cautious.

Natasha stretches her arms over her head, making eye contact as she does.

"Like together," she says.

Peter flushes, feeling put on the spot but it's only him and Natasha and she's not even right.

"We're not together," Peter disputes, sliding his new phone carefully away from his mat, "why

would you think that?”

“’Cause usually Vanessa accompanies him to the fancy dinners,” Natasha explains, her tone and expression belying nothing, “it’s not exactly a casual thing.”

“I’m taking pictures for him,” Peter tries to reason and fuck this flame of hope that’s been going on and off in his chest all morning, “we’re not together.”

Natasha shrugs, like this isn’t anything she’s remotely concerned about, and Peter would usually believe her casual demeanor if she wasn’t the one to keep the conversation going.

“Do you like him?” she asks.

Peter knows she can see him blush. It’s not like he can hide it. Or blame it on their workout. All they’ve been doing so far is stretching.

“He’s cool,” Peter says, cautious, “but I don’t like *like* him.”

Natasha laughs at that.

“Oh *good*,” she says, rolling her eyes, “was worried we were stuck in high school.”

“Can we just finish this please?” Peter begs, not wanting to have to confront any more hidden feelings for the rest of the *year*. “I’m getting hungry.”

“Sure,” Natasha says, leading Peter back into position, “but don’t let Vanessa see you blushing over her guy like that.”

If the flame had been blown out before it’s buried beneath five fire extinguishers now.

Chapter End Notes

> thanks you guys for all the lovely support!!! it's been really nice and really needed. love all of ya'll. might post a chapter when this fic ends with all the links to the fashion inspo 'cause there's SO MUCH
>
> i saw a guy on the subway today who was dressed in all iridescent clothes (high heels, shirt, pants) and i was like :O did wade design that for you??

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

tim gunn voice: "make it work"

Chapter Notes

tw: lil bit of sexual themes i.e: masturbation and fantasizing (nothing super explicit)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter has a hyperactive imagination.

That's just how he is.

He's missed so many of his stops on the subway because he'd been zoning out, or creating scenarios and daydreams in his head. It's one of the reasons he loves photography: it's grounding to him.

He's able to step out of his own mind for just a split second.

He's able to freeze a moment in time that he's then allowed to revisit whenever he desires. So it's no surprise that his dreams are just as vivid as his fantasies when he's awake. The morning he's supposed to go to Wade's he wakes up with his heart pounding and arousal pooling hot in his gut, the evidence making itself known between his thighs.

And the horribly embarrassing part of all of this is that he remembers *exactly* what he'd been dreaming about.

And he's supposed to see the subject in two hours.

"Fuck," Peter hisses, falling back onto his pull out couch and willing his erection to *go the fuck away*.

Unfortunately it's never listened to him in the past, and it's not about to listen to him now, so Peter tries not to picture blue eyes and scarred skin as he spits into his palm and reaches down to take himself in hand.

He jolts at the first contact, surprised by how close he already is, and it's nearly impossible for him not to re-remember his dream now that the pleasure is mounting with each pump of his hand. He clutches the pillow by his head and turns his face into it, because he's already embarrassed by *why* this is happening, he doesn't want to hear *how* it's happening.

The dream flashes across his mind in half-forgotten vignettes: Wade's hands on his hips, pressing him down. Peter kneeling between Wade's thighs, feeling the power in them, and that memory

leaves way to the thought of how would Wade fuck? Gentle? Rough? Peter isn't sure but he can sure as hell imagine that Wade would talk throughout it all, whisper filth into Peter's ear, maybe even wrap a warning hand around his throat–

His toes curl and his hand tightens and his whole body moves with the orgasm that hits him so suddenly it makes him shake. It takes him a second to get his breathing steady and his mind back online because he just came to picturing *Wade's* hands on him instead and that–

His dick gives a feeble twitch of interest in his hand and he lets out a harsh breath through his teeth, removing his grip and looking down at the mess he's made.

At the mess imaginary *Wade* helped make.

"Oh god," Peter sighs and buries his face deeper into his pillow. "What's wrong with me?"

He's going to blame this on being lonely and horny.

That's the only explanation.

That's the *only* logical, acceptable reason on why he just masturbated thinking about his boss.

His boss who likes all the shows he likes and who has a deep rumbling voice and who laughs with his whole body and who is so unapologetically *him* that Peter can't help but admire–

"This needs to stop," Peter tells himself as he gets in the shower to rinse off…well, *everything*, "I just need to get laid. That's it. And then this will all go away."

He feels a false sense of reassurance in his plan.

It'll be easy, he tells himself.

He's got this.

///

He doesn't "got this".

"Princess!" Wade cheers pulling him into a tight hug that smells like pancakes and cigarette smoke and *Wade*.

Peter fumbles, not expecting this, especially since its nine in the morning and he always pegged Wade to be one of those people who didn't wake up until half the day was gone. He supposes, dazedly, as he wraps his arms around Wade's broad (really muscular, he's fucking ripped) shoulders that when you're the owner of one of the world's most renowned fashion companies you're gonna have to deal with early mornings.

He feels especially awkward because he just got off to a very dirty dream involving the man hugging him. A very dirty dream, where Wade had him bent over the finely embroidered yellow armchair in his living room and–

“Please tell me we’re at the hugging stage in our relationship ‘cause I’m kinda touchy-feely and you should tell me right now if that isn’t your thang,” Wade tells him and Peter’s stuck on Wade using the word “relationship” to refer to them.

“I don’t mind,” is what Peter lands on, even though he had to bite his tongue from spitting out, “you can touch me *more*”.

“Nice,” Wade sighs before pulling back and studying Peter’s face. “How much sleep have you gotten?”

“Uh, you mean last night?” Peter asks.

“Sure,” Wade says, easy, and Peter forgets how reassuring of a presence Wade’s become.

Yeah, Peter might have inappropriate feelings and dreams and acted on it in the privacy of his own home, but being here with Wade *physically* is kind of making Peter forget the churning feelings of shame this morning had brought.

That is until Wade leads Peter down the front foyer and Peter spots the yellow armchair in the living room and oh *god–*

“Pete?” Wade asks, and Peter nearly runs into him, he’s so in his head.

“What? Sorry, I haven’t had coffee yet,” Peter says, stepping back.

Wade’s looking at him in that calculating way of his, the one where his eyes are piercing but still soft, the expression reading all of Peter’s mannerisms and trying to deduce the source for them.

“Did you sleep at all?” Wade asks, turning to face Peter fully.

He’s dressed in a hello kitty robe this time, the pink and white and red making the blue of his eyes pop.

Another inconvenient thing about crushes: you notice everything.

Case in point: Peter’s noticing how sharp Wade’s jaw looks in this light, the way his wrists are thin and give out to large hands. Peter notices that Wade’s wearing Pikachu socks and a green GOLF beanie on his head.

Peter notices that Wade looks concerned.

Shit, focus Parker.

“I slept,” Peter rushes out, trying to remember how he used to act around Wade *before* he caught feelings, “like, five hours or something.”

Wade tsks, disappointed.

“Aw, Pete, to be a functional human you need like seven. Or is it eight? It’s definitely more than five.”

“Well how much sleep did you get?” Peter retorts, crossing his arms and leveling Wade with a hopefully unimpressed look, even though Peter doesn’t think he’ll ever really be disappointed in Wade.

Wade raises a hairless eyebrow.

"*I'm* not crashing into people or forgetting to answer questions, baby boy," Wade points out carefully, and Peter feels heat sweep through his stomach at that particular nickname and this is getting really, *really* out of control.

"Look, I just need coffee, I'm fine, I swear," Peter says, trying to convince Wade with a smile and a light elbow to the shoulder, "promise. Tell me about LA?"

Wade doesn't press the issue of Peter being sleep-deprived and Peter's thankful for it as they make their way up the steps and into the kitchen on the second floor. It's messier up here than it had been when Peter first arrived, filled now with metal clothing racks, every hanger overflowing with fabrics and clothes.

Brands from all around the world have boxes piled in each available space and Peter thinks, with a vague sense of disbelief that he just had to move a Givenchy wrapped gift so he wouldn't step on it.

"What's all this?" he asks Wade as the other man prattles about the kitchen when a wide smile on his maskless face.

He's wearing a deep purple eye shadow, and it makes his blue eyes even more striking. Peter never knew he was attracted to men wearing makeup until now, or, more specifically, he's attracted to *Wade* wearing make up.

He'd look good with a glossy lip, Peter thinks, and he has to physically stop himself from staring intently at Wade's mouth.

This is horrible.

This is…this is *so bad*.

Shame and embarrassment make his throat small, make him feel disgusted with himself for even lusting after Wade, someone whose been beyond generous and kind. Someone who suffers from severe past trauma and who's deeply insecure, and here Peter is, standing in his apartment, imagining sucking him off in his kitchen and these fantasies are so intrusive that Peter needs to distract himself *right fucking now*.

"Gifts!" Wade exclaims, blissfully oblivious to Peter's fucked up mind and that just makes it *worse*. "Take whatever you want, I'm donating the rest."

"You don't want to keep any of it?" Peter asks, taking a seat at one of the island's stools and looking back over his shoulder at the controlled chaos behind him.

"Nah," Wade hums, leaning against the counter as the coffee brews, arms crossing over his chest, "the fuck am I gonna do with all that? Marco Bizzari, fuckin' sexist Italian he's the CEO of Gucci baby, I don't want his shit. Why the fuck would I? It's cheap and made in sweat factories, I should burn it t-b-h, but people also need clothes and I got plenty so," Wade shrugs, and grabs two mugs from one of his cabinets.

"Oh," Peter says, "that's nice of you, Wade."

Wade stills, and turns with a sharp smile and sharper eyes, moving forward to place the two mugs in front of Peter. He looks like a cat who got the cream and Peter has no idea what he said to make Wade stare at him like that but he thinks he should keep doing it because Wade's eyes are intense, his movements slow and precise, and it's kind of really hot.

At this point Peter thinks Wade could stub his toe and he'd find it hot.

"I don't think you've ever said my name before," Wade observes, eyes flitting over Peter's face, "sounds nice when you say it."

Peter's pretty sure his heart is about to rip itself out of his chest.

Is Wade flirting? Is this flirting? Doesn't Wade always flirt? Isn't he like this with everyone?

Peter isn't sure. He hopes not. But he also needs to get a grip on reality because Wade could still be with Vanessa and Peter Parker is *not* a cheater. He's not going to get in the way of someone else's relationship.

"I'm pretty sure I've said your name before," Peter says, willing the blush from his face and if the universe cares about him at all it'll help him out.

"Maybe, maybe not," Wade hums, smile growing, "say it again."

Peter blushes.

"No," he says, crossing his arms and Wade raises a hairless brow at the petulant display of stubbornness.

"No? I gotta earn it, baby boy?" Wade asks, leaning forward even further, close enough that Peter can appreciate the way the gold sun splays it's warm fingers across Wade's scarred skin, something unconventionally attractive transforming into a beautiful landscape of kaleidoscope textures beneath a burning star.

It takes Peter's breath from his lungs, just for an instant.

"You sure do," Peter says, hoping his voice sounds more teasing than breathless, "first by giving me that coffee, I'm dying over here."

Wade's expression softens; losing the daring edge he was caring, as he turns to pour them both a generous amount of caffeine.

"Here ya go, Princess," Wade says, passing Peter his mug, "you want any sugar with that?"

"Sure," Peter says, and is completely unprepared for the quick kiss that Wade plants on his cheek.

He swallows, throat dry, heart dead, stomach made up of butterflies.

"One or two?" Wade winks and then moves to grab the real sugar and Peter is certain he's just staring at him with wide eyes and the stupidest expression on his face because Wade takes one look at him and bursts into laughter.

It's an attractive sound, but it cements the fizzling disappointment of realization in Peter's chest: Wade's joking.

He's kidding. He's messing with Peter and Peter's naive enough to have believed it for even a second. It's upsetting, but it's also a bit reassuring, because now Peter can move on knowing that Wade's flirting isn't coming from a genuine place.

"Wilson I'm too tired for this," Peter groans, sipping at the too hot coffee for something to distract himself with, "give me the damn sugar."

“Oh, its Wilson when you’re annoyed is it? That’s nice too, actually, makes me tingly– aw, you’re feisty without coffee,” Wade coos but he passes the package to Peter, “wanna play some video games?”

“Don’t we need to pick outfits for tonight?” Peter asks as he scoops some sugar, “Do you have things already made?”

“Nope,” Wade grins; bouncing on the balls of his feet, unconcerned, “we can get crafty together! You made that blue floral suit right? I think between the two of us we can throw something together.”

“Hmm,” Peter smiles, sipping his drink, “that sounds like a fun challenge.”

Wade matches his expression, a spark of excitement making his eyes burn.

“My thoughts exactly, baby boy. Disney Princess style, now that you're here. Lets get sewing.”

///

Peter’s never worked with someone like this before.

Wade is all business when he feels the fabrics, when he teaches Peter how to make his own patterns. He’s in his element here, Peter realizes, and it’s electrifying to watch. It’s obvious, Peter thinks, as he watches Wade sew, cut, seam, that this is Wade’s passion. This is Wade’s livelihood, and it is for a reason.

“What colors are you feeling for the shirt, Petey? I think lilac is calling to me for you, it’ll make your eyes bright,” Wade tells him, holding up swatches of fabric to Peter’s skin.

“Yeah, I like that,” Peter confirms, trying to memorize how Wade looks now, how at ease he is in his element, how confident and captivating he seems, “what about that one with this green?”

Wade’s smile is blinding.

“Genius,” Wade tells him.

And sounds like he means it.

This is definitely more professional than making a cheap suit in his old job’s conference room, the way Wade talks and sews and moves about is impossible to look away from. He doesn’t hesitate about anything. Peter loves watching Wade work.

Wade’s collaborative, he always asks for Peter’s input, for his suggestions, makes Peter tell him what he likes or what he hates, and tailors a suit to his needs. It’s amazing to see it begin to form, to come together, to look like something professional in less than three hours.

Peter understands now why Wade’s third floor is just a home studio with a bed pushed against the wall like an afterthought: because this is what Wade breathes.

This is what makes Wade Wilson wake up each morning. This is what drives the man, what gives him confidence and passion and joy. It’s obvious in the way Wade hums while he works, how he talks to himself as he holds up clothes and fabrics and zippers, how he treats Peter delicately, like

Peter's royalty and Wade's been allowed to dress him.

Peter remembers Wade telling him that he isn't his boss, that him and his models are equal, that one can't function without the other. It's clear to Peter now, what Wade meant by that.

The way he holds Peter, the way he dresses him, is like Wade is in awe just being able to have someone wear his work.

It makes Peter feel safe, and important. Wade's giving Peter a confidence that's warm and genuine and comforting.

It's a different kind of confidence than the one Peter gained from the runway. This confidence is like freshly baked bread, the warmth of a fire on a cold day, the energy that comes from the first hot day of summer.

Peter looks at Wade and he realizes that this crush isn't going away any time soon.

He looks at Wade and he realizes that he doesn't want it to.

///

The suits are tailored perfectly.

The shoulders are padded, it tapers at Peter's waist, and the trousers drag to the floor, but when Peter steps into the boots that Wade slips on his feet they pull up to Peter's ankles. The suits themselves are simple: it's the way they're made that belays the virtuosity.

They look handmade, not in the sense that they're sloppy or cheap, but in the sense that no machine could get this level of detail.

Peter's never had a suit fit him so well. The fabric is soft, breathable, and not in any way constricting. The lilac color with the flowers embroidered on the lapels is gentle and subtle and makes Peter feel…pretty.

He feels *pretty*.

"Holy shit Wade," he whispers as he stares at his reflection in Wade's large standing mirror, gazing at himself but not recognizing the body that is shown back, "what the fuck."

"Do you like it?" Wade asks, and Peter turns to meet his gaze, sees the nervousness in the way Wade wrings his hands.

"I've never felt so beautiful," Peter says, and means it. "Thank you."

Wade's smile is the fondest thing Peter's ever seen.

"You *are* beautiful, Pete," Wade says, "I just helped you see it."

Peter's not going to cry. He's *not*. But his throat is getting a little tight, his eyes stinging, and Wade must notice because he offers a change of topic, if Peter needs one.

"C'mon baby," Wade whispers, "lets watching some Game of Thrones. We got six hours to kill."

It clicks, then and there, why Wade is one of the most successful fashion designers: he makes his models feel special.

He makes them feel irreplaceable.

And he makes them fall in love with him, just a little.

///

Wade paints Peter's nails gold as the "Battle of the Bastards" plays in the background and Wade lists off every fact he knows about the making of the episode without looking at the screen.

It's hard for Peter to focus on anything other than Wade.

(Especially since he's sitting in the goddamn yellow armchair).

///

Domino arrives at 4pm.

She doesn't ring the doorbell, or knock, or anything to announce her presence. She just walks in with an air of familiarity that Peter's hopes to achieve, carrying a large makeup kit at her side.

Wade *lights up* when he sees her.

"Doms!" He cries, blowing half-heartedly on Peter's drying nails and jumping to his feet, "Decide for us, Chinese or Mexican."

"Mexican," she says, and waves at Peter, "but Wade the whole point of a charity dinner is to eat the dinner."

"The food always sucks," Wade argues, turning to Peter like he'll back him up, "I'm doing us a favor, Petey. We're going for the champagne and to save face and then we're leaving."

It hits Peter, suddenly, that Wade didn't make an appearance at the Charity Gala last month.

"Wait," Peter says, standing up from the chair, careful of his nails, "is this your first public appearance since… um, you know?"

Wade's smile is tense, as are the lines of his shoulders when he replies.

"You know it," he affirms, his posture belaying his nerves, "to be fair there won't be too many people, and it's not really a public thing 'cause you have to be invited, no purchasing of tickets, but still. Yes. Ready or not, here I come!"

"Are you wearing your mask?" Domino asks and Wade hesitates, looking like he wants to say no,

but something shifts in his expression and he just nods, curt.

“Okay,” Domino says gently, patting Wade’s shoulder, “what suit are you wearing?”

///

Wade’s suit is a dark wine color red, darker than the first one Peter saw him in.

It’s sleek, with sharp lapels and shoulders, and it makes Wade look taller and broader, something that Peter really doesn’t need tonight. He’s already distracted as is by Wade, but a suit that hugs his thighs and brings out the length of his legs really isn’t helping.

Peter has to excuse himself twice to splash old water on his face in the bathroom and give himself a stern pep talk. Domino squeals when she sees Peter’s suit, flitting around him and then staring at him for a very long time.

“I know *exactly* what look I’m going to do for you,” she says, and sits Peter down at Wade’s counter in the kitchen and begins to set up her kit.

Wade disappeared upstairs, and Peter can’t hear him. He’s a little worried, not sure what Wade needs for support because this dinner is obviously a big deal and Wade seems on edge.

“He’ll be okay,” Domino, tells him as she primes his face, “this isn’t a huge event. He knows everyone, and the mask will help him feel better. But stay by his side, just in case.”

“Of course,” Peter says, had no plan to do anything but that, “is there anything else I can do though? I feel bad.”

“Oh honey,” Domino says, a kind smile on her face, “just keep making him laugh.”

///

It’s 5:30pm when Domino sets Peter’s face, and she holds up a mirror for Peter to see.

It’s a beautiful look, a glossy deep green eye that matches the lilac of Peter’s suit and makes his brown eyes look warm. A subtle pink blush highlights his cheeks and Domino’s even put a sandy rose nude lip on him, and Peter can’t help but admire how it makes his lips look fuller.

“Wow, you’re good,” he tells her and Domino grins from where she’s packing her kit away.

Peter realizes kind of likes wearing makeup.

“Thanks,” she says, holding up her phone and taking a picture, “you’re all set for tonight. Here’s the lipstick, reapply after you eat, but it’s the good stuff so it shouldn’t smear or anything like that.”

“Cool,” Peter takes it, “thank you.”

“Don’t let Wade get too drunk,” she tells him, “the last thing Vanessa needs to deal with is a

publicity scandal tomorrow morning."

"Yeah, okay," Peter says, feeling a little strange about it but Domino pats his shoulder and picks up her kit with a pleased expression on her face.

"Sweetie!" She calls up to the third floor, "I'm leaving! Peter's gorgeous, don't you wanna see?"

There's a bang from upstairs, then a crash, and Peter winces as Wade practically falls down the stairs in his haste to get to them. He's in his unfairly distracting suit, sneakers on his feet, and he looks over at Peter and goes eerily still.

Wade's been doing that a lot today, Peter notices, and he begins to understand that it means Wade's thinking. A lot. Or maybe not thinking at all, if the way his mouth drops open is any indication.

"Holy *shit*, Doms, I could kiss you," he says and Domino winks when she catches Peter's gaze.

"You'd have to go through Nat," Domino tells him, amused.

"Yeah, I ain't even gonna think about that," Wade says, distracted, as he approaches Peter, eyes never leaving his face. He whistles, long and low, and Peter really hopes the blush Domino put on him covers up his actual blush at Wade's response.

"You're the whole fuckin' meal, aren't you, Princess?" Wade asks, sounding a little strained, and Peter's never had someone react like this to him before.

That confidence is back, that small healthy boost of self-esteem, and Wade really is the best hype man Peter's ever had.

"So I look good?" Peter asks, practically glowing under Wade's appraisal.

"Uhhhhh, honey, you look *beyond* good," Wade tells him, almost at a loss for words, and his reaction gives Peter the resolve to be honest himself.

"So do you," he says, "you're kinda really distracting."

Wade blinks.

He looks like he's gone offline.

"Whaa…what?" he stutters and Peter's heart drops at the way Wade doesn't sound like he believes him, like he's shocked Peter could find him attractive in any way.

Wade's hands raise up to pat his maskless face, and he appears even more perturbed than he did before.

"I'm…I'm not wearing my mask?" he asks, like Peter's crazy.

It breaks Peter's heart.

It also makes him realize that Wade needs as much reassurance as Peter does, and goddammit Peter's gonna give it to him.

"Wade, you're ridiculously hot," Peter says, utterly serious, and Wade's eyes widen a comical amount, "I mean, have you seen yourself?"

“Have I…” Wade begins, then fizzles out.

Peter reaches forward, takes Wade’s hand in his own. He can feel the other man’s pulse beating wildly in his wrist, and Peter rubs his thumb over it, trying to calm Wade down.

“You look great,” Peter whispers, and Wade’s mouth snaps closed, “really. This is a great color on you. It brings out your eyes, and it shows off your form. *I’m* the whole meal? Then you’re a fucking feast, Wade, you’re gonna kill it tonight, all right? And we can leave whenever you want! If the food sucks lets come back here and order something else and watch the Lizzie McGuire movie like you wanted, okay?”

Wade looks overwhelmed. He looks like he can’t process anything Peter’s just said. He swallows, eyes wet, and nods, stiff.

“Yeah,” he says, and his voice cracks, “yeah, okay.”

Peter squeezes his hand.

“Ready to go talk about politics and the economy?”

A slow smile breaks across Wade’s face, and finally that mischievous air Wade always carries returns.

“Lets go make Republicans uncomfortable,” Wade grins, and holds out his arm for Peter to take, “and then Paolo needs us.”

They both turn at the same time and notice that Domino is still there, staring at them with a bemused expression on her face, her arms crossed over her chest and foot tapping the ground.

"Just wondering how long you two would forget that you have company," she says, and glances at her phone, "five minutes, pretty good."

Chapter End Notes

> i'm supposed to be doing my taxes but instead i wrote this. NEXT CHAPTER IS THE DINNER and i'm so hype guys omg it's gonna be so fun to write WOW ;)

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

at least two people get rejected

Chapter Notes

tw: drinking!!!

make sure you click on the hyperlink in here, so you can see the hotel this dinner is at!! it's beautiful! i did a shoot there recently, p amazing hotel

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Uh, Wade?”

“Yes snookum’s?”

“Is that what’s taking us to the dinner?”

Wade turns to look at Peter, his expression unreadable because of the Deadpool mask, but Peter can guess that he looks amused if his tone of voice is anything to go by.

“Like it?” he asks, waggling his eyebrows and causing the leather of the mask to move with it.

Peter isn’t sure.

It’s a limo, and it’s bright red with giant yellow wheels and unicorns plastered on the doors. Peter thinks it looks like a six year old girl’s birthday party exploded onto the paint job.

It’s gaudy, and loud, and, as Peter hesitates to move towards it, somehow entirely Wade.

“Well,” Peter says, “you sure know how to make an entrance.”

Wade claps him on the shoulder and steps forward to open the door. He gestures for Peter to get in. When Peter doesn’t move forward Wade leans against the limousine, relaxed and poised. He rolls his mask up to his nose so Peter can see his lopsided smile, the scar tissue bunching with the expression.

“What’s wrong, baby boy? You don’t wanna take a ride on the Wade-mobile?”

Peter’s sure his cheeks are as red as the limo.

“Please don’t ever say that again,” Peter splutters, ducking his head so he doesn’t have to meet Wade’s gaze as he slips into the gaudy vehicle.

“What? The Wade-mobile? That’s child’s play, Pete, I’ve got so many others like–”

“You know, we don’t have to do this right now,” Peter interrupts as Wade slides in to sit next to him, never mind the fact that there’s space for five other people on this long seat, “or ever. Let’s do never.”

“You’re missing out,” Wade tells him, leaning forward to rap his knuckles against the black glass divider between all the seats in the back and the front of the limo.

“I’m really not,” Peter mumbles, fighting to keep the smile off his face so Wade will at least be a little tricked into thinking he’s serious.

Wade doesn’t appear fooled, but before he can answer the divider is being lowered and a young man is staring out adoringly from the driver’s seat.

“Mr. Pool! You look as dashing as ever, sir,” the driver exclaims, and Peter would be jealous if it weren’t for the obvious innocent adoration radiating from the man.

“Dopinder, my man, how you been?” Wade returns, holding out his fist for Dopinder to bump enthusiastically. “How’s the ma?”

“She is well, Mr. Pool, thank you for asking,” Dopinder says, touched by Wade’s question, “she sends you her well wishes in this new fashion season.”

“Send her my love, Dopinder, all my love,” Wade hums before gesturing back to Peter, who waves awkwardly from the red leather seat, “this is Princess, he’s a model and designer and photographer and friend and a great listener, and–”

“Peter,” Peter interrupts, bending down in the limo and shuffling over to shake Dopinder’s outstretched hand, “it’s nice to meet you, Dopinder.”

“You’re a friend of Mr. Pool’s?” Dopinder asks and continues before Peter can answer. “A model friend? Should I play Beyoncé again sir?”

Wade’s waving his hands wildly before Dopinder’s even finished speaking.

“Nope! No, unfortunately not like that, Dopinder,” Wade exclaims, looking between Peter and Dopinder frantically, and it *would* be funny if not for the jealousy spewing hot as lava through Peter’s veins.

“You bring all the models back here, Pool?” Peter asks, trying to seem unaffected and hoping that the dim lighting in the limo doesn’t illuminate his grimace.

Wade coughs, embarrassed, into his fist.

“Uh, not–”

“Oh yes,” Dopinder cuts in, and this guy must be hopelessly naïve because the glare Wade shoots him would make a bigger man crumble, “not recently, Mr. Peter, but in the past at least once a w–”

“Okay!” Wade interrupts, too loud for the small confines of the limo, “That’s enough of that! We’re late already, Dopinder, so lets just skedaddle along and not revisit this ever again ever. Okie dokie, bye bye now.”

Dopinder waves and rolls up the divider with a salacious wink, and Peter sinks back into the seat across from Wade, arms crossed and eyebrows raised.

“Don’t give me that look,” Wade groans, pulling his mask down completely and Peter wishes *he* could hide behind a mask right now. “I haven’t had any “fun” in the last seven months, Princess. You’re not like all the other gals.”

He’s trying to lighten the mood, but it falls flat under the assumption that Wade hasn’t been with anyone since his accident and who is Peter to judge Wade so harshly for past behavior? Especially since Wade seems to be humiliated by it.

“You don’t have to explain yourself to me,” Peter tells him, “especially your past sex life.”

“I just…I don’t want you to think I was some sort of play boy,” Wade says, sounding uncharacteristically sheepish, “it–I didn’t hire models to just sleep with them. And I didn’t pick up everybody who came onto me, even before I turned my Ryan Reynolds’s face into this melted Wal-Mart brand one.”

“I don’t think of you as someone to take advantage,” Peter says carefully, having so many questions but not knowing how they’d be received, “it’s okay.”

Wade sighs, like Peter isn’t getting what he’s trying to say, or that he’s struggling with another way to word it.

“Ness was the last person I was with,” Wade admits, “and we were together for *two years*. I never cheated, despite tabloid rumors. I didn’t sleep with everything that moved. If you’ve read anything about me in the magazines or headlines, they’re not true. I just–I want you to understand that. It’s important to me that you understand that you’re not here just because I think you’re hot. You’re here because you’re talented. Got that?”

Peter doesn’t understand, not really, because Wade’s waxing him to be this impressive person and Peter doesn’t think he is. But he gets what Wade’s trying to vocalize, and he loses some of the tension he’d been holding in his shoulders.

“Uh, are you and Vanessa…?” Peter trails off, not sure how to continue but thankfully Wade gets it.

“Nah,” he says, settling into the leather seats with a crinkle, “we broke up two weeks before my accident. Decided it’d be best if this time stuck.”

“Oh,” Peter says, hope swelling like a balloon in his chest and making him a little giddy, “so you think I’m hot?”

Wade’s attention snaps to him, and he swallows a few times before answering.

“Um, yeah? Yes. Yeah, you’re…uh, you know, you’re cute,” Wade stammers and Peter *likes* this, he likes seeing Wade all flustered, usual cocky confidence and demeanor gone.

“Noo, you said hot,” Peter pushes, a sharp grin apparent on his face, “you said I was hot.”

Wade stares at him, and Peter really wishes he could see his expression right now because even with the mask Wade’s attention is unwavering.

Intense.

It’s sucking all the playful teasing from the air, making something else fizzle between them, something hotter and a little more dangerous and Peter feels like he’s teetering on the edge of something serious here. If he makes one wrong move it could either fall to platonic teasing or

unresolved sexual tension that Peter *really* wants to resolve–

“Yeah,” Wade says, countenance utterly serious, daring almost, “you’re fuckin’ hot.”

Peter can’t find words; he can’t find the breath to speak them. He doesn’t know what to say to that, doesn’t know how to push this without going too far, and suddenly all he really wants to do is kneel between Wade’s legs in this tacky-ass limo and.

Suck.

Him.

Dry.

Fortunately Wade’s considerate and he breaks the silence for them.

“You know what else is hot? Bubble baths with tea,” Wade says and then begins to ramble about pajamas and bubbles and how he kind of wants to watch Star Wars and Peter can barely hear him, his heart is beating so loud in his ears because how would that moment have gone if Peter had said something flirty back? If he had acted on his impulses and fantasies and made his crush obvious?

But Wade’s change of topic and unfazed tone belay what Peter kind of already knows: that this is one sided. Wade’s flirtatious, he likes seeing how far he can push things, and Peter needs to stop kidding himself here. It’s getting exhausting, and so he settles back against the leather and listens to Wade prattle and tries not to daydream.

He doesn’t really succeed.

///

The limo drawls to a stop in an alley behind skyscrapers on the upper east side of Manhattan.

Peter was expecting to look out the tinted windows and see a red carpet filled with celebrities. Instead he gets the view of a greasy dumpster, wet brick walls, and a tall burly man rapping his knuckles against his door.

He looks to Wade for guidance, because this is beginning to feel like the start of a horrible mob snuff film and he wants to make sure he’s still very much in route a fancy dinner.

With no members of the mafia.

“All good, Pete, he’s my security, open up and let’s bounce. I wanna get this night over with, I’m already bored,” Wade grumbles, and Peter reaches out when Wade ducks to stand.

“Remember we can leave whenever,” he says and Wade nods, oddly silent, before leaning past Peter to open up the door.

Wade steps out first, and then faces his back to the mouth of the alley as Peter gets out of the car after. The burly man is older, silver hair and small dark sunglasses; he’s even broader than Wade, standing two heads over Peter, easy. He’s terribly intimidating, and he holds himself with an aura that could smash a truck.

“Geez, Cable, could a scarier guy come out and get us?” Wade asks, smacking him companionably on the shoulder, and Peter would think the guy is made out of metal; he hardly reacts as Wade’s hit echoes around the empty alley.

“Have a lovely dinner Mr. Pool, Mr. Peter,” Dopinder calls from the rolled down window, “I will wait here diligently until you are done!”

“You’re the man, Dopinder,” Wade says jovially, high-fiving the driver and guiding Peter to metal doors with a reassuring hand on the small of his back.

“Uh, hi I’m Peter,” Peter tells the giant man, Cable, who looks down at him with obvious distrust.

“You try anything and I’ll flatten you,” Cable replies gruffly and Peter believes him.

“Whoa whoa, Frankenstein, he’s with me,” Wade interrupts, stepping so that Peter’s behind him and away from Cable, “no threatening.”

The man rolls his eyes but doesn’t push the topic.

Wade nods, satisfied, before he turns to Peter, hand pressing a bit more insistently on his lower back.

“Hey, Petey, I’m gonna level with you here, all right?” Wade pitches his voice low, and Cable turns to give them the illusion of privacy. “The people up there? They suck. They’re pretentious and vain and have forgotten what it’s like to do their own grocery shopping. You’ve been reassuring me all night but I’m used to these people, baby boy. You ain’t. Don’t feel rude about leaving a conversation you’re uncomfortable with. Find me if anything happens. Got it?”

Peter swallows, his nerves finally catching up to him.

“Yeah, got it,” he affirms, so Wade knows he understands, “spit in everyone’s food.”

Wade cracks a smile, and it bunches the leather of his mask at the corners.

“Thatta boy,” Wade approves, before his tone gets serious again, even deeper and rougher than usual, “steer clear from a douche named Francis. He’s the CEO of ‘Weapon X’, and if that name doesn’t clue you in on how inferior he feels just wait till you see his teeth.”

Peter doesn’t know what to say, because Wade’s kind of freaking him out, and the almost seven foot tall bodyguard behind him isn’t helping. He nods again, the words not coming to him now that his anxiety is mounting. Wade must be able to tell because he lifts up his hands and places them gently beneath Peter’s jaw, his palms spanning Peter’s neck.

In any other circumstance Peter would probably faint with Wade this close. Right now the gesture grounds him instead of turning him helplessly on, and Wade rubs his thumbs to the corners of Peter’s mouth.

It’s intensely intimate, and Peter’s made aware of their height difference, of how much broader Wade is than him, and he feels small and safe and protected. Wade’s giving him something to focus on and Peter didn’t know how badly he needed it.

“You okay, Peter? Do you want to leave?” Wade asks.

A part of Peter wants to leave. A part of him wants to tell Wade to take him back to his apartment and order Mexican and watch old Disney movies. A selfish part of him wants to keep Wade to

himself tonight and not socialize and not be out of his element.

But a bigger part, a larger, more rational and important part, knows how important this is for Wade's career. This is Wade's livelihood. Peter isn't about to fuck that up because he's nervous. He can get over it. He'll be fine once he gets in there. This night isn't about him it's about Wade.

Peter takes a deep inhale and breathes.

"I'm okay," Peter reassures, focusing on both his breathing and Wade's thumbs rubbing soothing circles into his skin, "I promise. Let's do this. Let's kill this small talk."

Wade studies him a moment longer, cataloguing every small change in Peter's demeanor. He must find something that convinces him, because he nods and drops his hands from Peter's jaw.

"All right, Princess," he says, and Cable steps around them to yank open the metal doors, "ready to be bougie?"

"Born ready," Peter replies and leads the way in.

///

They've gone through the back entrance of the Mark Hotel, apparently, and Peter follows Wade and Cable through the thin corridors, white brick passing by as they cross through a crowded kitchen, out into another hallway, and then Cable presses the button to a service elevator.

"Hey Wade," Peter whispers, and the man turns to look at him, "did you lie about a dinner?"

Wade laughs, and pats Peter on the shoulder.

"You'll see, Petey, I swear it's not in this service elevator," Wade says, "or is it?"

"Just get inside, Wilson," Cable sighs, like he's getting a horrible migraine, and Peter steps alongside the two men into the gritty elevator.

"Why'd we come in through the back?" Peter asks, and then realizes. "Oh, reporters?"

"Paparazzi," Wade hums, "I'll follow you until you love me, pa-pa-papa-razzi!"

"Would there be a lot of them here?" Peter asks, "I thought this wasn't a publicized event."

"It ain't, baby boy, but *I'm* gonna be here," Wade says and points to his mask, "and people pay big bucks for a hot pic of me."

Peter remembers Jonah's cash grab, how he was going to throw almost seven hundred dollars at him for just one print, and now Peter understands why Wade had been so on edge the night they met.

"Oh," he says, and doesn't say much else.

"Oh," Wade repeats, his words gentle. "You didn't sell out, even though you probably could've

sold that picture of me for over $5,000."

Peter splutters, looking up at Wade in alarm.

"*$5,000?*" he exclaims, and now he also understands how fucking cheap Jonah is. "That's insane!"

"That's consumerism," Wade says, and bops Peter on the nose. "My sweet little naïve sun drop."

"Oh god, stop," Peter pleads and swats at Wade's hand before the man can boop him on the nose again.

"Aw, you're blushing!"

"No I'm not."

"Yeah ya are! Cable, is he blushing?"

"Leave me out of this," Cable responds, not even glancing their way.

Fortunately before Wade can continue calling him even more overly affectionate pet names the elevator stops and the doors bing open, and Cable leads them down a carpeted hallway, light by yellow lights reflecting off mirrors, and into another guest elevator.

A woman is standing on her phone against the mirrored walls, and Peter can see in their reflections how she keeps glancing at Wade before angling her phone to try and sneakily take a picture. Before she can though Cable's large hand has dwarfed her advice and she nearly jumps out of her skin in surprise.

"Are you going to take a picture or do I need to break your phone?" Cable asks and the woman looks like she's going to piss herself, she's so pale.

"Aw, hey man, I'll pose," Wade steps in, turning to look over his shoulder at the woman, "you just gotta ask. Sorry 'bout Liam Neesan over here, you still want a pic?"

The woman looks between Wade and Cable, almost searching for a trick, but when Wade doesn't say "jinx" she nods self-consciously and passes her phone to Wade so he can angle the selfie.

It's a little awkward, given how small the elevator itself is, especially with two large men weighing close to 200 pounds and over six feet tall, but Wade makes it work and hands the woman her phone back.

Cable reaches around Peter and presses the door open button. The elevator stops at the next floor with a worrying grind.

"Get out here," Cable tells the woman and Peter has to squeeze himself against Wade so she can pass.

"Have a great night!" Wade waves and the woman just stares in wide-eyed disbelief as the elevator doors slide shut and the contraption begins its slow climb once again.

"Hey, uh, Pete?" Wade whispers and Peter isn't sure why he's trying to be quiet because Cable can obviously hear him.

"Yeah?" Peter asks, craning his neck to look back at Wade, whose backed himself as much into the corner as bodily possible.

Wade clears his throat.

“Do you mind kinda moving? Not that I don’t appreciate your ass against my sensitive bits but it’s just this is a *very* small elevator and now my sensitive bits are getting a little *too* sensitive–”

Peter’s face bursts into flames. His eyes dart to Cable, embarrassed that the man is judging him, but the security guard is looking skyward like he’s praying to a greater being for patience.

“*Okay*! Yup, moving, don’t need to finish that thought,” Peter flushes, turning so that his back is pressed against the buttons of the elevator, careful to not push any of them.

“Don’t think I didn’t like it,” Wade continues and Peter is gonna punch him, he really is, “you have a great ass, don’t get me wrong, could bounce a quarter off it–”

“Leave the kid alone Wilson,” Cable gruffs out, rubbing the bridge of his nose, “it’s too early for this shit.”

“Its 7:30pm,” Peter whispers, but appreciative of Cable butting in nonetheless.

Wade just laughs.

Peter’s heard of the Mark Hotel. It’s one of New York’s most expensive places to stay, with a small suite being between five and ten thousand grand a night, but where they are right now is a penthouse and Peter doesn’t even want to entertain the idea of how much it’s costing to rent out for this dinner.

He feels a little faint.

They step out and the first sight that greets them is spread dark wood doors, leading into a wide high ceiling foyer. A round table is placed in the center, a vase of impressive beautiful flowers in the middle, and guests line the walls like *they’re* the decorations for the hotel.

Servers dressed in white crisp shirts and steamed jackets make their rounds with silver trays and expensive appetizers and drinks, and if Peter thought the Gala was out of his depth he was in no way prepared for this.

At least the Gala had loud music, plenty of room, and a crowd that Peter could get lost in. This space is much smaller, with people who all want a piece of Wade Wilson. As soon as Wade steps out of the elevator to lead Peter into the event every eye darts up. It’s almost comical, how desperate everyone is to speak to Wade. Cable falls back, staying close to the walls and not engaging with anyone.

Wade simply guides Peter with a hand on his back and talks to him as he shakes hands, makes small talk, and then grabs two flutes of pink champagne and Peter takes it gratefully.

“Let’s go outside,” Wade whispers, his hand moving to grip Peter’s elbow and carry him through.

The penthouse is expansive, with white walls and white flush carpets, large skylights and velvet furniture. Jazz fills the white noise of the commotion inside and Wade guides them out onto the garden terrace, fairy lights moving with the breeze. There isn’t anyone else out here, besides two women having a smoke, New York a busy backdrop behind them. It’s cold, the wind stronger and bitterly harsh, but Wade just tucks himself against Peter’s side and rolls up his mask to drink.

Peter realizes that Wade isn’t comfortable showing his skin to the people here, that he isn’t prepared for that final step, so Peter shifts so that his back is blocking out peering eyes and offering

Wade some semblance of privacy.

“This is fancy,” Peter says to break the quiet and Wade laughs, a little rough around the edges.

“Just a little,” he agrees, chugging the champagne in one deep swig, “I told ya these people are vultures.”

“You thought I was a vulture,” Peter reminds, but he doesn’t disagree with what Wade’s saying as he looks back through the floor to ceiling windows and spots at least four people angling their phones in Wade’s direction.

A swell of protectiveness surges through him, and he has half a mind to go in there and rip the newest model iPhone’s out of these people’s hands, but Cable beats him to the punch.

“I shoulda known you weren’t,” Wade hums thoughtfully, and Peter takes a drink of the champagne for something to help ease his nerves, “you’re too cute to be a vulture. Aw, my little dove!”

Peter’s heart flips at the term of endearment and he’s worried it won’t right itself ever again.

He squints at Wade instead.

“These nicknames are getting out of control,” he informs the other man who pouts and turns to face Peter fully.

“You don’t like me calling you dove? I thought it was sweet! It fits you so well, Petey, and since you haven’t come up with any nicknames for me I gotta pick up your slack.”

“Oh, I have a nickname for you,” Peter replies, a grin pulling at his lips as he leans against the hotel’s brick walls, “annoying.”

“That sucks and is in no way endearing,” Wade tells him, wagging his finger, “you gotta do better than that.”

“Thorn in my side?”

“Too long. And I prefer daggers.”

“Nuisance?”

“I thought we were friends here,” Wade sighs, pulling his mask down and Peter tries to quench the disappointment that comes with Wade hiding his smile.

“Hmm,” Peter pretends to think, taking another sip of his drink.

He knows a pet name that would probably make Wade short circuit, but then they’d be back to balancing that teetering tightrope of playful teasing and serious proposition and Peter isn’t sure if he’s willing to jeopardize their relationship on a whim.

He’s nowhere drunk enough for this.

“It’s freezing,” he pouts as the wind picks up, “how long do you want to stay out here?”

“Damn Jackie, I can’t control the weather,” Wade mumbles, but reaches forward to fix the wayward strands of Peter’s hair, “let’s go inside then, dove, wouldn’t want my favorite photographer to catch a cold.”

///

Turns out dinner isn't a sit down affair.

There's a dining room that's been cleared, with piping trays and serving dishes, and people are free to mingle and gather whatever food they'd like. Peter's thankful for this small familiar comfort, and he tells Wade where he's going before heading off for the buffet.

Wade is talking animatedly with an old friend of his and Vanessa's, and Peter couldn't really follow much of the conversation given that they were speaking French and Peter discovered a new kink.

So. Food. A great distraction and something to do with his hands, Peter picks up a small white plate and begins to get a little bit of everything, not sure what Wade would prefer but knowing that the chicken looks good.

"Excuse me," a British voice says, and at first Peter doesn't think the person is speaking to him, but then someone taps his shoulder and Peter turns around to face a tall man, broader than himself but not as wide as Wade, with a shaved head and icy blue eyes.

"Hi," Peter says lamely, not prepared to carry a conversation made up of fashion small talk tonight.

"Are you here with Wilson?" the man asks and Peter steps out of the buffet line because it looks like he's doing this now.

God he's tired.

"Yeah, I'm working for him," Peter explains, not sure why this guy is talking to him but figuring he probably wants to find an in with Deadpool. "Why?"

The man shrugs, taking a delicate sip from his flute, eyes crinkling in amusement that doesn't touch the rest of his expression.

"Saw you two walk in," he says, gaze never straying from Peter, and it's a little too perceptive for a casual conversation, "I hope you don't mind me saying, but you are very beautiful."

Is Peter being hit on? He isn't sure, this never happens to him, and now he wishes he had more alcohol instead of a half filled plate of chicken skewers and salmon.

"Uh, thank you?" Peter tries.

What's he supposed to say now?

"So how much is he paying you?" the guy asks and Peter's pretty sure his mouth has dropped open.

"That's kinda rude," he says, not liking the vibe of this guy at all.

The man looks a little confused, tilting his head and looking Peter up and down in a slow drag.

"Is it?" he asks, "Doesn't your profession depend on a flat rate? I'll double what he's giving you."

Peter's beyond confused.

"Who are you?" he asks, which is probably how he should've begun this conversation in the first place.

"Ajax," the man replies, and it's a dumb fucking name but doesn't seem out of place here, in this twenty thousand dollar a night penthouse.

So he's not Francis, the guy Wade warned Peter to stay away from, which means they're just having a miscommunication and Peter can fix that.

"I'm a model," Peter says slowly, "and a photographer. I'm working with Wade."

Understanding dawns on the man's objectively handsome features and he laughs, self-deprecatingly and charming, it puts Peter at ease, at least a little, to know that Ajax realizes they weren't on the same page.

"Oh," the man laughs, eyes dancing across Peter's features, "my apologies. I thought you were *his* escort."

Peter's stomach drops.

"Why?" he asks, genuinely confused.

Ajax just seems even more amused than before, shaking his head and taking another sip of his champagne.

"You're a hot little twink and Vanessa is usually Wilson's date, just assumed he was paying for your company," Ajax explains bluntly, and this man isn't Francis but Peter doesn't like him.

Peter bristles, about to respond or more appropriately throw his food in this asshole's face but a hand is pressing against his back and Wade is next to him in an instant, body a tight line of hard muscle and tension.

Peter can't help but think that Wade being protective isn't helping his case convincing Ajax he isn't a prostitute, but Wade's presence is immensely calming and welcome.

It's also nice to notice that when Wade stands to his full height he's taller than Ajax, not by much, but enough that a man with Ajax's temperament takes offence.

"Hey, Francis, fancy seeing you here," Wade drawls unpleasantly and oh, okay, right, this is the guy Peter is supposed to be wary of, "I thought the exterminator was supposed to kill parasites, looks like they missed one."

Francis' eyes harden but that stupid smug grin stays on his lips.

"I thought his name was Ajax," Peter tells Wade, promptly cutting off whatever Francis had been about to say, "he didn't say Francis."

Wade laughs, a loud boisterous sound, and he sounds genuinely gleeful when he turns his attention to Peter.

"No shit! Omg, buddy, Ajax? Is that your moniker now? Holy shit, that's awful!" Wade guffaws, and Francis' jaw ticks. "I can't–I can't bel*ieve* you chose a bad guy made by a two year old name! Oh god, my sides hurt."

Peter pats Wade on the back, genuinely concerned.

“I just stopped by to introduce myself,” Francis informs, distaste curling his vowels as he regards Wade, “but if we truly want to be honest here, Wilson, why not take off that mask? Show the world your handsome mug, huh?”

Wow Peter is really gonna start a fight tonight, isn’t he?

Wade’s hand is rubbing reassuring circles against Peter’s back and Peter isn’t sure if it’s for his own benefit or Wade’s. Either way, it helps.

“So are you named after your mom?” Peter asks, and that sets Wade off into another round of raucous laughter.

To be honest Francis isn’t a bad name.

Peter doesn’t give a shit if a man has a typically feminine name, and he’s sure Wade doesn’t either. It’s the fact that Francis hates it, that his own masculinity is so fragile that he tried to make “Ajax” work, is hilarious. And sad, really, but Peter doesn’t care about Francis and his “I’m better than all of you” complex.

Francis must realize he isn’t going to get anywhere with this conversation now that Wade’s involved and Peter knows who he is, so he takes a step back and focuses his attention on Peter.

“Think about what I offered,” he tells him, and Wade falls silent, “one of the perks is not having to pretend to like *him*.”

With that Francis leaves, and Peter can’t even refute him before he’s disappeared into the watching crowd. Wade’s hand stills on Peter’s back before dropping entirely. Peter turns to ask Wade if he’s okay but the man is clearing his throat and gesturing to Peter’s plate.

“You should eat,” he tells Peter, “and then we can leave.”

He sounds oddly small, defeated and self-conscious, so Peter passes his plate to a server and takes Wade’s gloved hand in his own.

“Let’s leave now,” Peter says, “unless you want to stay for–”

Wade’s shaking his head before Peter can finish his thought.

“No,” Wade agrees, “let’s blow this popsicle stand.”

He grips Peter’s hand tight and weaves them through the grand rooms, snagging a bottle of champagne from a canister of ice and out into the elevators.

“What about Cable?” Peter asks, feeling a little giddy because Wade is still holding his hand and it’s sending pleasant tendrils of electricity up and down his arm.

“What about him?” Wade winks, and waggles the bottle. “He’s kosher, baby boy. He’s off the clock, we’re all good.”

“Okay,” Peter says, eyeing the champagne. “That costs more than my rent, doesn’t it?”

Wade grins, and pops the cork with a loud laugh. Peter’s just happy he didn’t shatter any of the mirrors surrounding them.

“You know it honey,” Wade answers, and rolls his mask up to take a hearty swig before passing Peter the bottle, “now, bottoms up.”

///

“Mr. Pool, Mr. Peter, how was dinner?” Dopinder asks cheerfully and Peter stumbles as he tries to get into the limo.

Wade steadies him and closes the door behind them as they sprawl out over the leather seats. Peter makes grabby hands for the bottle and Wade passes it easily, his mask rolled up so Peter can see his blindingly sharp grin.

“About as much fun as a tone deaf opera, Dopinder,” Wade replies, leaning precariously forward to thrust a wad of bills at the driver, “take it all. No ifs ands or buts. Your mama needs some new teeth or something right?”

“Knee, Mr. Pool, sir,” Dopinder says, eyes wide as he takes the money with reverence, “thank you sir. This is too kind.”

“Nothing but the best for you, my dude,” Wade says flippantly, falling back against Peter and letting out a deep long sigh.

He then realizes Peter’s been drinking this entire conversation and takes the bottle from him with narrowed eyes. Peter just laughs.

“Okay, baby, we ain’t getting black out again,” Wade says, and the domineering tone of his voice as Peter’s laughter getting caught in his throat.

This is the worst time for Peter to be drunk around Wade. Because now his inhibitions are lowered, and he gets even hornier than usual when he’s drunk, and he’s discovering all these new turn ons that he’d never even thought about before. Wade tends to do that to Peter; he brings new things into his life and worldviews and shakes everything else up like an overzealous electric mixer.

“Francis thought I was a prostitute,” Peter says and Wade chokes on the champagne.

“What?” he splutters, mouth pulled into an unpleasant frown. “Wait. Is that what he meant about an offer? Whoa, was he trying to *buy you*?”

Peter tries to think but everything is really warm and fuzzy and he can’t take this moment as seriously as Wade possibly needs him to.

“Uh, maybe?” Peter says, trying to remember how to blink and looking a little off while he does. “He couldn’t afford me.”

Wade laughs, surprised, the anger that had begun to seep into his body language fading, and he turns a fond, soft smile on Peter. Who is completely unprepared and kind of stops breathing.

His intrusive thoughts certainly haven’t stopped, and now with expensive alcohol in his system they’re even worse. He wonders what Wade would do if Peter threw a leg over his hip, if Peter straddled him? Peter’s never fantasized about sex in a limo before but Wade’s all about bringing him to first times for everything and it’s suddenly all he *can* think about.

Which he realizes, with a panicked sort of disorientation, is not a good idea because tight suit trousers *don't hide boners*.

"I can see why you don't like him," Peter says, trying to get out of his own head and back into the present. "He's an ass."

"Yeah, he's *been* an ass," Wade answers, "I've known the guy for ten years, he hasn't changed. I think he's gotten worse, if possible."

Peter nods emphatically. He could tell. He wants Wade to understand that Peter could tell. Wade laughs as he looks at him, and bends down a little so he can look Peter in the eyes.

"He didn't make you uncomfortable, did he baby?" Wade asks, and the sudden change of demeanor is hard for Peter and alcohol to follow.

"Nah," Peter says, leaning his head back against the seat and noticing the way Wade seems to track the movement. If he looks at Wade under his lashes it's for research purposes only. "He's just a dick. How did you two meet?"

Wade seems to shake himself; clearing his throat as he takes another drink of champagne before answering.

"We were roommates," Wade says, tone flat and not belaying any emotion.

Peter already misses his smile.

"Oh my god, they were roommates," Peter whispers and Wade *does* smile, that soft look Peter's been seeing more and more of lately.

"When I first moved to New York I had nothin'. No money, no place to stay. I had my favorite Vogue magazine from when I was a kid and a license, nothing else. Francis found me, actually. Starvin' and passed out on the J train."

Peter feels himself sobering up awfully quick, and although the edges of his world are still feeling a little fuzzy all of his attention is on Wade and the dread building in his stomach as he speaks.

"He housed me. I promised I'd pay him back," Wade whispers, oddly serious and completely vulnerable, even with his mask covering half his face.

"Did you?" Peter asks.

Wade sighs, taking another swig of champagne. They must be nearing the bottom by now.

"I didn't use to be so charitable," Wade admits, self-loathing stewing in his words. "I got successful and cut ties with a lot of people. Francis being one of 'em. He was angry, and hurt, and I get it. I was a Grade A asswipe. I was so desperate to cling to wealth, since it's the first time I've ever had it."

Peter can't imagine being as rich as Wade, can't imagine the fame that came crashing down on the man almost overnight, but he bets it's as disorienting and overwhelming as being swept under a wave and feeling the ocean floor slip away from you.

"I paid him back two years later," Wade continues, "when it was pocket money to me. He didn't take it. I tried to give him work with me, and he sold some of my designs for millions. Karma's a bitch."

Peter snaps his attention to Wade but Wade isn't meeting his gaze. He's watching the past play out like a broken film before his eyes. He looks bitter, at himself or Francis, Peter isn't sure. Knowing Wade, probably himself.

"Is that why you were so adamant on helping me?" Peter asks, whispering so as to not disturb this fragile air between them. "Because you wanted to make things right?"

"I didn't help you out of guilt," Wade says, finally turning so that he's facing Peter, and Peter really wishes he wasn't wearing the mask so that Peter can see his eyes, "but you remind me of a better version of myself. I was a shitty person, Pete. I was selfish, and cruel, and impulsive. I hurt a lot of people who didn't deserve it. I'm trying to be better. I wanna *do* better. But my own shit aside, you're talented. And smart. *That's* why I hired you. I wouldn't let just anyone into my life like this."

Peter takes a moment to let all of this sink in, to parse through what Wade's given him, entrusted to him, and savor it. Wade deserves a thoughtful response for a thoughtful truth, and Peter blames his courage on the alcohol as he takes one of Wade's gloved hands in both of his.

Wade's hand easily spans on of Peter's, and Peter intertwines their fingers, admires Wade's palm against his.

"Growth is telling to what kind of person you are," Peter says after a long while, running his hand over the ridges of Wade's wrist, not dipping under the fabric of his suit but really wanting to, "you say you were a shitty person, and you may have been. But what's important is that you looked at your past mistakes and realized your own faults and worked to change your behavior. There's too many people in the world who get stuck in their ways, and that's what's dangerous. No one is born perfect. We have to learn through our mistakes. You should stop punishing yourself for them. You're creating with one arm tied behind your back, Wade, imagine what you could do with both hands free."

He looks up to meet Wade's gaze, his heart pounding like a drum in his ears. Wade's staring at him with awe, astonishment lining his features and reeling Peter in like a moth to a flame.

Only Wade is an inferno, breaking and building, and Peter's helpless against his blaze.

Wade tightens his hand on Peter's; concentration unwavering and making Peter feel like he's burning from the inside out. Peter's never been this in tune with someone else before. He's never known touch to be something that would make him feel so all consumed.

"You're amazing," Wade says, his voice rough as sandpaper as it scrapes across Peter's skin, "how are you real?"

Peter swallows, mouth dry.

He isn't sure if he needs champagne or to kiss Wade until they're both breathless, only surviving from the air leftover in each other's lungs. The tension in the space between them is palpable, it's heavy, almost suffocating in it's meaning, and Peter's heart is beating so hard he's scared it's going to crack a rib.

And he really isn't sure who leans in first but suddenly Wade's a lot closer than he was a second ago and Peter's tilting his head up to meet him and he only has a brief second to think *holy fuck holy fuck–*

"Mr. Pool, Mr. Peter, we've arrived!" Dopinder calls from the front seat and the two of them jump

apart, both as shocked as the other at being both taken out of the delicate world they'd spun and the fact that they spun it in the first place.

Peter looks out the window and sees the façade of his dingy apartment, and his heart sinks with disappointment.

"Oh," he says, and turns to Wade just as the man is pulling his mask all the way down, "we're at my apartment."

"Yeah," Wade coughs, awkward and stilted, "you've spent all day and night with me, you probably need a break."

Peter doesn't want to leave. He doesn't want to abandon whatever almost happened here. But Wade isn't meeting his gaze and they're in front of his apartment, the choice feels made for him.

"Okay," Peter nods, "um, do you want to come up?"

He tries not to drown in his nerves. He tries not to let the anticipation and the weight of what he just said take him under.

"Probably best if I don't," Wade answers and yeah, rejection still fucking hurts, but this feels hollow.

This feels like a big loss.

"Oh," Peter says, barely able to hear himself as he reaches with numb fingers to open the door and step outside, but Wade's hand grabs his wrist to halt him from leaving entirely.

Hope swells in Peter's chest but he tries to squash it before it takes him away into his dumb fantasies that don't ever measure up to anything.

"I'm sorry," Wade whispers, and he sounds so broken and defeated that Peter can't be upset with him, could never be upset with him over something like this. The only one he's upset with is himself.

"Don't be," Peter says, and means it, because the last thing Wade needs is more fuel to punish himself, "please don't apologize to me."

Wade's hand flexes on Peter, almost like he wants to pull Peter back to him, but he nods and lets go instead.

"Thanks for a fun night, Pete," Wade says and closes the limo's door.

Peter watches the gaudy red vehicle peel away down the street and feels like he just missed out on something great.

Chapter End Notes

> i love writing francis, he's such a dick, it's so fun. tbh i haven't been this into writing a fic since highway, so thank you guys so much for your continued enthusiasm and

support, it's really keeping me motivated!

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

clothing swap!

Chapter Notes

no warnings that i can think of! maybe talk of kinks? oh! drinking (surprise surprise)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wade rejected him.

Wade doesn't like him.

That's fine. Peter's completely fine with that.

He's totally, utterly, 100%, no question, fine with–

"Are you crying?" MJ asks, her voice tinny over the speaker on his phone.

The shower pelting down in cold rivulets doesn't help Peter hear her any better.

"A little," Peter answers with a dejected sniffle and even though he's freezing he doesn't want to move.

It's pathetic, but Peter *wants* to feel pathetic. He wants to bask in this, for some sick, twisted reason. He thought this was just a little crush spurred on by him being horny and alone. Turns out, it's probably something deeper, especially if he's reverting to post break up type symptoms.

Fuck.

And it *sucks*, because all he wants to do is get a drink with Wade. Or talk to Wade. Or make out with Wade–

"Pete, are you calling me from the shower?" MJ interrupts his internal monologue, sounding like she's moving, the sound of her keys jingling over the line.

"Maybe," Peter mumbles.

"What?"

"I can't feel anything, MJ," Peter says and MJ's quiet, the movement on her side stilling as she processes what Peter told her and where he is.

"Okay, I'm coming over," she tells him in her no nonsense, this isn't up for negotiation tone, "and I'll bring some Tito's. Have you had dinner?"

Peter thinks back to the measly buffet at the dinner and his stomach churns because now he's thinking of Wade's defeat and how he let Peter go.

"Not hungry," he says.

"Tough shit, you're eating," MJ responds, her door slamming shut as she fumbles to lock it, "I'll bring the food and the alcohol, and you get in the comfiest PJ's you own. Okay? You have one job, can you do it for me?"

Peter looks down at his soaked lilac suit. He remembers how beautiful he looked in it with Wade watching him. Now he feels like a drowned rat that just ruined a gorgeous suit made special for him.

"Yeah," he mutters but MJ's already hung up.

///

MJ doesn't knock.

She has a copy of Peter's key because he looses it once a month, and she lets herself in. Peter has gotten changed, the suit a wet lump in his shower, and he's sitting on his pull out couch looking for the entire world like a five year old whose favorite toy was taken away from him.

MJ guesses it's kinda true.

"Hey tiger," she says, closing the door and shrugging out of her fur-lined parka, "want some McDonalds?"

Peter doesn't have an appetite, but he's never been one to turn down free food, even if he can afford to buy himself dinner now.

"Sure," he says, then, "thanks."

MJ's looking at him with an expression of absolute pity and it makes Peter avert his gaze because maybe he's being dramatic? Maybe he's overreacting, he's only known the guy over a month, and Wade's flirty by nature, Peter's just blown everything up in his head like he always does.

Fuck his imagination.

It's getting him in too deep.

"You're really pale," MJ observes, passing Peter a greasy paper bag and he may not be hungry but the smell of fast food will always get him there.

"I'm fine," Peter says, opening the bag and stuffing six fries into his mouth. Huh, maybe he is hungry.

He never got to finish his fancy chicken. And now he's sad again, because him and Wade were going to order food and watch Broad City or something, and instead he's sitting bundled up on his shitty pull out couch eating room temp fries and wallowing in his own self-pity.

"What happened?" MJ asks, sitting down across from him and kicking off her boots. "Is it Harry?"

Peter laughs, and it's muted under all the fries in his mouth.

"No, surprisingly enough it isn't Harry," Peter mutters, not looking at MJ as he reaches into the bag and pulls out a Big Mac, "It's Wade."

"Oh," MJ whispers, obviously a little confused, "okay. Were you fired?"

"No," Peter says, and then a new wave of dread washes over him, "shit maybe I will be."

"What? Okay, Peter, what the hell happened?" MJ asks, leaning forward and laying her hand on his ankle. "You're kinda freaking me out."

He feels bad, instantly, because this isn't really a big deal but he's acting like it is. He doesn't deserve MJ spending money on him or trekking over to his dirty apartment at midnight on a Thursday.

"I'm sorry," Peter whispers, finally meeting her gaze, "this isn't that bad. I just. Okay. I like Wade."

"Okay," MJ says, feeling the word out, "and…?"

Peter takes a deep breath.

"And," he begins in a rush, "we've been flirting? Or maybe he's just a flirtatious guy, I dunno, but we've been hanging out a lot and I told him about Harry and he's told me about his past and we get along *so well*, MJ, like, we connected immediately, I've never connected with someone so quick before besides from when I met you, ya know? And we went to this fancy dinner tonight and he made me a suit and said I was beautiful and we had some champagne and then we almost kissed but didn't and he dropped me off here and I asked if he wanted to come up and he said it'd be best if he didn't–"

"Whoa, wait," MJ said with a strained laugh, and Peter's mouth snaps closed with a click, "what did he mean by that?"

"Mean by what?"

"What did he mean by "it's best if I don't"? That's super vague. That's not a no, is it?"

Peter isn't sure how to answer so he eats more fries.

"Uh, I mean, it's not a yes," Peter tries.

"Pete, what kind of guy is Wade?"

"What do you mean?"

"Like, is he nice? Confident? Funny? He's like super famous right?"

Peter nods, enrapt.

"Okay, so he's paranoid? He might've thought you were drunk and not serious. Or just after something."

Realization is colder than the shower.

"Oh fuck," Peter groans, burying his face in his oily hands, "oh fuck, he thought I was drunk. I

mean, I was drunk but he thought I was only propositioning him *because* I was drunk. Maybe. Or maybe he doesn't like me. Maybe it's just me, I mean, that's happened before–"

MJ snaps at him and it makes Peter jolt.

"God, you're doing that thing again," MJ hisses, and Peter's surprised by her frustration, "you can talk yourself into believing anything! Look, he may not like you, but the only way you're going to know for certain is if you tell him how you feel. With no alcohol involved 'cause you both seem like self-sacrificing dorks that don't believe they deserve good things. Look at me Parker you *deserve* good things. You hear me? What happened with Harry doesn't reflect your self worth. Okay? He did a shitty thing because he was a shitty person in a shitty place, not because you deserve to be cheated on. All right?"

Peter doesn't know what to say to that. Reassurance? Adoration? Something profound is bubbling in his chest and making his throat tight because having someone he trusts spell this out so clearly for him is a major consolation.

"You're right," he says, looking at her and hoping his expression conveys how thankful he is, "I kinda jumped to conclusions, huh?"

"You? Noo, you never do that," MJ says but her smile softens her tone, "are you okay? Really?"

Peter takes a moment to take stock of himself. He *does* feel better. Weirdly enough he feels a new sense of determination.

He's going to seduce the hell out of Wade Wilson.

"Yeah," he tells her with a growing grin, "yeah. Thanks, MJ."

"Anytime," she says, then flops back onto his couch with a sigh and unscrews the vodka, "now tell me about Wade. Is he ripped?"

"If we're talking like that give me the vodka," Peter grins.

And then he proceeds to tell MJ over a shared Big Mac and peach flavored Tito's that Wade is, in fact, shredded.

///

The pictures surface the following morning.

First one Peter sees when he wakes up and checks Instagram is the one that woman took in the elevator. Cable's disapproving face is evident in the mirrors behind them.

Another picture, blurry but still clear enough for Peter to know it's featuring him, was taken when him and Wade were huddled together outside, Wade's mask rolled up so he can take a sip of champagne. The lighting is too blown out inside where the picture was taken and too dark where Peter and Wade are standing to show any details of Wade's skin but Peter still feels his stomach twist at the voyeuristic nature of the photograph.

The last one is a little more complicated.

It's Wade holding Peter's hand and a bottle of champagne while pulling Peter through a thick throng of people.

And Peter is laughing.

This one has the most likes, it's the one that shows up the most on Peter's explore feed. An account dedicated to celebrity sightings posted it thirty minutes ago and it already has four thousand likes.

Peter isn't sure what to think of it.

He isn't sure what *Wade* thinks of it.

Because it kind of seems like Peter is Wade's boyfriend to someone on the outside looking in. Peter hardly recognizes himself. He didn't know he was capable of looking that happy.

He cradles his phone reverently, screenshots it, and saves the image. No matter what happens he doesn't want to forget how he felt in that moment. He feels invincible with Wade. He feels incredible.

"Why are you making that face?" MJ asks, peeking her head up from under the covers.

Peter jumps, nearly dropping his phone.

"Shit! Dude, I didn't know you were awake."

"Are you looking at porn?"

"*No!* I'm not looking at porn, gross, you're literally *right next to me*," Peter splutters.

MJ shrugs, unbothered, and yaws, rubbing the morning crust from her eyes. She pulls the empty vodka bottle out from under the covers and tosses it onto Peter's pile of laundry in the corner of his apartment.

"So you *will* admit to watching porn."

"Fuck off, MJ."

She laughs and as Peter settles back beside her squeals. God, she's going to give him a heart attack.

"What?" he snaps, and she shoves her phone in his face.

It's the picture of him and Wade.

"Ned just sent this to me," MJ says; smile spreading across her face, "you didn't tell me you held hands!"

"Ned? Why is Ned sending you things and not me?" Peter pouts to try and distract himself from the growing blush across his face.

"Because we talk about you," MJ tells him, zooming in on the picture, "*wow* you really like him. You two look like boyfriends."

"Stop it, you're going to get my hopes up," Peter sighs, not even bothering to hide the satisfied smile that spreads across his face.

“Wait, Peter,” MJ says, excited, and turns so that she’s facing him on her side, “if you get married will you be rich? Omg, take me to Coachella, Shuri and I have been meaning to go.”

“Oh my god, MJ, stop,” Peter laughs, covering his face so he doesn’t have to look at her.

“You have to tell me if he’s good in bed,” MJ continues despite Peter’s rapidly reddening face, “holy shit, Pete, lets go lingerie shopping.”

“I’m never telling you anything ever again,” Peter groans, beyond embarrassed.

MJ’s clearly having too much fun.

“We can’t be best friends if we don’t share our kinks, Peter,” MJ tells him seriously, “it’s *so* nice to know that you have a panty kink. I think red would look great on–”

A soft knock at the door makes them both look at each other in confusion.

“You don’t have any other friends, right?” MJ asks, “I mean, I’m right here.”

“You’re hilarious,” Peter tells her and untangles himself from the sheets so he can make his way to the door.

“Wait!” MJ hisses and Peter turns to her.

“What?” he asks and a shirt hits his face with a soft thump.

“Put that on you’re in your little bitty boxer shorts,” MJ says with a cackle and Peter wonders why they’re friends as he shrugs the button down on and peers through the peephole.

He freezes.

Wade’s standing in the hallway to his apartment, a pink medical mask covering half his face and a black hood pulled up, shielding the rest. He’s bouncing on his toes, alive with nervous energy, and Peter might be hung-over and in his underwear but he moves with an vigor he never thought he’d possess.

“You need to go!” he whispers and MJ just stares at him.

“Uh, why?” she asks.

“Wade’s here.”

Her eyebrows shoot up and a teasing look passes over her features.

“Great, I can finally meet him.”

“No,” Peter snaps, grabbing her arm and trying to pull her up just as another soft knock sounds behind him, “no, c’mon MJ, please! It’ll look so bad if he sees you in my bed!”

“Dude, you’re gay.”

“I’m *bi* and I’m trying to *not* make things more complicated!”

MJ tosses her hands up, frustrated.

“Well what do you want me to do, Tiger? Go out the fire escape?”

He looks at her. She stares back.

“Just answer the fucking door,” she hisses and stands to disappear into Peter’s bathroom.

He feels torn for half a second before Wade’s footsteps alert Peter to him *leaving* and that’s worse than Wade jumping to any conclusions about Peter being half-dressed with a messy bed and empty vodka bottle and a woman in his bathroom–

Whatever. He’s not running anymore.

Except he *does* run to the door and practically rips it open.

Wade turns from where he’s made it down the hall, looking back at Peter with wide eyes, like he didn’t expect Peter to come racing after him.

“Morning,” Peter says, and hates that he sounds a little out of breath. Maybe it’ll look kind of hot if he leans against the doorframe…and nope, ow, okay, he just scraped his ass against a splinter–

“Hi,” Wade responds, eyes trailing over Peter’s rumpled state and if this is Peter’s attempt at seduction he should consider that lingerie MJ was suggesting because he’s sure an oversized button down and red boxer briefs aren’t something Wade finds attractive.

When Wade doesn’t say anything, or move at all, just keeps staring with a gaze darker than usual Peter begins to think that maybe Wade likes the look of him half dressed and messy.

It’s a thought that makes Peter feel too hot and he clears his throat, shifting.

“Uh, how are you?” he asks lamely.

Wade cracks a smile, and tension that Peter hadn’t been aware of holding seeps out of his bones at the expression.

“Better now,” Wade answers before visibly shaking himself and breaking eye contact to look at their feet instead, “I was actually hoping to talk to you. About last night. Vanessa was going to call you, but I thought it’d be better to do this in person.”

Any shred of anything positive flees Peter’s mind because the only thing that comes crashing through his skull is the thought that he’s about to get fired. It sounds like Wade’s going to fire him.

He feels like he’s going to cry.

“Whoa, hey, Princess, what’s wrong?” Wade asks, surprised, and Peter realizes with a belated sense of embarrassment that he is crying.

“Nothing!” he flushes, rubbing at his eyes and trying to laugh but that just makes the overflow of his emotions worse and he’s choking back another bout of nervous, overwhelmed tears. “I’m fine.”

Wade’s whole demeanor crumbles, and he looks like he wants to step forward to offer comfort but not sure if he’s allowed.

“So um,” Peter tries, his words watery and splattering like sludge on the janky-tiled floor under their feet, “you’re firing me?”

Wade blinks, staggered.

“What? No, no! No, I wouldn’t–no, baby boy, God, I’m not that much of a dick,” Wade says,

stepping forward so that he's close enough that Peter can smell his cologne.

It smells really good.

"Oh," Peter croaks, but the tears don't stop.

He knows it's an emotional release thing from him being oversensitive with frayed nerves and too many emotive landslides in the past twenty-four hours but it doesn't make the crying stop or do anything to help soothe him.

"Peter–" Wade begins, reaching out to touch but Peter's door is yanked violently open and MJ is standing with a frying pan over her head and her dark gaze zeroed in on Wade like a lion to a zebra.

"Back the *fuck up,*" she snarls and Wade does, immediately, hands up in a placating gesture.

"Whoa, MJ, hang on," Peter fumbles, and she just turns her piercing attention on him, a wild look in her eyes.

"Did he make you cry?" she asks and Peter is going to have to hibernate for a week, this is all too much, "Did he hurt you?"

"God, MJ, no! I'm just overwhelmed and this isn't helping," Peter hisses and her gaze darts between Peter and Wade before she slowly lowers the pan.

There's a tense moment, one where Peter isn't convinced MJ won't attack Wade, but she must believe him because she drops the pan with a clatter and holds her hand out for Wade to shake.

Wade, to his credit, just looks impressed. And a little smitten.

"I'm MJ," she tells the world's most renowned fashion designer like he should know who *she* is, "Peter's handler."

"Uh, wait," Peter tries to butt in but Wade's eyes are crinkling in that familiar way that Peter knows means he's having the time of his life and Peter can feel the weak control he had over this situation slipping rapidly between his fingers.

"Wade," Wade responds, eyes darting to Peter with a wicked gleam, "Peter's sugar daddy."

Peter hates the two people in front of him.

Absolutely *hates* them.

"Oh I know," MJ coos and they're still shaking hands, looking like a pair of scheming villains in a bad 60s TV show, "we were just discussing it."

Wade's grin gets wider, but there's a soft look that falls over his eyes that belays his true feelings of Peter talking to his friend about him.

"Tell me more, tell me more," Wade hums.

"Nope," Peter interrupts and rips their ongoing handshake apart, "too bad MJ was just leaving."

"I can stay–" she begins but Peter's grabbing her parka from where she threw it over his counter last night and stuffing it into her arms.

"That's all right, thanks for the fries, I'll text you!" he says and tries to steer her towards the

stairwell down the hall.

She walks, but stops in front of Wade with a calculating look in her eyes, and even though he's almost a foot taller *she's* the one who looks imposing.

"He's sensitive," she begins and Peter almost asks her to stop talking but falls silent at the seriousness of her tone, "and he's the best person I know. Don't hurt him, or I'll hurt you. By the way, I love your shoes."

Then, as suddenly as she appeared, she's gone.

Peter's head hurts. And he realizes, with a slow building awareness of his own body, that he's half naked in his hallway with a billionaire he has a major crush on.

He's too tired to feel anything but resignation.

"Do you want to come in?" Peter asks, pointing over his shoulder to the inside of his apartment, and he would usually be self-conscious at how small and gloomy it is but as it is he has bigger problems than his hole in the wall living corridors.

And he has a feeling Wade wouldn't judge him.

"Yeah, uh, thanks," Wade says and he seems a lot more nervous now that it's just the two of them again.

Peter lets Wade enter and then follows, closing his apartment door behind him and leaning back against it. He's scared to follow Wade any further inside. He doesn't know why the other man is here, but it can't be good news right? The way Wade tried to start the whole discussion had a very final tone to it. Peter almost doesn't want to hear it.

And he always wants to hear what Wade has to say.

"Are you okay?" Wade asks, serious, and looking down at Peter from under his hood.

"Fine," Peter lies, even as Wade's gaze flicks to the empty Tito's bottle.

"You drink all that yourself, baby boy?" Wade wonders and Peter isn't sure why he has this inane desire to make Wade proud, to not disappoint him, but it's a heady feeling thudding inside him at the idea of Wade being upset with him.

"MJ helped," Peter says and maybe that answer's worse than Peter drinking it all himself because Wade gives a jerky nod, his shoulders hunching up. He looks smaller like that.

Peter isn't sure he likes it.

"So uh, she your girlfriend or something?" Wade asks, pulling the medical mask down so it's tucked below his chin, a forced smile gracing his features, "She's cute. I could see why you'd like her."

"MJ's not my girlfriend," Peter says, "we tried to date in college and it was weird. We lasted a week. She brought me dinner and vodka last night."

"Oh," Wade says, a different blend of emotions cross his face, too fast and convoluted for Peter to pick them apart, "so. You're friends?"

"Just friends," Peter nods.

Silence settles between them, like they're both too afraid to talk. It feels like Peter's on the edge of something, he just isn't sure if it's safe to jump. He wonders if Wade would catch him.

"Shit I'm not good at this," Wade laughs, and it's loud in the delicate space between them. He cringes. "So, uh, okay."

This is it.

Wade's going to tell him he doesn't like him and then he's going to fire him and Peter's going to be left with a heart much colder than before–

"Did you see the pictures?"

Peter blinks.

"What?"

Wade scrubs a frustrated hand over his face, turning away so Peter can't see his face.

"Fuck. Okay, I'm so sorry baby," Wade says in a rush, walking over to Peter in three strides and stopping before him, "pictures of us leaked last night."

"Oh. Yeah I know that."

It's Wade's turn to look confused.

"You…you know. You know that people think we're dating right? Not gal pals, like, actually *together*. Like. People know you're with me. Or around me. They know you're name and who you are," Wade says, desperation clear in his tone.

Peter is waiting for the ball to drop but Wade's staring at him like he's already dropped it and waiting for Peter to either pick it up or kick it away. Peter feels like he lost something along this conversation.

"I…yeah, I know all that Wade," Peter says.

He gained over six hundred followers overnight. He knows why. Wade isn't saying anything that's going to scare him away, even if he's expecting that outcome.

"You…are you okay with that?" Wade asks.

Peter desperately wants to comfort him but he's not sure if he's allowed to. So instead he pushes off the door and it takes him about a foot away from where Wade's standing, his blue eyes tracking Peter's every move.

"I'm fine with that," Peter shrugs, "I thought you'd be the one who was upset with me."

"Upset with you?" Wade's flabbergasted. "Why the hell would I be upset with you?"

Peter can't help the drop of bitterness that falls into his tone.

"I mean…after last night I can't help but feel like I fucked up," Peter confesses.

There's something freeing about being honest when there's no risk. Wade doesn't like him. Peter can look like a love-sick fool, it doesn't matter. Wade doesn't like him, he isn't fired, so why the hell should he try and hold himself back?

"You…" Wade starts, then rubs a rough hand over the back of his head, trying to collect his thoughts, "I ain't mad at you, baby boy."

Peter crosses his arms, feeling too exposed with having them at his sides.

"I'm sorry anyway," Peter whispers, swallowing down the dryness in his throat, "for making you uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable?" Wade asks, genuinely perplexed.

Peter shrugs, trying to appear aloof and failing from how dusted with pink his cheeks are.

"When I invited you up," Peter huffs, looking up at Wade and hating how his breath stutters in his chest at how intense Wade's gaze is. God, will he ever get used to it? "I didn't mean to put you on the spot."

Wade's mouth opens and closes, his eyes wide and then narrowing, a strange sense of disquieted realization tightening his handsome features.

"Wait," Wade says, sounding like he's about to snap, like he's barely holding on to the last shred of restraint he possesses, "you were serious."

"Yeah," Peter says, and Wade goes freakishly still, the same way he did when he saw Peter in his lilac suit, "did you think I was joking?"

"I thought you were *drunk*," Wade rasps, "I thought…you wanted me to come up?"

Peter's beginning to understand where Wade was coming from. A part of him is touched that Wade didn't follow him up when he thought Peter was drunk, and another part is so frustrated that they miscommunicated so horribly. One thing they seem to be on the same page about was that they both underestimated how much they liked one another.

Wade looks like he's about to pass out, so Peter steps forward into his orbit, reaching out so that his right hand brushes the bottom of Wade's hoodie. It's soft beneath his fingers, and he'd rather by wearing it than the stiff button down he has on now. Wade takes a deep, shuttering breath before his hands rise and he cups Peter's face in his hands, a mimic of how he held him yesterday, only this time there's something in Wade's eyes that makes Peter feel like he's being lit on fire.

"*You* want *me*?" Wade asks, voice barely above a whisper.

Does Peter want him?

Peter wants *only* him. It's driving Peter absolutely insane, how much he wants Wade. Does Peter want Wade? Absolutely. But does Wade want *him*?

Peter swallows, steeling himself.

"Y–"

A sharp knock sounds at the door.

Peter jumps, Wade's hands dropping from him. He looks to Wade, sees his expression close off, just a little, but it's now that Peter realizes how dilated Wade's pupils look, how dilated they are, and he realizes with fireworks in his stomach that Wade very obviously wants him.

And then another knock at the door, and Peter wants to tear his hair out because it's like the

universe loves edging him. Peter didn't consent to this.

"One sec," Peter says, fingers squeezing Wade's hand as he passes, "I don't know who that is, I didn't order pizza."

"Stop," Wade commands and Peter does, instantly, Wade's tone sharp and warning, "it might be paps."

"Paps?" Peter repeats as Wade walks past him to gaze out the peephole.

"Uh, do you know an accountant?"

"What?" Peter laughs, hip-bumping Wade aside and feeling a jolt of excitement zip down his spine as Wade's hand settles familiarly on his waist.

He could definitely get used to that.

The happiness dwindles, however, when he identifies the "accountant" Wade had been commenting on.

His stomach drops to his toes. He backs up and Wade notices his panic, his hand on Peter's waist tightening so that his hold is steadying.

"Pete?" he asks, eyes darting to the door, and Wade angles himself so that he's standing between Peter and the outside world, "Who is it? Should I–?"

"It's my ex," Peter whispers, beyond terrified that Wade's going to panic, that he'll read this whole situation wrong and leave before Peter has a chance to explain himself.

"Okay," Wade says calmly, expression darkening as he glances back to the door where another sharp knock rings out, "I'll beat the shit out of him and then make you pancakes."

"*What*?" Peter squawks, hands gripping Wade's shoulders because the bigger man looks like he's going to rip the door of its hinges and beat Harry to a pulp with it, "Wade, no. I just. I don't know why he's here, I told him not to contact me anymore."

Wade's eyes narrow.

"Has he *been* trying to contact you?"

"Not–"

Another knock, louder than the rest, and a voice Peter hadn't expected to hear for a *very* long time rings through his apartment.

"Peter? I can hear you, can you please answer the door?" Harry calls and Wade's expression is thunderous before Peter tugs on his arm and turns his attention back to him, which is the equivalent of a thunderstorm clearing to a blue sky.

"I'll ask him to leave," Peter says, and Wade nods, his large hands a hot presence on Peter's sides, "and then we really need to talk."

"Yeah," Wade agrees, eyes flicking to Peter's mouth and then back up to his eyes, "we really really do."

Peter kind of wants to not answer the door. He kind of really wants to let Harry wilt in the hallway

and kiss Wade stupid. But he doesn't want his first kiss with Wade to be while his ex is pounding at his door so he steps away and moves to the door, stilling when he sees that Wade is currently standing in the middle of his kitchen, intimidating as fuck, with his arms crossed. Peter can stare at Wade' biceps all day but that's not going to get them anywhere right now.

"What?" Wade asks when he spots Peter staring.

"Move," Peter urges, "like, out of sight."

Wade cocks his head, a sharp, dangerous energy fizzling around him.

"Why?" he pushes, leaning back against the counter and Peter's mouth goes dry, "pretend I'm not even here."

Peter swallows.

"That's kind of impossible," he admits breathlessly, and if Wade can check out his ass then Peter can check out his chest and thighs.

Wade notices, of course he does, and he flexes the fucking *asshole–*

"Peter?" Harry pushes and fuck okay, Peter needs to get this over with.

He spares Wade one last look, partly to remind Wade to behave and for reassurance before he opens the door and sees Harry for the first time in months. He looks the same, curly hair, clear skin, he's dressed in a tailored boring black suit with his iPhone in his hand.

Peter isn't prepared to see him.

He isn't prepared for the conflicting emotions in his gut.

"Harry," he says, "I thought I told you to leave me alone."

Harry looks contrite, before his eyes dart to where Wade's standing and he pales, just a little.

"Uh, yeah, and I was going to," Harry says, attention shifting back to Peter, "but you texted me last night? I wanted to make sure you're okay."

Peter fumbles, for just a moment. He doesn't remember texting Harry. In fact, he's pretty sure he deleted Harry's number after their phone conversation a week ago.

"I'm fine," he says, willing Harry to shut up before Wade begins to misconstrute this, "you can't just stop by whenever you want."

"Right, I get that," Harry is quick to backtrack, "but I–"

Harry cuts himself off, surprise fluttering across his features.

"Is that my shirt?"

Chapter End Notes

BA BA BUMMMM wow two updates in two days? three? what's up??

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

some slight revelations on many things

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter really has the worst fucking luck.

Luck or timing, but one of the two is against him. Maybe they're in cahoots?

He didn't expect to wake up this morning, a hangover giving him a nice throbbing headache, to confront Wade, to almost kissing Wade (again) to Harry fucking Osborn arriving at his apartment at 10am.

Wade is a presence that Peter can't ignore.

He doesn't want to, but it doesn't make this unfortunate moment any less stressful.

And the worst part is that Peter doesn't remember texting Harry. He'd been with MJ all night, only looking at his phone to see if Wade had reached out and throwing it across the room in a drunken impulse when he hadn't. He remembers that clearly, because MJ laughed until she cried and then spilled the rest of the fries on Peter's floor.

Is he going insane? Is he losing it?

He feels like crying again, just to have some form of release.

Oddly enough he's comfortable with the idea of crying in front of Wade but not Harry. Harry doesn't deserve to see him at his most vulnerable.

Peter's hand clenches hard enough around the doorknob that it gives a feeble creak. Harry's eyes are darting between Peter and Wade, trying to determine what situation he walked in on. Peter thinks he doesn't have a right to care.

"Is that my shirt?"

Right.

Shit.

Peter can practically feel the tension rolling off Wade, and maybe it's because he's so in tune and aware of the other man but it's almost stifling.

"Uh," Peter says, "maybe? MJ gave it to me a while back, I just threw on whatever she shoved at me this morning."

Wade snorts and Peter's glad he can find *some* amusement in this. It's a huge relief, actually, because Peter was pretty convinced that Wade was going to storm out as soon as Harry mentioned

Peter's state of dress.

Appreciation for Wade swells like helium inside of Peter's heart, and it makes him even more anxious to get Harry out of his space.

"You can have it back," Peter says, beginning to undo the buttons with a slight shake in his fingers, "I don't need or want it. Neither does MJ, I'm assuming."

"No, that's…" Harry begins, clearly uncomfortable and trying to find some footing, "that's okay. You keep it."

Annoyance flashes through Peter but he doesn't stop unbuttoning the shirt.

"Ya know, I'm good," Peter tells him with a tight smile, "it's not that comfortable anyway."

Before Peter can rip the offending material all the way off Harry reaches out to still his hands, his finger's circling Peter's wrists. Peter hears Wade move, his footsteps heavy on Peter's creaky floors, and Peter doesn't have to look behind him to know that Wade is a lot closer than he was a minute ago.

Harry *is* looking however, and he takes a half step back, grip on Peter falling away.

"Sorry, I–look, Pete, can we talk?" Harry asks and Peter doesn't answer, just slips the shirt from his shoulders and tosses it at Harry who manages to catch it.

"Now really isn't a good time," Peter says, crossing his arms.

He's glad he gave Harry his shirt back but now he's cold and feeling completely exposed and vulnerable and a little *icky* because the last person he wants to see him half naked is standing right in front of him.

"Okay," Harry says, nodding before taking another step back, "just. I miss you too."

He shoots Wade one last lingering look before turning and walking down the hall, his oxfords thudding against the hardwood until he's disappeared from view entirely. Peter's feeling a lot of things but the biggest is cold panic because what the *fuck* did he text Harry for him to say *that*?

"I should go," Wade says and Peter spins so that he's facing Wade, who's currently shrugging out of his black hoodie, showing a fitted red shirt beneath.

Peter blinks as Wade holds the clothing out to him.

"I don't want you to go," Peter admits, bypassing the hoodie and instead reaching forward so that he can hold Wade's hands in his, "Wade, I really like–"

"Please don't," Wade whispers, and he looks so sad and forlorn that Peter wants to stuff the hoodie back over his ridiculously broad shoulders and protect him from the world, "Pete, it's okay if you're not over him."

"I *am* over him," Peter says, knowing that he sounds desperate but not finding any shred of dignity to care, "we broke up *five months* ago, Wade, I know when I'm over someone."

"You kept his shirt," Wade points out, "you texted him you missed him."

"Okay, it *sounds* bad, but this shirt is something MJ let me use for that Gala because I own nothing

fancy and then I stuffed it in my closet and forgot about it. Which is weird, I get that, but it really means nothing," Peter urges, feeling like any semblance of control he'd gained from turning Harry away is slipping through his fingers, "and I don't remember…hold on."

Peter moves past Wade to where his phone is still lying on the pull out couch. Wade's eyes track his every move, and Peter knows he's taking in all of Peter's horrible sleeping arrangements.

Peter unlocks his phone and goes to his texts.

He didn't reach out to Harry.

"Wow," Peter whispers, eyebrows rising and Wade shifts, on edge.

"All good?" he asks and Peter can't help the crazed laugh that escapes him.

"I didn't text him," Peter says, brandishing his phone and he knows he looks a little unhinged, what with only being in a hoodie and underwear and waving his phone like a beacon of hope, which it kind of is, "I *knew* I deleted his number, the *asshole*."

Wade takes a few calculated steps forward and Peter wishes he'd drop his control for one second, just so Peter could figure out what he's feeling.

"He lied?" Wade asks, mouth twisting to a frown, "Accountants can do that?"

"He's not an accountant," Peter says but he's smiling, just a little. "He works for his father's manufacturing company."

"Sorry I fell asleep, what is he?"

Peter lets out a breath and drops his phone onto his "bed". He wants to join it. He feels unbelievably tired and worn out, and his hangover isn't helping things.

"This the guy who cheated on you? The abusive asshole?" Wade asks.

"*Emotionally* abusive," Peter corrects weakly.

"Still bad, baby," Wade reminds, shifting so that he's close enough to see Peter's expression.

"How long were you together?" Wade asks, not rude, not mean, just resigned, with a twisted smile that tells Peter he knows exactly how this is going to end.

Peter contemplates lying.

He really does, because he knows Wade isn't going to like his answer and he's going to leave and Peter *really* doesn't want Wade to leave–

"A year," Peter says honestly, and he feels choked up when Wade bunches the hoodie and slips it carefully over Peter's head for him, fixing the hood and smoothing out the wrinkles in the shoulders.

His touch lingers, and it traces sparks of teasing warmth along Peter's skin. Wade sighs, his hands sliding up to cup around the sides of Peter's neck, a comforting, grounding weight that Peter's quickly beginning to become obsessed with. Wade's thumbs press under his chin, tilting his head up, and Peter's breath catches at the casual display of gentle dominance. *Fuck*, Wade hits all of his weak points and he's not even *trying*–

“Shit,” Wade exhales, his smile twisting again into something caring and fond, but the heat in his eyes makes Peter feel pinned in the most delicious of ways, “you look better in my clothes.”

It’s a possessive thing to say, and Wade says it so easily.

Peter isn’t sure at what point during this conversation he became aroused, maybe ever since Harry fucking left, but he can feel himself stiffening in his briefs and he wishes Wade’s hoodie didn’t cover it.

He wonders how Wade would react if he could witness what he does to Peter without any effort. Peter *sinks* into his touch, feeling so warm and safe and cared for, and he knows they really need to talk but he can’t find the willpower to stop whatever is happening now.

Wade doesn’t look like he’s fairing much better, and he shifts forward so that he’s bending over Peter, still tilting Peter’s head to meet his gaze.

“I like being in your clothes,” Peter says and he doesn’t miss the way Wade’s eyes darken at the admission.

“We really need to talk baby boy,” Wade whispers, swallowing roughly, trying to reel himself back in, “maybe giving you my hoodie was a bad idea.”

Peter shakes his head, wrapping his hands around Wade’s thick wrists. He doesn’t want Wade to pull away, or get in his head and try to convince himself that Peter isn’t in this.

They’re just standing there, staring at each other, both of them having to physically restrain themselves from moving forward because Peter’s not so far gone that he isn't aware of how vague they’ve been talking.

They need to be clear. Lay it all out.

So Peter steps back and Wade lets him go, hands falling but not before gripping the hem of his hoodie, his fingers brushing the skin of Peter’s thighs.

“Okay, one sec,” Peter sighs, breaking away and moving to the sink to splash cold water on his face.

Wade laughs, breathless, and Peter turns to him with water dripping onto his feet. It helped, a little, but now Wade’s smiling and beautiful and soft in the morning light and maybe Peter just needs to go to Antarctica and jump into the Atlantic Ocean.

“Let me make you breakfast,” Wade suggests, “and coffee. First things first: do you have cinnamon and chocolate chips? Should I make mimosas? Do you like foot massages?”

Peter grins, crossing his arms and leaning against the counter.

“I think I drank all the alcohol in the world last night,” he comments, tilting his head and unashamedly checking Wade out, “you don’t wear sweats enough.”

Wade’s smile is sharp.

He looks like he wants to fold Peter over his flimsy kitchen counter and go to town. Peter would happily let him. Fuck concentrating is hard.

“Stop thinking dirty thoughts,” Wade says, “or I’m gonna get distracted.”

“You’re not already?” Peter asks, and shifts so that Wade’s hoodie is pulled a little higher up on his legs.

Wade’s eyes track the movement like he’s in a trance.

“You…” Wade begins, groans, and then yanks the strings of his hoodie so that the hood is scrunched ridiculously tight around his face, “if you don’t put on clothes I’m gonna have to be like this for the remainder of the day.”

Peter laughs, loud and joyful because Wade looks fucking *ridiculous* and also he wants Peter as much as Peter wants him. Peter has to bite his tongue from saying something stupid, like “I really really like you and I haven’t felt this into someone ever in my entire life”. Even if he’d just been about to say it not ten minutes ago.

“Fine,” Peter huffs, eyeing his pile of laundry and striding over with much more flair than necessary.

He grabs the first pair of jeans he finds, and when they don’t smell horrible Peter peeks a glance over to Wade whose facing away, providing Peter some privacy, and all it manages to do is cause a new level of respect to settle in Peter’s heart.

He pulls the jeans on frantically, buttons them, and then walks back into his small kitchen, resuming his stance against the counter and crossing his arms so he’s not tempted to reach out do something impulsive, like touch Wade.

It hits Peter then that Wade never even admitted to liking him.

Peter just got swept up in Wade’s magnetism and charm and didn’t stop to think. Which is probably why Wade is adamant about them keeping their distance from each other because they really haven’t covered anything.

Peter runs a hand over his face, exhaustion from the whirlwind events of this morning finally catching up with him.

“Can we get out of my gross apartment?” Peter nearly begs, “I’m hungover and tired and stressed and probably super anxious–”

“Whoa, slow down Josh Peck, damn,” Wade laughs, walking over and gracing Peter with another one of those soft, private smiles, “you’re gonna pass out. Let’s just breathe, and get some food in ya, all right? I’m assuming you didn’t have pancake ingredients here anyway.”

“Well I have–”

“If you’re about to say pancake mix I’m gonna leave right now.”

Peter smiles, and takes a deep, steadying breath, because Wade’s right, of *course*. Sometimes Peter’s scared that Wade knows him too well, which makes no sense given the short amount of time they’ve known each other.

“Before we go out,” Peter says after a few moments of much needed quiet, “I gotta ask you something.”

Wade nods, some of the humor in his features fading to a more somber expression.

“Did you really think I’d date an *accountant*?”

Wade's laugh will fuel him for the rest of the year.

///

The diner Wade takes them to is quaint and tucked away.

It's one long hallway, which is standard for New York, with black and white tiled floors and shiny chrome surfaces, it looks like a diner from the 50s decked out in alien embellishments.

Peter laments that he's lived in every part of New York and has never been here. It's not too crowded, surprisingly, and they don't wait terribly long to squeeze into a small table in the back by the kitchens.

Wade moves his chair and angles himself so that his back is to the door. At first Peter would have guessed that Wade would want eyes on whoever strolled inside but then it occurred to him that anyone who walks in would recognize him.

So this makes sense, as does Wade's pulled up hood, thin pink gloves on his hands, and his medical mask covering the bottom part of his face.

Which is *such* a shame, because Peter really loves Wade's mouth.

He hopes he gets to become personally acquainted with it some day.

"Huh, there's an alien dressed as Santa over there," Peter muses and Wade's eyes crinkle as he folds is hands on the table and leans forward, his long legs brushing against Peter's in the confined space.

"I love this place for three reasons, baby," Wade says and holds up his fingers to count them down, "one: two pages full of different types of pancakes. No joke, they taste just like mama never made. Two: aliens. Obviously. Three: they play The Cheetah Girls on repeat every Tuesday night."

"Wow, who needs Sister Margaret's," Peter says, appreciating the childlike joy in Wade's eyes.

"Weasel who?" Wade asks with a wink before gesturing to the menu. "Get whatever your little heart desires, Pete, it's all tasty– but you know what I'd recommend."

"I'm guessing pancakes," Peter says, knocking his foot against Wade's.

It's a shame Peter can't see Wade's answering smile.

This feels like a date.

It feels intimate, and cozy, and exciting, but also so comfortable and familiar, like him and Wade have been coming to this diner forever. Its giving Peter a glimpse of what a date with Wade would feel like and he *loves* it.

He really wants to make this work. He really doesn't want to fuck this up.

"Are we talking now or after we eat?" Peter asks, tapping his fingers against the menu anxiously.

"I thought we *were* talking," Wade answers and Peter shoots him a flat look. "Damn, baby, you

can’t give me those eyes, we’re in public!”

Peter hides his blush behind the menu.

“Really Wade,” he says, voice soft and vulnerable, “I’m kinda going crazy here.”

He can’t meet Wade’s eyes, instead focusing on the chicken and waffle items in front of him. Huh, you can add powdered sugar to everything.

“I don’t know how to start,” Wade admits fruitlessly, and Peter peers over the top of the menu at him, “I…fuck, I got no idea what I’m doin’ on a good day, Princess, much less with something this important.”

“You run a fashion empire,” Peter reminds him.

“That’s easy compared to this,” Wade admits, looking oddly small even as his shoulders span the little table.

Somehow Wade’s obvious nerves calm Peter’s own and he places the menu aside and reaches forward to take Wade’s hand in his.

“Let’s start with the basics,” Peter says, ignoring how hard his heart is beating, “first off, I like you.”

Wade’s head snaps up so fast it makes Peter wince, his expression almost unbelieving in the state of his awe.

“I would like to date you,” Peter continues, a smile growing on his face and even if Wade doesn’t return the sentiment it’s a little freeing to be able to state how he’s feeling so matter of factly, “I’m absurdly attracted to you, Wade. But I also value you as a friend. And I don’t want to lose that, however this ends, I’d prefer to keep you in my life than risk it over feelings. I mean no pressure either way I can like, get over a crush, you know? It’ll take a while probably, ‘cause I do really like you but I also want you to be comfortable so if you need time to think–”

“Holy shit Peter,” Wade says, strained, as he grips Peter’s hand tight, “you talk more than I do.”

Now that Peter’s done speaking his nerves are returning full force. He feels like his throat is closing in so all he manages is a tight nod to show Wade he’s listening. Wade takes a breath, steeling himself, and Peter’s convinced he’s about to be turned down. Good things don’t come from someone visibly preparing themselves, right?

“Shit, okay, wow, baby, I–”

“Good morning how are ya’ll today?” their waitress asks and Peter jumps, he’d forgotten where they are.

He tries to pull his hand away from Wade on impulse but Wade doesn’t let him, instead he intertwines their fingers and locks them together. Their waitress is watching them patiently; a permanent smile on her face and Peter realizes that he has no idea what the fuck he wants to eat.

He’s been staring at the menu but nothing sticks. He’s not even hungry.

Wade notices his lost look because of course he does, and he leans forward so that his foot hooks around Peter’s ankle. It’s as distracting as it is grounding.

“We’re doing ah-mazing,” Wade says and before she can speak again he’s listing off a mountain of items, plus two coffees, and an obscene amount of hash browns, finishing it off with a high, feminine, “oh-*kay*, thank you!”

She looks to Peter, a little frazzled at the rapid-fire overload of information, before nodding and turning to head back to the kitchen.

“Did you order everything on the menu?” Peter asks, trying to break the heavy atmosphere that settled after their waitress left but Wade just grips his hands tighter and leans even closer.

“I like *like* you too,” Wade whispers urgently, but he might as well just scream it for the way it rings in Peter’s ears, “so fuckin’ much that I’m not convinced this ain’t some inane hallucination. I’ve had those, man, they’re not fun. It’s kind of like a night terror but you can move so maybe not as bad but still really fucking disturbing when you’re seeing a seahorse dressed as Marilyn Monroe–”

“Wade,” Peter interrupts because Wade’s just as bad about rambling as he is, “you–okay, you like me too?”

Wade nods so enthusiastically Peter’s a little concerned for his neck.

“*Yes*,” he rushes out, “yes, a thousand times yes.”

Peter grins, a burst of happiness and relief and ecstasy crashing through him, like a joyful gay rendition of Pandora’s box, and he wants nothing more than to clamber over the small table and kiss Wade until they get kicked out for public indecency.

Wade looks like he’s thinking the same thing.

“I *do* have a but,” Wade begins.

Peter’s heart drops out of his feet.

“Fuck, is it “but we can never be together because I like you but not really and I don’t think it’s a good idea because”–”

“Oh baby boy, your self-esteem is as horrible as mine,” Wade coos, and he brings Peter’s hand up to his lips and kisses it through the dumb paper of the medical mask.

Nevertheless it succeeds in making Peter’s breath catch.

“None of that. My “but” is that my world is kind of an open book. As much as I hate it fame comes with everyone knowing your shit. And I don’t…I’ve been hurt because of it Pete. I’ve had relationships collapse because my partner either can’t handle it, doesn’t like it, or only likes me because of it. Does that make sense?”

Peter can’t help getting swept up in the dread that’s weighing over him like hot tar, making his limbs heavy and weak, but he tries to ignore it as he stares at Wade’s eyes and notices all the shades of blue.

“Yeah,” Peter answers, “I get it.”

Wade cocks his head, studying him.

“I don’t think ya do,” he says, “and that’s why I wanna lay this all out, Princess. You won’t have a

moment of privacy if we go public. We won't have a relationship with just each other; we'll be in a polyamourous love/hate affair with every news outlet in the goddamn world. If we're gonna do this we should go slow. We need to be private, for a while, because I hate to be so fuckin' paranoid but I want this to last. And the only way I can see that happening is if we have a solid foundation first."

Peter nods, slowly beginning to piece everything together.

"Okay," he says, grip tightening on Wade's hand, "so when we're in public we need to be low-key, and we'll see how dating goes, and then if we have a strong thing going we can come out?"

Wade grimaces but nods.

"I get it if that turns you away from this," Wade says, regret heavy in his tone, "I hate to even fucking ask it. But I…Pete you're the best fucking thing and if I lose you because of some dumb Perez Hilton article I'll lose my mind. And not in a hot way."

"Hey, it's okay," Peter whispers, "I get it. Let's go slow. Let's just…just feel it out, yeah? And if we want to get more serious we can talk about it when it happens but I understand that your life is insanely busy with Paris coming up and your clothing line debuting and I don't want to add to any of that stress. I'm not coming into this with any expectations, just as long as we finish Game of Thrones together, that's all I want."

Wade's expression is soft, genuine, and he takes off the flimsy mask and tucks it into his coat pocket.

"Damn, I'm lucky to have met you," he says, gloved hands rubbing circles on Peter's skin, "fuck."

Peter knows he's smiling like a goddamn loon but he can't bring it in himself to care. He glances around the restaurant, but no one is staring their way.

One good thing about New York: everyone is an expert at minding their own business.

"So," Peter begins, wishing there wasn't so much space between them, "we're dating?"

Wade grins, white teeth a flash of conventional beauty.

"I sure would like to," Wade says in a dumb cockney accent, "I've been wanting to kiss you stupid for the past *month*."

Peter blushes but doesn't look away.

"We can do this," he says, "we can take this slow."

"Oh yeah," Wade agrees, eyes darting to Peter's mouth, "totally. We can totally take this slow. No doubt, 100%, we got this."

"You should probably let go of my hands then," Peter says.

Wade looks down, and pouts.

"I don't want to," he whines, "you feel *so* good."

Peter's as red as the ketchup bottle.

"That's not fair, you can't do that in public!" Peter hisses, trying (not hard) to pull his hands out of Wade's because if they're trying to be low-key then they should not, you know, hold hands and

tangle their legs together in public where anyone in the restaurant could snap a picture.

Wade still doesn't let go. He's a contradictory octopus.

"Wade," Peter says, realizing that he's going to have to be the one to actual implement this no touching in public thing because Wade's impulse control is worse than his, "you're not making this easy."

Wade groans and releases Peter, flopping back into his small chair and making it creak under his bulk.

"I'm already not liking this," Wade admits, looking at Peter like he holds the answer to the rule that Wade made, "you look so kissable and cute all the time. It's like not cuddling a newborn puppy that's sitting in your lap."

Peter raises an eyebrow, leaning back in his eat and crossing his arms pointedly.

"But Wade, I'm not sitting in your lap yet," Peter pouts and if people could go offline like old dell computers that's exactly what Wade just did.

The shutting down sound effect and everything.

"I think I just came in my pants," Wade says, stupefied and impressed he glances down at his lap. "Whoo, yup. That's gonna dry weird."

Peter kicks him.

"Oh my *god*, you have to work with me here," Peter snaps, "I can't be the only one trying to keep this slow and low-key."

"*You're* the one that just made me have an orgasm in public, baby boy, you can't be talkin' right now."

Peter wants to hit him and simultaneously make out with him.

It's the strangest combination of emotions and he's only ever felt them towards Wade.

"Okay, we should make some rules," Peter says and Wade slumps even lower in his chair, looking for all the words like a child whose favorite toy is being taken away.

"You *would* like rules," Wade grumbles, but he's smiling, like he's completely smitten.

Peter wonders if he is. It's a thought that makes him fumble.

"They don't have to be boring rules," Peter says, longing and excitement concocting a fizzing potion of desire in his gut, "they could come with prizes."

Wade perks up immediately and he sits up ramrod straight, a new light blazing behind his eyes that has Peter buzzed. He feels coy, and teasing, and it's only intensified by the knowledge that Wade likes him! Wade *likes* him, and it's blazing on repeat around and around in Peter's skull.

"I *love* prizes," Wade says, like this should surprise Peter, "especially if *you're* in the equation. Do you count as a prize? Can I win you?"

"Hold on big guy," Peter consoles, eyeing the waitress as she makes her way over with a tray full of food towards them, and wow, Peter is actually starving, "lets eat first and then we can get down

to rules.”

Wade waggles his eyebrows.

“I know a way to really get your appetite up,” he hums.

“You know, I feel like you’re already losing,” Peter deadpans and Wade looks like he wants to try and rile Peter up more but then the waitress is setting down their plates and effectively cutting anything off.

“Shit you did order the whole menu,” Peter observes as the plates keep coming.

Wade shrugs, and he’s not eyeing the food when he licks his lips.

“Only the best for you,” he says, and it would’ve been casual if not for the genuine warmth and conviction that’s seeped into Wade’s tone and Peter tries the pancakes with a dopey grin on his face.

///

They eat their breakfast in a rush: Wade has the leftovers boxed up to go, and together they leave the diner out into the light misting rain that’s settled over Brooklyn.

Wade pulls his hood up higher, medical mask in place, and he even goes so far as to procure a pair of red sunglasses from his pocket and slip them on. He’s completely covered, looks threatening and huge, but to Peter he’s safety and comfort and laughing until your stomach hurts and coffee with cream and late night movie binges with Chinese take out.

Wade’s become a familiarity that Peter doesn’t want to live without.

“My place?” Peter asks, a small part of him expecting Wade to decline.

Instead Wade faces him, and even with his entire face covered Peter can tell he’s smiling something soft.

“Lead the way,” Wade says.

So Peter does.

///

He has four missed calls from Natasha, two emails from Vanessa, a text from MJ asking if she left her sock, and a singular text from Ellie (how she got his number, he doesn’t know) asking him if he can buy her alcohol before their dress rehearsal.

Shit.

Shit!

“*Shit*,” Peter hisses and Wade looks up from where he’d been stacking the leftover containers into Peter’s fridge, “I had a rehearsal today. I totally blanked, *fuck*!”

Wade shrugs, tossing his sunglasses carelessly onto Peter’s counter and striding over to him, placing his large hands on Peter’s shoulders and rubbing consolingly.

“So say you were sick,” he says, “the show isn’t until Wednesday, right now it’s finalizing the clothes and making sure tech works, you didn’t miss out on anything crucial. I haven’t even looked at my phone yet. I’m pretty sure I’ve missed every meeting in the world. But the world’s still turnin’, ain’t it?”

Peter looks up at Wade, beseeching.

“Promise I didn’t fuck anything up?” he asks, and he’s not just talking about missed rehearsals.

He’s ashamed and horribly guilty, but Wade nods, leaning forward to kiss Peter’s forehead, then his cheek, then his nose, each touch making Peter’s heart beat that much faster.

“Promise,” Wade whispers, pulling back but not far, still close enough that Peter can see the grey in his eyes and feel his breath on his skin.

Peter swallows, promptly forgetting about being late to anything, Wade’s grip on his shoulders still there and burning through the fabric of the hoodie. Of *Wade’s* hoodie that Peter is currently wearing.

Fuck.

“Hey,” Peter says, and Wade’s gaze is blazing fire and turning Peter’s blood to brimstone, “can I kiss you?”

Wade takes a breath, his attention on Peter never waving. He nods, just a minuscule motion, before his hands slide from Peter’s shoulder’s to his favorite position on his neck, holding him delicately still, so that Wade can tilt his head and align their lips together.

It isn’t an awakening.

It isn’t explosions and fireworks or anything like that.

At first it’s warm, and soft, and skin on skin.

But it’s the knowledge that this is *Wade*, that this is the man Peter’s been dying over for *weeks*, that makes this so important.

It’s the feeling of relief, of excitement, of working and wanting and wishing for something only to have it finally fulfilled.

It’s rewarding.

Peter sighs into it, relaxes like wax to a flame, and he grips Wade’s hips to both balance himself and sway closer. Wade's lips are soft in some places where the scarring has healed over well, and rougher in others, but it's a contradicting mix of textures that has tingles zipping down Peter's spine. The kiss is a gentle thing, with a hint of pressure, before Wade is pulling back and searching Peter’s face for an answer to a question he didn’t ask. It’s almost like he’s checking to make sure Peter’s still there.

“All right?” Wade asks, voice a little rough, his thumbs smoothing along the sharp line of Peter’s jaw.

“Perfect,” Peter sighs and Wade snorts, Peter’s hands sliding up to rest on his chest, feeling the firm muscle beneath, “but I think I need one more. You know, for research purposes.”

“Hmm, of course,” Wade says already leaning back in.

This one isn’t as careful; they both know what the other feels like.

This one isn’t timid, chaste, or searching. This one is explorative; this one is a little deeper, a little more urgent, because now that they know they’re allowed this it’s become addictive.

One kiss bleeds to two which bleeds to four which bleeds to Peter losing track because Wade’s tongue is swiping against his and his teeth are nipping his bottom lip and Peter can’t focus on anything other than how delicious Wade feels.

“Shit, you’re a good kisser,” Peter groans, one of his hands on Wade’s neck to tug him down for the umpteenth time, “that’s gonna get distracting.”

“If it isn’t already I’m not doing my job,” Wade whispers and his next move makes heat fizzle down Peter’s spine and pool in the pit of his stomach.

Wade’s kept his hands above Peter’s waist, but he’s smoothing them reverently up Peter’s sides, slipping under the bottom of the hoodie occasionally, and when Peter gets to feel Wade’s bare hands on his lower back an embarrassing whine escapes him, every time.

One of the best things about kissing Wade is how *responsive* the other man is.

He’s verbal, Peter’s known Wade likes to talk, but he breaks away to groan a quiet “fuck” or “you’re so good, baby,” and each whisper of desire against Peter’s lips makes him lose a little piece of sanity with every admission.

Wade’s groans are *also* addicting, and he gives a deep rumble when Peter bites his lips, or licks across the line of his mouth, or runs his blunt nails against the back of Wade’s neck. Peter knows that he’s sensitive there too, and he takes full advantage.

They lose so much time.

It’s so *easy* to get lose in Wade.

Peter could kiss him all day and never get bored. He’s content to do just that, but he’s also realizing that he’s getting more and more aroused, and it’s making his jeans reach the point of discomfort. When Wade shifts it’s apparent that he’s in the same boat so with a shuddering sigh of resignation they reluctantly pull apart.

Wade looks as affected as Peter feels, a blush high on his scarred cheeks, eyes nearly swallowed with dark need and his lips are parted and swollen.

“Fuck you’re hot,” Peter groans, planting one last, lingering kiss.

Wade’s hands flex on Peter’s hips beneath the hoodie, and Peter really wouldn’t mind if Wade wanted to take his touch lower. But–

“We’re trying to go slow, right?” Wade asks, peppering small kisses along Peter’s jaw and making

Peter's grip on Wade tighten when he reaches a sensitive bundle of nerves under Peter's ear.

He nips the skin there and Peter can't help the small noise that escapes him.

"That's…yeah, okay, not fair," Peter squirms but Wade's grip on him tightens, holding him still so Wade can continue to lavish his newfound favorite spot on Peter's neck and that's *so hot*–

Wade making Peter stay where he is so he can do what he wants.

It's almost dizzying, how much that turns Peter on.

"You make the best sounds, baby boy," Wade whispers, and his cool breath against the light dampness of the fresh hickie makes Peter's cock twitch, "could listen to you all day."

"Wade," Peter warns and Wade doesn't help de-escalate the situation by growling low when Peter utters his name, "we…fuck, if we don't stop soon I'm going to dry hump you in the middle of my kitchen."

Wade's laugh is strained but he finally pulls away, taking a half step back and shifting a little uncomfortably at the obvious bulge tenting his sweats.

Peter can't help but stare. His mouth goes dry. He really, *really* wants to suck Wade off. Really, really bad. Fuck.

"Okay," Peter sighs, closing his eyes and leaning his head against Wade's chest, Wade's hands moving so that he's hugging Peter to him, and they just stay there for a while, heart rates lowering and breathing evening out.

"This is gonna be hard," Wade says, then laughs, the sound of it creating vibrations against Peter's ear, "hah. Get it? Hard? Cause we're both–"

"Yeah, dude, I get it," Peter interrupts, but he's smiling so it kind of ruins the whole "I'm not bothered" look he was going for.

Wade's hold on his squeezes, and Peter relaxes even further when he feels Wade's headrest delicately on the top of his head.

"This is nice," Wade says, quiet so that the only sound he's competing with is his own heartbeat in Peter's ear and the rain falling against the window's outside, "it's been a long time since I've held someone."

Peter moves closer, nuzzling like a cat in the sun.

"Me too," he admits, and feels nearly overcome.

Wade kisses his hair and begins to hum. Peter isn't sure of the song, he just knows it's soothing all the frayed ends of Peter's emotional state, and Peter lets his eyes close and his body move as Wade sways them gently to the song he's purring.

"Nice dance moves," Peter says after a while of comfortable quiet, and Wade bends down to kiss Peter lightly on the lips.

"I was on *Dancing with the Stars*," Wade admits with a crooked grin, "this is the best I can do."

"Were you really?" Peter asks, pulling back so he can meet Wade's gaze.

“Yup,” Wade says, his hands rubbing up and down the length of Peter’s back, and Peter could definitely fall asleep if this keeps up.

“This is easier than I thought it would be,” Peter confesses, “I was worried it’d be awkward. Or that I ruined something.”

“Nah,” Wade says, kissing Peter over and over until Peter starts to laugh, and then he swallows the sound with a dexterous swipe of his tongue, “only thing I’m worried about is the pancakes not holding their flavor.”

“Well you *did* dump all of the syrup on them,” Peter reminds, and he reaches up to trace gentle, careful touches across the jut of Wade’s cheekbone and chin, just because he can, “so if they’re soggy that’s on you.”

“I’ll make you pancakes one day,” Wade says, “when things settle down. Maybe in Paris. *Ugh*, you ever been to France, Pete?”

“Wade I haven’t been past *Queens*,” Peter replies. Wade’s eyes are sparks in the dim light of his apartment.

“I can’t wait to show you the world,” Wade says, then his expression changes to one of genuine excitement and he rushes to sing before Peter can stop him, “I can show you the world, shimmery shiny carpets–”

“That’s not how it goes,” Peter interrupts and Wade twirls him around and kisses him soundly when he comes back.

“The only way for us to know is to watch it,” Wade informs, “you got Netflix?”

That’s how they spend the day, curled up together on Peter’s pull out, watching Disney movies as the rain pelts down, and they’re comfortable and ignorant in the bubble they’ve created.

///

Reality comes the next morning, when Peter pulls himself out of bed for one last rehearsal before the private show. Peter wishes it hadn't.

Chapter End Notes

hey all! RL has been crazyyy i broke my toe by not moving so send some healing vibes my way pls also thanks for sticking w this fic lol appreciate you all sm!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(also, if there's anything u guys wanna see lmk (esp if it's smut related 'cause i'm always down for ideas), maybe somethin' can make an appearance!)

ALSO this story is officially 100 pages!! whoop whoop

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

baby's first show!!!

Chapter Notes

TW: sexual content, anxiety attacks, depression, you know, all the fun stuff

ALSO BECAUSE OF THIS CHAPTER THE RATING HAS GONE UP! keep that in mind

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Reality comes the next morning, when Peter pulls himself out of bed for one last rehearsal before the private show.

At first it's hard for him to feel anything other than excited. He isn't concerned about how early he needs to wake up, or his emails, or how long of a day this is going to be, because there's a newfound energy to his every move. Turns out Wade can tap into it and make Peter feel like a human being again.

He gets a text from MJ, and one from Ned, and a Gmail alert as he makes his way to his bathroom.

It's from an unknown recipient.

Normally Peter wouldn't even open it, but the subject line makes him pause, "Lets Meet". Peter taps it open as he stands in front of his sink, barely processing words as he blinks the sleep from his eyes. The email is blunt and to the point: "Peter. It's Ajax. We met at the dinner. I'd like to set up a time for us to meet about the picture attached. Adding my assistant to coordinate."

And that was it.

Francis is acting like they've discussed this, like Peter asked him to set up a meeting to talk. Peter doesn't want to meet with Francis. He has nothing to say to Francis. He opens the attachment out of sheer curiosity.

It's a grainy picture from the other day, when Wade and him had been at the diner. Wade's hood is up, he's unrecognizable to anyone who doesn't personally know him. And there's Peter, sitting across from him, looking like a lovesick puppy and it's *violating*, to see this from a source he wasn't aware of.

Something sick settles in his stomach, tight and uncomfortable.

What is Francis trying to say? That he *knows*? That he's watching them?

He should tell Wade, he should, but Wade has so much work on his plate, so many meetings and clients and tabloids to deal with already, is it worth bringing Francis onto his radar too? Especially about something that Peter isn't even sure of?

He doesn't delete the email, like his initial reaction wants him to. Instead he closes the app and stares at his wall, trying to sort through all the emotions that are building in his chest.

It's a problem, maybe, and it's something he doesn't have time to deal with now. He needs to be at their last rehearsal in two hours, and the subway ride there is most of that time. He has to shower, he has to eat, he has to be ready for the day. He can't let himself get in his head over this. Fuck, he'd been in such a good mood too.

He showers and brushes his teeth and even has time to heat up some of the leftover breakfast from yesterday. The pancakes are drowning in syrup and soggy, but the chicken and waffles have held their own. Peter he slips on his shoes in a rushed daze, just about to leave when his phone vibrates in his pocket.

He swipes it open.

> **wade**: eat brekkie!!! in meetinz all day :(lmk wat ur plans r for tonite
>
> **wade**: rly wanna kiss u :*
>
> **wade**: also did i leave my soxs there?

Peter looks over his shoulder to his bed. The sheets are rumpled, the pillows still tossed about. He remembers watching Aladdin on those sheets, Wade's head resting on his thighs as Peter ran his fingers over the scars and divots on the other man's scalp.

He remembers Wade pulling him down for a deep kiss that bled into another and then another, and he remembers Wade sitting up and Peter straddling him without any instruction, simply because he wanted to be as close to Wade as possible and relished in how flushed Wade looked because of it. He remembers them kissing and grinding and cumming in their jeans like teenagers and shit what did Wade ask?

Oh, right socks.

Peter focuses.

> **peter**: are they the tie dye ones?

Peter hopes the anxiety that's clawing for attention settles soon.

wade: u kno it

///

The day is long.

Peter was right about that. But it's a good rehearsal, and Peter feels confident about his walk. They end the day at around five, and Peter's about to change when Shatter approaches him, a skip to his step that makes Peter suspicious.

"Hey," Peter says as Shatter sidles up beside him, "what's up, buddy?"

"You," Shatter coos, bopping Peter on the nose, "are comin' with me."

"Uh, why?" Peter asks, kind of really wanting to leave so he can see Wade.

He's been dying to kiss the man all day, maybe a little more than kiss, and Wade's texts updating Peter on his every dirty thought certainly haven't helped with Peter's own level of horniness. He's not sure he's ever been *this* into somebody before. It's intoxicating, the best kind of drunk, because it feels giddy and freeing minus the hangovers and vomit.

"Wade wants some updates to your look," Shatter tells him, hooking his elbow around Peter's and steering them away from behind the stage and into a separate, private fitting room.

It's large, with huge standing mirrors and white lights, the walls lined with clothing racks that are filled with garments.

Peter stands awkwardly, shifting on his feet as Shatter rummages about and then approaches Peter with a handful of fake moss and different packages of tights. Peter can't help the smile that graces his lips.

"Oh, he was serious," Peter laughs and Shatter clicks his tongue.

"He's *always* serious about you," Shatter says nonchalantly, unaware of how that makes Peter's heart flip. "He also suggested you wear fishnets with this look? I have a few colors we can try out. I think he's leaning towards yellow, so I have some extra tights if you want them. They'd look great on you."

Peter has a moment, one filled with trepidation, where he wonders if Shatter knows that him and Wade are together.

He knows Wade wants them to keep it low-key, but he's also aware of how important Wade's team is to him, like his own rag tag little family, and even though Wade complains about Shatter religiously he knows the other man still cares for him.

So did Wade tell anyone?

And *that* line of thought makes Peter think of Vanessa, who he hasn't seen at all today, and anxiety rises in his throat and threatens to choke him. He hadn't thought about Vanessa. He hasn't had time to think about him and Wade being together causing anyone hurt. But he remembers Vanessa's smile and soft look when she saw that picture of Wade and now he feels gross.

He feels like he did something wrong but rationally he knows he didn't. Right?

"Is it hot in here?" Peter asks faintly.

Shatter barely bats an eye from where he's stuffing the moss into Ziplocs along with the tights.

"No," he says and holds out the materials for Peter to take, which he does, belatedly and with a faint sort of feeling in his chest. "But you look super pale. Are you going to throw up?"

"I hope not," Peter says, taking the belongings and trying to focus on them.

"Take those to Wade," Shatter tells him, "he told me to tell you to meet him."

"Okay," Peter feels like he's on autopilot.

Shatter's watching him carefully, head tilted to the side, his eyes narrowing and yellow contacts looking bizarre in the dressing room light.

"You're acting weirder than usual," Shatter tells him, "what's up?"

"Nothing! Nothing, it's all good, I'm good, so can I go?"

Shatter looks like he can't decide whether he wants to laugh at Peter or coddle him in a blanket.

"I haven't given you the address yet," Shatter explains, "you don't have a location."

Peter's sweating.

He's freaking himself out into an anxiety attack that doesn't need to happen. Fuck. He needs to talk to Wade. He needs to know, with definite clarity, that Vanessa is over their past relationship. (That Wade is over it). Peter doesn't believe she is.

"Right," Peter agrees, then waits.

Shatter sighs, crossing his arms he says, "it's on 90 Bedford Street in the West Village. Take those, Wade will add them to your outfit. Get changed, I'll pack it up for you."

There's a voice in the back of Peter's head whispering to him that this is Vanessa's job. *She's* the one who makes the runs, not the models. Not the models who don't know what they're doing.

Something's off.

Something's *been* off, for *weeks*, and Peter isn't sure if it relates to him or not but his anxiety sure likes to think it's his fault.

"Hey, Shatter, where's Vanessa?" Peter asks.

Shatter looks up from his phone, pink nails hovering pre-text.

"Paris," he says, like it's obvious, "she's setting up for Fashion Week. Didn't you get the email?"

"Oh, yeah, totally I just forgot," Peter covers and it's lame even to himself.

Thankfully Shatter's too busy texting to really give a fuck about Peter being weird, so he just nods and hums as he pushes past Peter to leave.

"Cool, that's cool, leave your clothes on the rack, I'll pack them up," Shatter tosses over his

shoulder before the dressing room door closes and Peter has to sit down.

Why is he freaking out?

Why can't he be chill about this? Literally nothing's happened and yet he's convinced the world's going to end and it's his fault. It's his fault. He's going to hurt people and it's his fault. It's his–

His phone buzzes in his hand and he brings it eyelevel.

wade: did shitter give u the moss? if ur tired i can have Yukio grab it 4 u just wanted an excuse 2 c u

Barely a minute goes by and another text appears:

wade: if ur stressed i know 4 a fact that blowjobs help relieve tension

Peter smiles but it quickly fades when his anxiety takes him into the rabbit hole of: "why does Wade know that?" "*How* does Wade know that?" "Did Vanessa do that for him?" "Is this relationship just like his and Vanessa's?" "Am I replacing Vanessa?" "Am *I* a bookmark?"

Any happiness, any energy, that Peter had is gone.

He feels oddly hollow and wrung out. He can't focus on anything. It's scary, how viscerally he can feel all the motivation leave his body, like someone just sucked it out.

What if he's just a new Vanessa? What then? Maybe Harry is what Peter deserves? Maybe that's the best he can do?

Peter feels like he's going to cry but the tears don't come. The tight feeling in his throat and chest do though, and he tries to focus on deep breaths so he can get home and have no one ask any questions like "why are your eyes so red" or "have you been crying"?

He needs to get out of here.

peter: do you mind sending Yukio? exhausted need to sleep before the show tomorrow sorry

He turns his phone off, strips, hangs up the clothes, and leaves.

///

It’s raining because of course it is.

Peter *hates* his depression. He hates his anxiety. And he hates how his mind takes him to a graveyard which gates are locked and bolted for the night. He tries to squint through the downpour, tries to imagine that he can see Aunt May in the fog. He can’t, and he leaves with the water chilling him down to his bones.

That’s a dangerous train of thought, and it takes him to his apartment in a stupor. He should reach out to MJ. She’s been texting him. He could even reach out to Harry, because for how bad their relationship ended he had always been good at dropping everything and coming to help.

Or he should call Wade, and talk with him, and ease the horrible anxiety that’s threatening to upend his entire life in one night? He gets into his apartment, throws his backpack onto his pull out couch and collapses, wet clothes and all, onto his “bed”. It creaks loudly under him, the springs evidently getting old, and for some reason this is what breaks him.

Who would have thought that his shitty couch-bed would reduce him down to an uncontrollable mess of tears? Why is he crying in the first place? He feels like he can’t find his footing anywhere, and it’s driving him mad with frustration and frantic helplessness. He wants someone to come to him; he doesn’t have the energy or resolve to reach out for support himself.

He has his first walk tomorrow, what the *fuck* is he doing?

That thought has him crying harder because *shit* he has such a big day tomorrow holy *fuck* how did he get here, how did he get *anywhere*?

He’s walking in a huge runway debut and last month he could barely get through the day without stubbing his toe. He fists his hands in his sheets and tries not to make a sound as he sobs. He’s used to being quiet when he’s upset, either to not worry Aunt May or feel like a burden to his friends, so it’s probably strange and not healthy that he’s lost the ability to make sound with just himself.

A knock on the door interrupts his stupor and at first Peter doesn’t think it’s directed to him. It’s the neighbors having people over or something, who the hell would come here? So Peter burrows deeper into his pillows with a wet broken sound before the knock comes again. And again, and again until it sounds like it’s banging the tune of Star Wars Empire Strikes Back and Peter pushes himself off his dumb sofa bed and wobbles to the door. He fans his eyes to at least dry some of the tears, dabbing the wet trails on his cheeks so not to make them even more flushed, and peeks through the peep hole in his door.

He’s not expecting to see Wade on the other side and it looks like he’s going to start another round of knocks before Peter wrenches the door open and Wade’s hand freezes mid-air.

“Hey,” Wade says gently, taking Peter in, and Peter feels worse because Wade is wet from the rain and his eyes are dark from exhaustion and Peter’s the *most horrible person in the world* to make Wade worry over him.

Wade doesn’t deserve this.

“I’m sorry,” Peter says and when Wade’s expression morphs into more concerned confusion Peter almost starts crying again, “if I made you worry. My phone died but I’m okay, really. You didn’t need to come over. Actually, can you not just show up without asking next time?”

Wade looks contrite, but he holds his own.

“Won’t happen again,” Wade says, blue eyes flittering across Peter’s face, “but I tried to call you to

let you know you left your wallet with Shatter. And he texted you multiple times with no answer, and then MJ messaged me on Facebook to tell me that she hasn't heard from you all day and that she was worried and I–I'm sorry, if I'm putting my shit on you, but if I'm in a dark place I isolate and this…this was way too familiar so. Uh, are you okay? I'll go, if you want me to, but here's your wallet and I can buy you dinner?"

Peter takes his wallet with guilty, heavy hands.

Then he starts crying again.

"Oh baby," Wade hums, and Peter can tell he wants to reach for him so he closes the distance himself and burrows into Wade's chest.

It's funny, now that Wade's here Peter doesn't want him to leave. He can't fathom ending things. He doesn't *want* to end things. Fuck, was this all he needed? A hug? Someone to show they care? Wow, he's so miserable.

"Petey, baby boy," Wade whispers, kissing his hair and wrapping strong arms around him, and Peter's never felt so encased by another person before, "my beautiful Princess dove. What's got you so glum, sugarplum?"

Peter can't talk about it now. He can't. He doesn't have the emotional wingspan to regurgitate the whole day for Wade. He wants to, he does, but he doesn't have it in him right now. He shakes his head, Wade's jaw brushing his forehead with the movement.

"I'll tell you another time," Peter says, words muffled into Wade's jacket, "I promise. I just. Can't. Right now."

"Okay," Wade says easily, "what will help? Me leaving?"

Peter fists Wade's jacket tighter, because while that had been Peter's solution all day it's proving to be the wrong one. He shakes his head, feeling like a child, ashamed at his display of emotions, especially when Wade has to be as tired as him.

"Do you have work to do tonight?" Peter asks.

"Yeah," Wade sighs, and guilt needles its way deeper into Peter's bloodstream, "but I can hang for a bit. Don't wanna leave you like this honey. You know what fixes everything besides chemical imbalances? Hugs. Who knows maybe hugs can fix that too?"

Peter huffs a laugh and pulls away to let Wade actually step into his apartment and out of the hallway. Wade closes the door and sheds his jacket casually, like he's done it a million times before, and his level of comfort in Peter's space is strangely reassuring. The tight black shirt he's wearing is also very distracting.

"I'm sorry," Peter feels the need to say, wiping at his eyes and feeling how tired they are, "I didn't mean to make everyone freak out. I turned my phone off an hour or so ago."

"Too much?"

Peter nods.

"Yeah."

Wade hums and walks over, taking Peter's hands in his he splays out their fingers and traces Peter's

knuckles with a thoughtful expression.

“Is it okay if I’m here right now?” Wade asks, and Peter watches as Wade plays with their hands.

“Yeah,” Peter says, “if you need to work I understand. I can order us a pizza or something.”

Wade’s expressions brightens.

“I’ll pay!” he exclaims, newfound energy taking Peter by surprise as Wade pulls out his phone, “And do you mind if I answer some boring ass emails? Ness is in Paris and the time difference fucking sucks for conference calls.”

Ness. Vanessa. Oh. Damn, is that word like a fucking trigger now? Peter needs to get the hell over himself.

Wade is *choosing* to be with him. Wade is here, right now, in his apartment.

Him and Vanessa have a past together, but most importantly they’re friends. Peter needs to stop comparing his one-month relationship to one that’s lasted at least ten years. It’s not fair to himself, or to Wade, who is always so present with Peter. And now that Peter’s looking he can see the bags under Wade’s eyes, his scars more pronounced and dry. Even his smile seems drained, tired, and Peter should get a dollar for every time he feels guilty.

“Hey,” Peter says, reaching out to tug Wade to him, letting his hands slide around Wade’s waist to settle on his lower back, “how are you?”

Wade blinks, seeming surprised that Peter even asked, and Peter’s gonna have to remember to spoil Wade a lot more because if the guy is caught off guard by Peter asking how he’s doing then Peter really needs to step up his boyfriend game.

Wow. Boyfriend. Are they boyfriends? Peter’s never heard Wade say it, and he’s never thought it until now, but they are, by definition they are, and it makes a balloon of excitement stuff some of the depression away.

“I’m right as rain, baby,” Wade tries but Peter shoots him a flat look and pinches him lightly through his shirt, “ow–hey! What?”

“It’s okay if you’re tired,” Peter says, “I want to take care of you too. That’s how relationships work buddy; it’s a two-way street. You’re buying me pizza, how can I help you? Want a massage? Cuddles? A blowjob?”

Wade looks genuinely distressed. It’s the opposite of the reaction Peter was going for.

“Or not! Joking! Sorry, uh, we can just do pizza? What’d you do today, Shatter showed me the moss–”

Peter doesn’t finish because Wade’s kissing him, his tongue curling expertly into Peter’s mouth and licking up the words Peter had been trying to vocalize like ice cream. It’s so natural to open up to Wade, and Peter’s grip on his waist tightens immeasurably as Wade’s own hands settle just above Peter’s ass, pulling them flush together.

Wade breaks the kiss like it’s nothing, even as Peter’s whole world kind of tilts and adrenaline spikes his blood. He tries to follow Wade’s mouth but Wade side steps him, kissing Peter’s cheek instead and then following an invisible path to his ear. Peter shivers, and feels a little frustrated, because *he’s* supposed to be taking care of Wade and relieving stress for *him*, *not* the other way

around, dammit.

“Wade,” Peter honest to God whines, like he’s a child, “c’mon, I wanna make you feel good.”

Wade bites Peter’s ear and shit, this isn’t fair *at all*–

“What makes you think I don’t feel good now?” Wade asks against Peter’s skin, and grinds his very hard erection into Peter’s hip. “I get off on making *you* feel good Petey.”

Peter can’t wrap his mind around that. It’s the same for him, because just the thought of worshipping Wade’s entire body has him dizzy, but he can’t remember a time when someone else had been turned on so fast at making Peter feel good. “Huh,” Peter gasps because Wade’s biting his neck and then Peter remembers he has a *fucking fashion show tomorrow*–“Wade, no bites.”

Wade groans in frustration, a similar fashion to Peter’s earlier whine, and pulls back with a vindictive nip that makes Peter claw at Wade’s stupid cheetah print belt.

“What’s up, baby?” Wade laughs, pulling back to look Peter in the eyes and still his hands with way too much poise, “what do you want?”

God, Wade’s voice is rough gravel and crushed velvet and it’s making Peter hot all over. This teasing? New kink, very much unlocked, very much appreciated. Peter can’t help but wonder Wade’s kinks, what will make him a boneless puddle like Peter currently is.

“I wanna suck you off,” Peter whines again, tugging at Wade’s belt loops petulantly, “but you’re really making it difficult.”

Wade laughs again, eyes crinkling.

“Aw, you’re blaming *me*?” he asks and Peter shivers when Wade’s hands move up and under Peter’s shirt, the rough texture of his fingers feeling wonderful on Peter’s bare skin. “Maybe you’re not trying hard enough, honey.”

Oh, *game on*.

Peter doesn’t answer. He just drops to his knees.

It’s the most rewarding thing, to see how wide Wade’s eyes get, to notice the deep flush that stains his cheeks and makes his blue gaze bluer. Or darker, by the way his pupils have blown. He looks surprised, and dangerous, and unbelievably turned on.

“Oh,” Wade breathes, rough and to himself, “*fuck*.”

Peter can’t help the slow smile that curls his lips. He tugs Wade’s belt off the rest of the way, rougher than necessary, and tosses it behind him, never breaking his gaze from Wade’s. His mouth feels ridiculously dry, heart pounding in his chest, but he’s also so *fucking excited* to suck Wade off it’s absurd.

Guess he found a way to make Wade speechless. And he hasn’t even started yet. Maybe Wade gets off on teasing just as much as Peter. That’s a *great* compatible kink they’re definitely going to explore. But for now Peter’s about to crawl out of his skin, his hands shaking with both nerves and eagerness as he unbuttons Wade’s trousers, Wade’s cock already tenting against the soft fabric.

Peter’s own twitches in his jeans, and denim is never a comfortable texture against a hard on but it somehow adds to the whole experience, makes it more real and Peter sighs as he nuzzles against

Wade's firm thigh.

Wade doesn't appear to be breathing and Peter laughs gently as he slowly pulls Wade's pants down.

"Breathe baby," Peter reminds and Wade takes a huge, heaving gasp and then forgets how to do it again.

Wow, Peter's *so* attracted to him.

And he can smell Wade's arousal, it strengthens his own, and he knows there's probably a more comfortable place to do this, one where Wade can sit down and where Peter can get a pillow under his knees but Peter can't find the resolve to break any part of this electricity between them. He doesn't want to. The pain in his knees only adds to his own desire and he takes a breath as he hooks his fingers in the waistband of Wade's pink briefs. They're trimmed with lace.

It's…God, Peter could cum right fucking now–

He can't help it; he kisses Wade's stomach, runs his tongue over Wade's hipbone. Wade takes a shuddering breath above him, hands landing lightly on Peter's shoulders, then the side of his neck, like he doesn't know where to put them.

"You're so hot, Wade," Peter groans, kissing the lace of Wade's briefs, "fuck, lace is so good on you."

Wade's hands flex on his shoulders, nails digging in, not in any way painful for Peter but enough that it seems to anchor Wade a little.

"You're gonna kill me," Wade strains, his voice wrecked and Peter hasn't even sucked him yet, "swear to Gaga, Pete, I'm gonna die right here."

"Not before I taste you," Peter says and tears Wade's underwear down to his knees.

Wade's *been* hard, and his cock bobs up and slaps against Peter's cheek. It's kind of ridiculous *and* hot so Peter lets out a half laugh half moan but Wade just makes that dying noise again and lets his fingers tangle in Peter's hair.

It makes Peter go a little boneless.

"*Yes*," Peter sighs, kissing the side of Wade's cock and letting his eyes flutter closed, "please pull my hair."

"Shit," Wade groans, but does as Peter says.

Wade has a really nice cock. It's long and thick, a little curved, and he's already so wet that Peter feels the trail it left drying on his cheek. Fuck, *fuck*, Peter's teasing both of them by not taking Wade immediately into his throat, and he chooses instead to kiss lightly at Wade's dick, then licks down, and Wade's fingers tighten almost painfully in Peter's hair.

Peter's cock twitches.

He shifts closer on his knees, rising up so that his hands are spread out over Wade's ass. He glances up at Wade, giving the man an out if he's having any second thoughts. Wade's expression is fire and heat and *burning* so Peter opens his mouth and gets to work.

He kind of loses time, since he isn't focused on anything other than Wade, and how Wade feels, and how Wade tastes, and how Wade's *responding*.

If Peter thought Wade was responsive when they were making out and dry humping it's nothing compared to this. Wade's hands are always in motion, either gripping Peter's hair or caressing his jaw or even, at one fleeting moment, brushing reverentially over his throat. It's *that one* that has Peter unzipping his jeans with one hand, fumbling to get his cock out of his underwear, and he's so wet that he doesn't even need spit.

Wade lets out a deep rumbling noise and Peter blinks through watery eyes to take in Wade's expression, Wade's eyes are intense and zeroed in on where Peter's touching himself.

"God damn, baby boy look at you," Wade whispers, enrapt, and his large hands come up to frame Peter's face, pulling his head back so that Peter's lips are wrapped around the head of his cock.

The slight show of control has Peter moaning around Wade, and Wade's grip on him tightens at the vibrations.

"Fucking–*damn*, you're so good," Wade says, and he sounds strained, his thighs shaking, so Peter sucks harder, suddenly desperate for Wade to cum, "you like being on your knees for me baby? You like sucking me off?"

"Mmmh," Peter moans, agreeing, spurred on, Wade's dirty talk and Wade's taste making the pressure build deliciously in his groin.

God, he *sounds* wet, and he focuses all his energy on relaxing his throat so he can take Wade deeper. He has to fight the initial surge of panic that something is almost choking him, but once he fights that he swallows Wade easily. The noise Wade makes is the most broken, loud sound Peter's ever heard, and Peter meets Wade's eyes as he slowly, purposefully, moves his hands so that they're folded behind his back instead.

Wade's breathing stops.

There's a heavy moment of stillness, one where Wade lets the hint of what Peter's asking settle in, and he cautiously moves his hands to cradle Peter's jaw and let his fingers slide into Peter's hair.

He gives a gentle thrust forward, Peter slurping messily around him and Wade relaxes with an appreciative sigh.

"You want me to fuck your throat?" Wade asks, awed and Peter hums, encouraging, "*Fuck*, then I ain't gonna last long. You're so fucking hot baby boy, damn. You're sucking me like you were made for it."

Wade keeps his thrusts shallow and controlled, and Peter understands Wade's hesitation but it isn't necessary. So he opens his mouth as wide as he can, tongue running along the underside of Wade's cock. It's messier this way, saliva slipping down Peter's chin, and that must be too much for Wade because he pulls Peter's head back almost violently.

Peter wants to protest, he wants to swallow Wade's cum, but the words die on his lips as Wade yanks him up and kisses him deeply. Peter wraps his hand around Wade's cock instead, and jerks him that way, spit and precum making the drag easy and Wade's hands push Peter's away so that he's holding both their cocks in his larger hand.

Peter's knees feel weak, he can't imagine how Wade's still standing, but he breaks the kiss to pant into Wade's neck, fingers clutching at Wade's shoulders desperately.

“I almost came four different times,” Wade says into his ear, picking up the pace, and the sound of Wade jerking them off is loud and erotic in the quiet space of Peter’s apartment. Wade’s bigger than him, Peter can feel the difference, and it makes his orgasm approach that much faster, “never gonna forget how good you looked. Crying on my cock, fuck Petey, what do you look like when you fuck? Huh? It’s all I can think about.”

Peter’s panting, breaths coming fast and reckless, and he kisses Wade’s throat to try and get some of his mounting desperation out. He’s *so* close. God, he’s *so close–*

“Have you thought about fucking me?” Peter asks in a punched out rush of breath, Wade’s thumb swiping roughly over the head of his cock, over and over, so sensitive it’s almost painful.

“Baby it’s *all* I think about,” Wade groans, yanking Peter’s head back to make him meet Wade’s eyes and Peter *can’t function*, “I wanna eat your ass *out.* Wanna make you beg for it. You’d beg me, wouldn’t you? You’d be good for me right, baby boy?”

His brain is going to melt out of his ears.

“Oh, *oh god*, Wade,” Peter whines, nails digging into Wade’s shoulders, legs *shaking–*

“You would be. You’d be *so good*. You’re gonna be good for me now right? *Right*, Peter?”

“*Yes*, yes, *fuck yes–*”

“Then look at me when you cum.”

That–

That’s *it*.

Peter doesn’t remember the last time he came so hard, or so much, but it hits him strong enough that he loses air and can only shake and ride it out. Wade’s arms are wrapped tight around him and Peter can feel when Wade cums to, warm and wet against his own spent dick. Wade tucks his face into Peter’s neck, his breath fanning out in gasping puffs that makes Peter’s skin tingle.

“Wow,” Peter pants, laughing as he looks down at the mess they made, “shit.”

Wade plants kisses up Peter’s neck to capture his lips, and they sway together, pants down to their knees and cum drying cool between them.

“Shower?” Wade asks and Peter nods, breathless.

“We can try,” he says.

Peter’s shower is small. Especially with two grown men pressed inside, but they make it work.

They’re gonna make it work.

///

Peter wakes up alone, and even though it's expected it's still disappointing.

Wade had stayed until Peter fell asleep, and Peter vaguely remembers Wade tucking him in and leaving with Friends playing in the background.

It's seven am, and Peter heads to Natasha's. One last yoga session, one last stiletto practice, and then they're all being picked up and taken to location. And then rehearsal, and then the show and then cocktail hour and then Peter can go home and sleep for ten hours. Hopefully more.

God he's tired, but he's also excited, and Wade's right, blowjobs really help relieve tension. So does cuddling, and Netflix, and falling asleep with someone you trust. It's been too long since Peter had someone in his bed. He'd forgotten how nice it is to sleep feeling someone warm and pliant beside you. And Wade loves playing with Peter's hair so it's a win all around, really.

Vanessa had sent Peter his schedule for today at 3am, along with his itinerary for the month of February and March. Paris is in red, February 25–March 5, and Peter looks at it and can't really believe it.

Under, Vanessa had said: "your passport will arrive in three days. Email me your license, passport, and a voided check. thanks".

Peter's going to Paris.

He's really going.

The first person he wants to tell is Aunt May. The second, of course, is MJ. And then Wade, because he's so beyond grateful to this man.

MJ: OMG HOLY FUK PETER WAT I'M SO JEALOUS CAN I COME TOO OMG ASK WADE IF I CAN COME HE WOULD TOTES LET ME PETER ASK HIM

wade: only the best 4 u!!!!!! as u wish n all that jizz ;)

wade: btw did i leave my undies

Peter's pretty happy.

///

Natasha greets him and immediately throws him onto the mat.

"We don't have time for small talk," she says as he scrambles to follow her hectic energy, "we're running late."

"I was on time," Peter reminds her.

“So was I. Time is relative. Now breathe and hope that Shatter can cover your hickies.”

///

The venue is in a warehouse in Red Hook.

It’s tucked away, near more of a construction site than any of the fun streets, and the smell of the bay is nearly overwhelming. He’s bouncing his knee, nervous but in a good way, and Natasha is glued to her phone texting Domino directions because she left her phone at home but that girl has the best luck out of anyone Peter’s ever met because when their car pulls up to location Domino is sitting out front with a free smoothie and a new friend.

Not even Natasha can hide her smile at that.

Inside is controlled chaos. Controlled, because every one of these models has worked with Wade before, knows the drill, and are basically some of the most chill people Peter’s ever met. Chaos, because at around three in the afternoon the only people outside out paparazzi and reporters trying to sneak in.

Peter’s been texting Wade on and off when he’s had the chance, and he knows Wade’s on his way. Peter needs to keep in mind that he can’t run up and kiss him. He *really* needs to be low key.

And then Shatter sees his neck.

“My *God*, Peter, honey, why couldn’t you have waited until *tonight* to get laid?” he moans, grabbing Peter’s chin and moving his head this way and that, “Ugh, this is gonna be *so* annoying.”

“Can’t you cover it with moss?” Peter asks, trying to hide his annoyance at Shatter manhandling his face.

Shatter stills, and then his eyes light up.

“Oh, can I ever,” he says and Peter regrets any idea he might have planted in the guy’s head.

“It looks like you got attacked by an octopus,” Ellie tells him from where she’s sitting on one of the vanities, idly handing Domino any makeup brushes she may need.

“Thanks,” Peter says, really not wanting to talk about his hickies anymore.

Dammit Wade.

“I think he looks cute,” Domino pipes in, winking at Peter conspiratorially.

He’s starting to suspect that Domino knows. He didn’t tell her, and he knows Wade hasn’t told anyone, but she kind of has a sixth sense about these things and if she’s working together with Natasha then Peter and Wade are screwed.

“Whoever you fucked is a biter,” Shatter comments, and him and Ellie share a look that shows how long they’ve known each other, “got some good canines.”

“Can we *not* talk about this?” Peter asks, trying really hard to keep still as Shatter applies a good amount of foundation to his face.

“Boy, we’ve never once talked about your sex life,” Shatter hisses, “I talk about mine all the time!”

“We never ask you to,” Ellie says, kicking her feet and resting her head in her hand, “you just decide to tell everyone you got laid.”

Shatter shrugs, indifferent.

“It’s important and you all should always be happy for me,” Shatter responds.

“I’ll *never* be happy for you at four am on a Sunday,” Ellie retorts and the two fall into a familiar banter that Peter’s grateful to zone out.

He tries to squash any hurt at not being involved in the group chats the other models talk about. He’s new, and he doesn’t know them. He hasn’t really tried to get to know them really, always going home after rehearsals, and after Peter’s fourth decline they’ve stopped inviting him to get drinks.

Peter doesn’t blame them. He’s just mad at himself.

///

Wade arrives in a flurry.

One second it’s silent backstage, the nervous energy mounting as time gets closer (and Peter meets Yukio, Vanessa’s assistant, and she’s so sweet and calm, Peter really likes her), when Wade’s barging through the back doors, Cable trailing behind him, a ridiculously large feathered boa around his neck and intense diamond boots adorning his long legs.

“Wow! You all look *amazing*!” Wade exclaims, his Deadpool mask pulled in place but he walks up to everyone, talks with them all, and the nerves fade to one of genuine excitement under Wade’s overflowing vault of compliments.

“Yukio! Where’s the music? It’s like a fucking warzone, this ain’t the military, get some Solange playing or somethin’– thank you darling!”

Then Wade’s sauntering over to Peter and bending down so that he can pitch his voice low enough for no one else to hear.

“You look breathtaking,” he whispers, and Peter has to cross his arms so he doesn’t reach out and touch Wade inappropriately, “you’re gonna kill this, honey. Strut your stuff, own that stage, I’m so proud of you.”

Peter…wasn’t prepared for that.

He was expecting more crude humor, or some dirty talk, or maybe a mix of both, but he’s caught off guard by the fondness of Wade’s tone and the sincerity in which he speaks it.

“Thank you,” Peter smiles, and Wade grabs his hand, squeezing it briefly, before turning to Natasha with a flourish that makes the red head grimace.

“Stay away from me,” she tells him, “you’re covered in glitter.”

“Thanks, Elton John threw up on me.”

///

The show passes in a rush.

It’s in no way like the big stages, with thumping music and a huge audience and TV outlets. This is low-key, much more relaxed than Peter was expecting. It feels like the rehearsals, except there’s different magazine reporters and designers sitting at the end of the walkway, taking notes, taking pictures, and it’s over in a rush.

Peter feels like it barely happened. Before he went on he was sweating like crazy, a livewire of nerves and adrenaline, and then it was over in less time than it took for Peter to mentally freak out over it. Domino closed the show and Peter stood and cheered for her from backstage and then–

That was it.

They kept their outfits on for the cocktail hour, which was held in the same space, and this time there was more people invited in, but only if they had special press passes. Peter tried to pinpoint Wade but he was a whirlwind of movement, flitting between every person in the room, and Peter didn’t know how big of a deal this private show is until now.

Everyone is drawn to Wade, eager moths to an open flame, and Peter is magnetized by Wade’s charisma from across the room. He’s never felt like this about someone before. He’s never been so proud? So impressed? It’s a wild mixture of emotions and Peter sips his pink drink with gold specks floating inside and is content to watch Wade forever.

“He’s something else, isn’t he?” a familiar voice asks and Peter turns so sharply he almost spills his drink onto his outfit.

And that would be horrible, because this is one of his favorite looks Wade’s designed for him.

Francis is standing beside him, a contemplative look on his handsome features as he regards Wade moving about, the music echoing around the venue’s tightly enclosed space.

“Did you get my email?” Francis asks, turning to face Peter, and angling himself to that Peter can’t see Wade.

Subtle.

“Yeah,” Peter says, not wanting to be here but also not caring enough to leave, “and don’t know what you want me to do with it.”

Francis smiles, and sips delicately at his drink. He shrugs, casual, like him and Peter are discussing the weather and not tiptoeing around the fact that Francis may be trying to blackmail Peter.

“Whatever you want to do with it,” Francis responds easily, and his off brand vague nature makes Peter want to slap him, “honestly, Peter, I’m not trying to pull anything.”

“I find that incredibly hard to believe,” Peter says, and Francis looks a little dejected, turning his attention to the moss on Peter’s left shoulder.

It's very…shy. It doesn't seem right, but Peter immediately feels bad. He knows that Wade and Francis' past are messy. He knows people can grow and change, himself for example. But he doesn't like Francis' way of talking in circles.

"I found that picture online," Francis tells him, softly, "I wanted you to know. If you want to keep this…thing between you two under wraps you need to be more careful."

"Oh," Peter says, wanting to down his drink but resisting the urge. "Thank you. Then, for sending that to me."

Francis smiles, and then holds out his hand. Peter eyes it warily.

"We got off on the wrong foot," Francis says, "most of it was my fault. I'm Francis, I go by Ajax. It's nice to meet you."

Peter's stunned. He shakes Francis' hand, still feeling like he's not talking to the same person.

"You did great," Francis tells him, gesturing over his shoulder to where people are lounging on the runway, "really sold the look."

Peter blushes, still not used to compliments and trying to work on receiving them.

"Thanks," he says, and means it. "I felt like I was gonna fall at any moment."

Francis cracks a grin.

"I bet," he acknowledges, "my first show was a disaster."

"You modeled?" Peter asks, feeling the tension seeping from his own stance, his guard wavering because this version of Francis is charming and companionable.

It's a nice change.

"For a bit," Francis shrugs, "then took my hand to marketing instead. Listen, tell Wade I said congrats on a great first show. I get how nerve-wracking these events can be. Vanessa is always the best at handling it, isn't she?"

Peter really needs to stop getting in his head over people mentioning Vanessa. He's going to be in contact with her, he's going to be in Paris with her, this jealousy needs to stop. It's getting out of control.

"Yeah, she's great," Peter agrees.

"I remember when they first started up together," Francis laughs, like he's reliving a particularly humorous memory, "God, I've never seen two people that into each other before."

Well fuck it, Peter's going to get drunk. He downs the rest of his champagne.

"I'm sure they were cute together," Peter says.

Francis looks a little surprised, eyes narrowing.

"They're not anymore?" he asks, genuinely confused.

"No," Peter says, the words tight, "no, not for six months or so."

“Oh, so this thing between you two, she knows?” Francis wonders. “I only ask ‘cause they break up all the time, get back together all the time. Are you and Wade exclusive?”

Peter isn’t sure. They’ve never talked about it. He grips the stem of his glass so tight it’s a wonder the glass doesn’t shatter. When Peter takes too long to answer Francis shoots him a sympathetic smile.

“Take care of yourself Peter Parker,” Francis tells him, “if things don’t work out with Wade give me a call.”

Peter opens and closes his mouth but Francis thankfully doesn’t wait for an answer. He nods a goodbye and disappears into the crowd. Peter’s left standing, alone, empty glass in hand. He feels…hollow. His eyes flit to Wade, who’s surrounded by models, photographers, people of his world. He’s radiant, in the mass of it.

And Peter…

Peter slips away and no one is the wiser.

Chapter End Notes

thanks so much everyone for sticking with me!!! love u all! xx

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

TW: explicit sexual themes with Dom/Sub elements. if that ain't your thing skip the end? then read the last line lol also homelessness and depression

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The train is cold but outside is colder.

Wade isn't going to complain. If he complained about the cold then he'd have to scream about the eviction and debt and bills and how he hasn't eaten in two days and that he kind of really wants to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge and end it–

So.

No.

He isn't going to complain. The cold is easy.

///

"And you have your passport?" Vanessa asks.

Wade taps her on speakerphone as he scrolls through the pictures of the various amounts of parties, shows, and press lunches he has to attend. He's tried to get out of it. Really, he has, but he also really wants to experience a full fashion week with Peter and he knows how much that guy likes free fancy food.

"Yes ma'am," he says offhandedly, squinting at his iPad, "fuck. Why are we after Margiela?"

Vanessa sighs, and Wade can hear the intense shuffle of paperwork.

"Where are you?" she asks.

"The 27th," Wade answers, but he's already on another page, "1400. I thought we were sticking to the night slots."

"Couldn't get you at night for the 27th," Vanessa says patiently, but Wade's known her long enough to be able to tell she's five minutes away from either strangling him or crying, "if you want

to have your two shows, which is unheard of, then one is at 1400 and the second is 1930 after Dior."

"Where is this again?"

"Fédération Françoise de la couture," Vanessa says perfectly, "Wade I sent you all of this."

"Just testing you sweaty," Wade hums, swiping through the photos Shatter took of the fittings last week, "this moss looks as cool as fuckin' elf shit."

"Yeah it's a nice touch," Vanessa says, distracted as someone walks in and she has to ask them to leave, "laissez s'il vous plaît, une minute."

"Hmm, love when you talk dirty," Wade coos before stilling on the image of Peter, moss green and delicate along the long line of his pale neck.

It makes his brown eyes look gold, makes the flush in his cheeks pinker, and *fuck* Wade misses him. He didn't get a chance to see him after the private show, and he had reached out with only short responses back. After last time and Peter's direct request Wade isn't about to just show up over there. He *is* growing a little concerned, and he does want Peter to be able to have his space, but he misses the younger man.

He hasn't been this into someone since he first met Vanessa, and it's taken him by surprise, to be able to feel like this about someone again. Especially in such a short amount of time. Peter is funny, and hot, and talented, and ridiculously smart, and Wade is simply attracted to every personality trait the guy has.

His eyes are drawn to Peter's sharp jaw and long neck.

The moss can easily cover up anything Wade gives him. It's a thought that has Wade shifting in his seat, and he *isn't* going to get a hard on while he's discussing business with his ex.

"So we're all set?" Wade asks, stretching with a loud groan, "we're good?"

"We're getting there," Vanessa corrects, "I'm going to get some food, and call you in thirty with Eugene. Is Shatter calling in?"

"Yeah, Yukio too."

"Great. Anything you need to tell me before this call? They have the dial in?"

Wade almost blurts out he's dating Peter.

He really wants to tell Vanessa, wants to hear her approval, because even if they have a complicated romantic history she's still his best friend. He's not used to keeping things from her. But, judging by her "this is business only" tone Wade knows it isn't the time. He'll get some wine and surprise her in Paris. She deserves it, for keeping this entire company afloat and dealing with him on a daily basis.

"All good," Wade says, distracted, and Vanessa disconnects the call and Wade sits, staring at Peter's picture, for the next thirty minutes, wondering–*marveling*–at how he deserves all this fortune.

He doesn't think he deserves it.

///

“Hey,” a voice says, but Wade’s having trouble focusing on anything besides the horrible, cramping pain in his stomach, “hey do you need me to call the MTA?”

That gets Wade’s eyes snapping open in panic, and he scrambles up on the hard plastic seats of the subway car. It smells like sour piss and poor bleach, and Wade’s head spins at how quickly he surged up.

A man with a shaved head is looking down at him, a picture of concerned alarm. There’s a woman behind him, who seems to not give a shit about what’s going on as she messes with her razor flip phone.

“Francie lets go,” she sighs, “he’s homeless. Don’t get too close.”

Wade’s used to hearing comments like that. This man, Francis, obviously isn’t, for the way his eyes harden as he turns to address his companion.

“He’s sick Roxy, I can’t leave him.”

“Yes you can or we’ll miss the movie,” Roxy answers, pocketing her phone and wrinkling her nose at Wade’s smell, “lets go.”

The man looks back and forth between Wade and his girlfriend. Wade’s pretty sure this has got to be the most humiliating thing to happen to him within the last hour. And that’s saying a lot, considering he’s grown so accustomed to his own stench that he’s only noticing it for the first time since this Roxy bitch is commenting on it.

“Go man,” Wade sighs, settling back on the plastic seats, “I’m fine. But if you can spare some gum or like, a cigarette I’d really appreciate it. Or if you wanna beat me up like those rowdy youths I’m gonna have to ask you give me five dollars. It’s a pretty hot deal.”

Wade’s only joking a little, and the bitterness of his situation has settled into his tone. He doesn’t have it as bad as others, he’s only been on the streets a little over a week, but already he’s starting to feel himself fray at the edges.

“Okay,” Francis sighs, and for a second Wade thinks the guy’s gonna listen to him and Roxy and leave, “lets get you up.”

Wade blinks. Roxy’s mouth drops open comically.

“Ugh, what?” Wade asks.

“Yeah Francis, *what the fuck*? He could have, like, rabies or something! He could be a psychopath! He could rob you–”

“Good thing I’m broke,” Francis interrupts and he stands with a huff and holds his hand out for Wade to take, “c’mon. Least I can do is let you shower and use my laptop to make a resume so you can get a job. The shelter’s around here are shit, and they’ll be full by this time of night anyway.”

When Wade doesn't move immediately, just keeps staring at Francis like he's batshit, and the guy *must* be batshit because even Wade wouldn't do this for somebody, Francis is bending down and wiping some dried grime of Wade's shoulder. It's the first gentle, non-violent touch Wade's had in *months*.
If he gets choked up Francis doesn't comment on it.

"You an angel or some shit?" Wade rasps, "I finally die? You one of those guys that gets off on helping homeless people and then selling em or something? Are you like David Dobrik and only helping me to get Instagram likes–"

"Wow you talk a lot," Francis observes.

Wade shrugs.

"Francie, this is *insane*," Roxy continues, growing more and more agitated when Francis helps Wade stand, "this is crazy, if you help this homeless dude I'm leaving. Like, I'll leave."

"Okay," Francis says and shuffles Wade up to the subway's opening doors, "bye."

"Dude," Wade whispers as the subway cars slide shut and Roxy's disbelieving face blurs with the momentum of the train, "you just dumped your girl for a slimy homeless bastard."

"I was looking for a way out of that anyway," Francis says, and Wade's beginning to wonder if this guy is as dumb as he is.

///

wade: hey bby! i leave 4 paris n 2 dayz u wanna cum ovr n chill?

It's 7am. Wade knows Peter isn't awake, but jogging is very boring so he's trying to keep himself busy. He's always antsy before long flights, especially overseas, and he really needs to keep moving today or else he'll get into his head. And that's never good.

He hasn't dared to read any reviews regarding his private show, he never does, but Vanessa said everyone was happy and impressed and if she didn't give him any notes it must've actually been positive.

He runs until he can't feel his legs, and at that point he's fled from three different people trying to take his picture. *This* is why he sticks to his home gym, but a treadmill is boring and mundane and if he had used that instead of going outside he would've never seen that dog piss on that pigeon.

Wade stops a block before he reaches his apartment, opening the security app on his phone. It didn't go off, but that doesn't mean that someone didn't get past it. It's happened before. He switches between the cameras in the hallway, in the kitchen, and in the backyard. Nothing out of place. He's good.

He sends an obligatory text to Cable that's mostly just eggplant emojis but hey, the guy just wants

to make sure he's alive and Wade's pretty certain a robber wouldn't think to text his bodyguard.

Maybe.

Still, he enters his brownstone warily, even with all the security checking out, and he spends a minute locking the door and entering his various codes to activate the system again.

Then, coffee, yoga, skincare (he hates skincare, but if he doesn't moisturize his scars they'll get dry and crusty and if he even has the slim chance of seeing Peter tonight he wants to look at least a little okay instead of Frankenstein with bad skin. This way he'll be Frankenstein *with* good skin), and breakfast.

Breakfast is pancakes, because Wade can feel his depression beginning to sink in, and sometimes comfort food helps beat it back down. But who knows?

When his phone vibrates Wade drops the spatula and almost upends the skillet on his foot. It's Peter's tone, or else Wade really wouldn't give a fuck.

peter: that's so soon! :(I'm free all day what time do you want me?

Wade knows, he *knows*, that Peter didn't mean anything by the wording of that text but the only thing rattling around pea-sized brain is Peter saying "*what time do you want me*" and then that's fading into a loop of "*do you want me*" which is bubbling into Wade imagining Peter laid out on his bed asking him how Wade wants him–Wade gets a cold glass of water and downs the whole thing before his phone buzzes again.

peter: ;)

Oh. Okay. Wade can't stop the shit-eating smile that spreads across his face. Wow, he's so gone for this kid.

"What a little brat," Wade huffs, affectionate, before answering.

wade: bby u kno i want u n whatever way possible

wade: cum by wheneva I'm doin work things now but wud always lov ur company

peter: cool I gotta shower but I'll be over in an hour or so should I bring my laptop?

wade: as long as u bring dat ass u can bring whatever else u want

peter: -__-

peter: now its just the laptop

Wade laughs, excitement making him giddy, and any depression that was grooming inside of him is gone at the prospect of seeing Peter soon. He disregards his sad attempts at pancakes because if Peter is coming by he'll wait to eat with him. He knows that Peter probably hasn't eaten breakfast yet, and he loves taking care of him, so it works out. If Peter's showering then so will Wade, because he had meant to after eating but why not do it now?

The water washes over him and it's always a little jarring when some spots of his skin can't feel it. The nerves in his left shoulder and spots on his chest have been so fried that the water doesn't register. Wade washes carefully, it's rare that he feels okay in his skin, and he wants to show it some gentleness, some appreciation.

Natasha swears by positive affirmations towards yourself, and Wade's the most self-deprecating person he knows, so he's been practicing.

He has oils, and aloe, and burn ointments that he'd been given to help prevent scarring, but as Wade dabs lightly at his body with a ridiculously soft towel he doesn't have the energy to apply any of them. He feels a little defeated, looking at all the expensive oils and treatments bottles, especially since he doesn't think they're going to work. He's nervous about trying to stick to a routine like that because if it fails then what's the fucking point?

It'll just hurt more.

He dresses in his softest, oldest sweats and a loose black sweatshirt, fluffy pink socks and he does slather sunscreen on his face. Sun exposure won't help anything, and he rinsed off what he put on that morning before his run in the shower.

He feels good, strangely, and even though he usually avoids mirrors like the plague he doesn't recoil at seeing himself this morning.

His scars are soft, his unburned patches of skin aren't irritated, and he thinks the sweats really elongate his legs. And AND he has the cutest fucking twink boyfriend coming over soon who willingly wants to spend time with him! Wade's talked himself out of plenty relationships in the past, all stemming from deep self hate and insecurities, but he's not doing that this time.

He's not going to risk losing Peter because he's his own worst enemy.

No matter how bad his anxiety is, no matter how ruthless his depression and body dysphoria becomes, he isn't pushing Peter away. If him and Peter don't make it then it won't be because Wade didn't try.

He feels like he's known Peter his whole life.

He's glad he hasn't, because he used to be a fucking asshole with little to no redeemable qualities, but the comfortability he has around the other man is so easy and reassuring. It's a connection he doesn't think he's had before with someone. It helps that Peter likes all the inane things he likes, that they have a similar mindset and way about emotions and life philosophies is really helpful.

Wade wonders if Peter has Costar.

He'll remember to ask him today.

Now he's bouncing with energy, boundless about his apartment, tidying up and making sure he has the coffee going and *shit* would Peter want muffins? Would he want lunch food instead of breakfast?

Wade opens up Seamless and decides that he might as well order one of everything. *That* way no one is disappointed. While he's shopping he should probably get Peter a new bed. He's only slept on Peter's pull out couch once but he woke up with a pinched nerve in his shoulder and a sore back and Peter shouldn't be subjected to live like that.

He texts Vanessa to see if they can give Peter a raise for the photography work he'll do in Paris. Does he need a new camera? Would he like different kinds of cameras? Should they do something about that?

He texts all of it to Vanessa who responds within a minute:

vanessa: you have to stop

vanessa: pls just get laid already

Wade's about to respond and ask her *what's my best move* when the buzzer on Wade's wall goes off to signal Peter's arrival. Wade promptly forgets about texting Vanessa as he tosses his phone carelessly on his counter and practically falls down the stairs to meet Peter at the door.

He almost forgets to buzz Peter in, he's so eager to just get *down the fucking stairs*.

When he sees Peter it's kind of like he remembers to breathe again. He's not nervous, he's just excited, and Peter's face brightens into a tired but earnest smile as he walks up to where Wade is bouncing on his toes at the front door. Peter always looks tired, and Wade is even more motivated to get him a proper bed. Casper mattress, maybe? He'd sink right in.

"Hey," Peter grins, voice still tussled with slumber and he's so precious and *good* that Wade just wants to wrap him up, feel his sleep warm skin against his.

"Hey you," Wade answers, and bends to press a kiss to Peter's lips.

He's about to pull back when Peter's hands fist in his sweatshirt and keep him still and Wade's pretty sure Peter could blow his nose and he'd find it hot, so this obvious display of Peter wanting Wade close as much as Wade *wants* to be close is almost too much for nine in the morning. Peter lulls them into a series of slow kisses that make Wade's brain fog over as he settles his hands on Peter's waist, marveling at how small the guy feels against him but knowing that Peter isn't actually that petite.

"I have pancakes," Wade tells his boyfriend when they part, a surge of triumph kicking his heart at the flush pinking Peter's cheeks.

Peter raises an eyebrow.

"Oh yeah?" he asks, licking his lips and effectively capturing all of Wade's attention, "Chocolate chip?"

“And blueberry,” Wade says, proud, as he tugs Peter inside and closes the door.
He can’t help moving in close and stealing another deep kiss, because he didn’t get to see Peter after the show yesterday and he really *really* wanted to take those silk pants off with his teeth but *that* didn’t happen so–

It’s safe to say that Wade’s a little horny, just a little pent up, but Peter’s reacting like a dream so maybe it’s not just him.

“Are you horny?” Wade blurts and Peter’s flush darkens even as a surprised laugh escapes him.

“Wow, right to it huh?” Peter asks, eyes soft and reverent in a way Wade isn’t used to.

He shrugs, now feeling a little self-conscious, before wrapping his arms around Peter and just… hugging him. He needs to feel close right now, needs the tactile comfort, and Peter doesn’t act surprised by this, just hugs back and nuzzles against the side of Wade’s neck.

“I mean, I feel like I’m always horny for you?” Peter says but it sounds like a question with an embarrassed lilt and it makes a protective feeling rear its head with a grumble in Wade’s chest. “If, uh, that makes sense?”

Wade kisses Peter’s neck and feels his shiver, and honestly that’s all the answer he needs, regardless of Peter actually admitting that he’s, in fact, horny.

“Makes total sense, baby,” Wade hums, placing one last peck before stepping back and taking Peter’s hands to tug him up the steps, “*awww*, wait!”

Wade stops on the landing and Peter a step below him, tilting his head up so that he can meet Wade’s gaze.

Wade really likes Peter looking up at him.

“What?” Peter asks, interlacing their fingers.

“You have a crush on me,” Wade points out, enamored and giddy.

Peter gives him a flat look, but the smile that threatens it warms his gaze.

“Wade we’re dating.”

“That’s so gay.”

“Buddy, I have a surprise for you.”

Wade laughs, stooping low to kiss Peter again. He can’t help it, Peter’s a magnet, Peter’s the *world*, his gravitational force keeps pulling Wade in, again and again and again, and Wade’s not even trying to put up a fight against it anymore.

He had to at first, because *boundaries* and not wanting Peter to be in a position of an off kilter power dynamic, but he’s so happy that they never fell into that.

With Peter this whole coming back into the fashion world has been remarkably easy. It’s felt normal. Natural. Peter helps takes Wade anxiety and rationalize it out. It’s a superpower, in and of itself.

“So chocolate or blueberry or both?” Wade asks and feels Peter’s lips curve into an attractive smile.

“Both.”

///

Surprisingly enough, they don’t jump each other’s bones immediately.

Well, kind of. Wade makes pancakes and shows off flipping a pancake in the skillet, but then misses the third one and watches it splatter on the stovetop. Which prompts Peter to show Wade the vine of the guy trying to flip his pancake and the handle breaks and Peter’s laughing so hard and looks so precious that Wade can’t *not* suck him off in the middle of his kitchen.

It’s a shame he hasn’t blown Peter more, really, because the noises he makes when Wade takes him into his throat are enough to fuel Wade through a week of intense fantasies. And make him cum in his sweats.

Peter’s too powerful, really, but Wade doesn’t mind giving himself over entirely. It’s easy, with Peter. Peter, who kisses his scars and skin without flinching or commenting, Peter, who shares Wade’s hideous sense of humor and taste in food and who melts when Wade calls him sweet names and tugs his hair hard enough to hurt.

Peter, who fits into his life so seamlessly that it’s a wonder he hadn’t been there this whole time.

He got Peter a washrag too; even though Wade swallowed everything it’s still a good feeling to be clean after an orgasm. At least Wad thinks so, and Peter doesn’t disagree. Plus it’s polite. Post orgasm Peter is *so* soft, and content, and dreamy, that Wade really can’t stop touching him. Whether it’s holding Peter’s wrist while he cooks or flitting over to steal kisses while the coffee brews, Wade can’t really stay away.

“So you like when I’m rough?” Wade asks after changing sweats and wiping down and actually beginning to make breakfast thirty minutes later.

Peter flushes but doesn’t break Wade’s gaze.

Wade has the impulsive urge to praise him for it. He’s being good. Wade turns off the burner on the stove, turning so that he’s standing between the cradle of Peter’s thighs, and Peter’s gaze darkens at that, at how his legs have to be stretched a bit to accommodate Wade in between them.

Wade takes note of that, because while that *is* hot he needs to be aware to not actually strain Peter’s muscles or cause him any kind of discomfort. It’ll probably be easier with Peter’s legs around his waist, Wade muses, hands sliding up Peter’s thighs and stopping before they reach his hips.

When Peter doesn’t answer, just keeps staring at Wade like he’s zoning out, Wade squeezes Peter’s legs with a little force.

“Can ya answer me, honey?” Wade asks because he has a strong–*very strong*–feeling about what Peter’s kinks are and what he likes but it’s a conversation that needs to be verbalized before they get too far in.

Better safe than sorry.

Wade's tried both, being dominant and submissive, but ever since his accident he can't seem to get his mind back into that kind of subspace like he was able to before. The appeal of it is no longer there for him; he gets too caught up in trauma to be able to get out carefully. So he knows what feels good, and what to watch out for, and the last thing he'd ever want is to take Peter somewhere deep and lose him there.

He ain't about to traumatize his boo.

"Uh, yeah, sorry," Peter stutters out, running careful hands up Wade's chest, like he's testing to see if he's *allowed*, and Wade and him should maybe have this conversation at opposite ends of the room with ice being continually dumped on themselves.

"Yeah you like it?" Wade prompts, taking both of Peter's hands in one of his and holding them still because Peter needs to focus.

"Yes," Peter says, staring down in slight awe at where Wade's holding him and hey, another kink?

"Tell me your hard no's," Wade pushes, and Peter's eyes flash first with slight confusion and then bashful understanding. It's obvious he's never talked about this before, and it makes Wade feel worried, dread pooling in his gut, that if him and Harry ever got into the Dom/Sub side of things during their time together that Harry wasn't *fucking doing it right–*

"No rape fantasies," Peter says immediately, and Wade nods to show he's listening, able to feel how hard Peter's pulse is beating in his hand, "no hitting me. Like slapping, I don't like that. Not… not hard anyway. If it's light, to get my attention I–I kind of want to try it? Uh, no pissing or shitting stuff and no seriously maiming me."

Wade feels a little sick at the thought.

"Cool cool cool," Wade hums, a gentle reassuring smile gracing his scarred features, Peter looking both turned on and serious, "we won't touch any of those with a ten foot pole."

"What are yours?" Peter asks, looking up at Wade and the sun catches the brown in his gaze and lights it on fire.

Wade's officially breathless.

"Uh, my hard no's?" Wade repeats.

Peter's staring at him, calculating, before tugging on his wrists lightly and Wade lets go immediately. Peter smiles at that, reaching up to cup Wade's face in his hands and rub his thumbs ever-so-carefully across Wade's cheekbones.

Wade hates that he can barely feel it.

"Yeah dude," Peter encourages, tightening his legs distractingly around Wade, "your turn. And then I'll tell you my hard yes' and you'll do the same."

"This is the best sleepover ever," Wade says just to see the way Peter's eyes crinkle in amusement.

"It's barely noon," Peter reminds, "now hurry so we can eat pancakes."

Wade's eyes widen.

"Oh shit, I forgot! Fuck this Pete, eat something first, I'm sorry, *shit–*"

“Whoa, hey Wade,” Peter laughs, hands falling to grip Wade’s shoulders when it’s obvious the other man is trying to pull away, “lets finish this. It was a good idea, we need to talk about this stuff.”

Whatever guilt had been blowing up like a lead filled balloon in Wade’s chest pops and he lets out a breath and settles against Peter again. He should’ve fed Peter before starting them on this, but Peter’s more stubborn than he is and if Peter wants to talk now they’ll talk now.

Wow, Wade might l–

“Babe,” Peter presses, “your turn.”

“Right,” Wade says, swallowing tightly, “right. Same one of yours applies here. Don’t fuck with age-play either. Or like, whatever it’s called when you pump your asshole.”

Peter’s entire demeanor shifts, and he has the most hilarious expression of disgust on his face.

“That’s a thing?” Peter squeaks, horrified.

“Oh yeah,” Wade nods, resting his hands on Peter’s thighs again, “dated someone who was into it. Not good, would *never* recommend. I’d rather suck off Voldemort in the middle of the fucking desert that go through that again. No, scratch that, I’d rather suck off a *cactus*–”

“Okay! All right, I get it,” Peter interrupts, eyes wide, “we’ll never ever talk about it again. How’s that sound?”

“Ugh, *so* good,” Wade moans and gets a kick out of Peter’s cheeks flushing.

“Stop that’s not fair,” Peter grumbles and Wade just squeezes his thighs and leans closer, reveling in every hitch of Peter’s breath and filing it away for later.

He’s gonna run out of space in his brain for the way Peter’s filling it up.

“So my voice gets you off? That’s a hard yes?” he asks, curious, because he thinks he sounds like someone whose swallowed thirty lit cigarettes but *hey*, if Peter likes it–

“I love your voice,” Peter admits, a little breathless, and Wade isn’t expecting the sheer honesty in his boyfriend’s tone or the word “love” that’s directed at him, “I…I love dirty talk. So both of those combined…”

Wade waggles his eyebrows.

“Well ya hit the jackpot honey, I never shut up,” he grins and Peter huffs, a soft aborted laugh.

“I know,” he says, no sarcasm, and Wade’s going to have to get used to being continually blind sighted by this guy, isn’t he? “All my hard yes’ are things I haven’t gotten to really try. So, I guess they’re hard maybes?”

“Hmm, okay,” Wade says, kissing Peter’s nose thoughtfully, “do you wanna share the easy ones right now?”

“You go first,” Peter answers, tracing the collar of Wade’s sweatshirt idly.

“Rapid fire,” Wade says and begins before Peter can speak, “spanking, dirty talk, begging, teasing, lingerie, bondage, hair pulling but ya know all of these can go both ways, either for me or my partner but the hair thing no so much me anymore but I love pulling your hair ya know? Super into

BDSM honey, but we don't have to even touch that if you're not feeling it. None of this is a deal breaker."

Peter swallows, looking equal parts overwhelmed and turned on so Wade leans in and kisses him until their breathing matches.

"You don't have to respond to anything now," Wade tells him, wants Peter to be able to process and think, "actually, it's probably best if you don't. We should eat."

"Okay," Peter agrees, but not letting go of Wade's shoulders, "can I ask a question first?"

Wade nods.

"Are…uh, the BDSM thing," Peter begins, seemingly searching for the proper words, "you, ah, what part of that are you?"

"You mean…do I like being the dominant one or the submissive one?"

Peter relaxes, and goes back to sliding his hands distractingly across the planes of Wade's chest.

"Yeah," Peter says.

God, he's *so* cute.

"I've done both," Wade answers easily, and Peter looks surprised by that, "at this point in my life I prefer being the more dominant one. But I like silk ties and blindfolds just as much as the next guy."

"Oh," Peter says, and Wade doesn't need to be almost in the guys lap to tell that he's half hard.

"What part of that did you like, Petey?" Wade asks, excitement coursing through his veins and making him bold.

Peter swallows, looking caught but not backing down, and *damn*, he'd be so fun to *take apart*…

"Uh, you being dominant," Peter admits, "and bondage. I…yeah, I wanna try that. Sometime."

Wade's heart is going to erupt inside his chest. His knees feel a little weak.

"Did I make you in a computer?" Wade whispers, awed.

He's *so* turned on, but he *really* wants to prioritize Peter eating over getting off, so he leans in and kisses Peter deep, brushes his knuckles over Peter's cock just to feel him jump and gasp, before pulling away entirely and letting Peter's legs slip from around him.

"We can *definitely* try that baby," Wade promises, so Peter feels heard, and cherished, and not turned down, "but we gotta eat these pancakes and if you keep telling me about how much you're into the idea of me tying you up we're never gonna *get* to breakfast."

Peter laughs, a breathless sound, before he hops from the counter and adjusts himself with a "what can you do" look on his face.

Wade's head over heels for this dork. It's a little scary, and intense, at how radioactive his feelings are. He hasn't been this crazy about another person since Vanessa. And even that…felt different. Felt, younger, not as grown.

Not as resolved.

He serves Peter up the pancakes, and they pile onto one of Wade's couches downstairs and talk and eat until the sun is high in the sky and hours have passed in a syrupy, gentle blur.

///

When Wade first met Vanessa he was *beyond* drunk.

It was at Sister Margaret's, six years ago. He was working two jobs, one at a Starbucks and the other as a chef in a new restaurant in downtown Brooklyn, so he could afford drinks and half of Francis' rent. He'd gone to a shabby fashion house in Soho to apply for an internship but they'd taken one look at his resume and turned him away.

"You don't have enough experience," they said and Wade's flummoxed at how people even *begin* in this industry.

He was nursing his fifth beer and appreciating how the world had gone a little fuzzy, when a thin woman with short chopped hair slid into the stool next to him. She whistled, catching the attention of most the bar, but most importantly Weasel, who shimmied over and asked what she'd like.

Wade kind of fell in love with her right then.

They worked well together. She didn't let Wade pull anything, and Wade listened to her talk about alien conspiracy theories until 3am. The sex was always good and fun. Vanessa was a bit of a Dom with a *huge* strap on dildo and really what more could Wade have wanted?

She was the first person that Wade hired.

Granted, at that time, his company was just him, Francis, and Ness with his dingy sketchbook. She helped him sneak into Galas, into fundraisers. They were partners in crime. They'd been through it all together.

The first time they broke up was after two years. She ended it to try moving to California, and it lasted five months before she had shown back up at Wade's door with her suitcases and asked for a place to stay.

They were on and off, for years after that. It worked better that way. They didn't fit into monogamy together, it just didn't click. Wade wanted it more than she did, but after years of trying he realized that he wasn't going to ever have *just* her.

So this new dynamic worked.

They were best friends, and business partners, and Vanessa had been the first person to get to him when the fire ate his skin and seared his blood. She hadn't left his side, had forced her way into the back of the ambulance, had filled his drab hospital room with flowers and chocolates and *color*.

He'll always love her.

He’s just no longer hers.

///

Peter’s stretched out over Wade, his head in Wade’s lap, and Wade plays idly with his hair as he scrolls through his emails on his phone.

It’s late afternoon, and Wade’s been on and off calls all day, but Peter’s been clicking away at his laptop and browsing through Wade’s video game selection and it’s so domestic and familiar that Wade’s heart feels tremendously full.

“What’s Paris like?” Peter asks, and Wade looks away from his phone screen to focus his attention on something much cuter.

“Like if New York went on a juice cleanse, found a good therapist, and only home cooked its meals,” Wade answers, tugging Peter’s hair playfully, “when’s your flight baby?”

“A day after yours,” Peter answers, then pouts as he thinks, “I would think I’d go with you though. Since I’m supposed to be documenting your trip.”

“I’ll ask Ness,” Wade says, and is already typing out the text, “then we can join the mile high club.”

He means it as a joke, but Peter’s gone quiet, gone a little tense, and Wade puts his phone next to him on the couch and leans over Peter instead. It’s a little awkward, since Peter’s upside down to Wade, but eye contact seems important right now.

“What’s wrong?” Wade asks and Peter tries to smooth his expression into something neutral and failing entirely.

“Nothing, I’m all good,” Peter lies and Wade’s eyes narrow, his grip tightening just a little in Peter’s hair, enough to demand Peter’s attention and honesty.

Something about it must speak to Peter because the guy sighs and scrubs a hand over his face, probably so he doesn’t have to meet Wade’s penetrating gaze.

Wade’s immediately worried.

Is Peter going to break up with him? Does Peter not want to go to Paris? Is Peter cheating on him with Harry–

“I…I’m jealous,” Peter says carefully, and Wade stills, not expecting that.

“Uh,” he begins, unsure, “of…the couch?”

Peter groans before sitting up, almost smacking Wade in the jaw with how suddenly he moves. There’s distance between them now, and that doesn’t help Wade’s mounting anxiety.

“No,” Peter sighs, “I’m jealous…fuck, okay, it’s really not a big deal–”

“You not saying it’s a big deal makes me think it’s a big deal,” Wade points out, “did you…uh, shit Pete, who–“

“Vanessa!” Peter interrupts and immediately flushes in shame, “I like her. It’s not like I don’t like her, I’m just. Insecure? I mean the last person I was with cheated on me with someone he had history with. She’s…she’s that for you. I mean you guys were together on and off for six years–”

“How do you know that?” Wade cuts in and Peter’s mouth opens and closes, unsure at having been derailed.

“Francis told me?”

Something unpleasant twists in Wade’s stomach and he lifts his leg so he can turn and face Peter completely. He reaches out and takes Peter’s hand in his, careful, always so careful with Peter.

“Okay,” Wade begins, already having a feeling where this is going, “right. Francis. So my ex told you that Ness and I were… what? Still together?”

Peter’s eyes have gone entirely wide, mouth open.

“You…you and Francis?” Peter asks, stilted, and *shit* maybe Wade shouldn’t have told him this so casually, “Oh *God*. That makes so much sense.”

Peter sounds miserable, and Wade’s frantic to fix whatever he’s just fucked up. Peter shutting down is the worst feeling *ever* and Wade grips his hand tighter to get Peter’s eyes back on him.

“Peter, I like you. Against popular belief I’m a one-man kind of dude, all right? Monogamy is my jam. It wasn’t Ness’. We didn’t work for a reason, yeah? And Francis wasn’t ever serious. Pretty sure the guy was just experimenting for a bit. Hey–look at me, baby. If this is gonna work, you gotta trust me here. You can’t put your old relationships on me; I’m not strong enough to carry all that. I’ve been cheated on too. It fucking sucks ass, I know it does, but if you don’t trust me not to hurt you then we should end this before I fall even harder for you, okay?”

Peter stares at him for a long time before he nods, and Wade can see the gears turning in the other man’s head.

“You’re right,” Peter whispers, raising up Wade’s hand and kissing his palm.

Wade lets out a breath of relief; fear he didn’t know was building simmers down before it has a chance to overflow.

“I trust you. I’m sorry, what I was doing wasn’t fair. Um, I kinda want to make out now? But can you tell me about Francis later?”

A crooked grin spreads across Wade’s face and with a tug he pulls Peter into his lap, the shorter man straddling him with a punched out look of desire.

“You good?” Wade asks, wrapping his arms around Peter’s waist and letting his hands roam up to the warm skin under Peter’s shirt. “Are you feeling better? I swear Pete, Ness and I ended things eight months ago and I’m not still carrying a flame for her. That’s all for you.”

“And I’m yours,” Peter says, his expression earnest as he cradles Wade’s face in his hands, “So you shouldn’t worry about Harry. If you ever were, I mean, he kinda sucked in bed you’re way better.”

“Ah yeah, baby, make my ego bigger,” Wade laughs, nipping joyfully at Peter’s throat.

Peter’s hands fist his shirt and he kisses Wade deep, the most forceful kiss Peter’s given him yet, and Wade would be lying if it didn’t make his blood boil and his cock wake the fuck up.

Now, with Peter on his lap, their tongues sliding against the other, and Peter’s thighs warm around his sides, all Wade can think about is that Peter likes Wade being bigger than him. He likes when Wade’s dominant, he wants to try bondage, he likes his hair being pulled, he likes Wade’s voice and dirty talk and–

“Shit, honey, you keep grindin’ on me like that this is going to be a very short, and messy, moment,” Wade hisses, tempted to reach out and still Peter’s hips but also wanting to see if Peter will listen without having to be physically showed.

The innocent look on Peter’s face tells Wade his boyfriend’s feeling a little feisty. Wade can fuck with that.

Wade can *really* fuck with that.

“What if I want you to cum?” Peter asks, rolling his ass so that Wade can feel his clothed cock drag along the length of it.

His hands find Peter’s ass, gripping it tight, and Peter’s breath catches this time.

They’re even, right now, but Wade really wants to see Peter come apart, and he’s been dying to try something–

He lets his hands rub up, then slip under the waistband of Peter’s own sweats, stilling when his palms slide over naked skin.

“You didn’t put your underwear back on?” Wade asks, and it kind of sounds like a wheeze.

Peter’s flushed, but that mischievous gleam hasn’t left his eyes as he regards Wade before slowly, purposefully, pushing back into Wade’s hands.

“I didn’t see the point,” Peter answers, bending to lick at Wade’s neck, “you were just going to take them off anyway.”

Wade wants to spank him. Peter’s being sassy, he’s being bratty, and Wade really, really wants to see how red he can make Peter’s ass. He doesn’t go there thought, not yet. Instead he grabs Peter’s chin with his left and makes Peter kiss him, drinking up the moans that vibrate against his tongue.

When Wade traces the crack of Peter’s ass, his fingers trailing teasing of Peter’s hole, Peter’s entire body shivers, a broken breath leaving Peter’s nose.

“Oh, hey baby,” Wade coos, kissing the corner of Peter’s now slack mouth, “you sensitive here?”

Peter gulps, his eyes almost entirely black. He nods, wordless, and shifts back against Wade’s finger. They never break eye contact, not once, and it’s almost too intense, staring at Peter so deeply as he gets the tip of his finger inside Peter’s ass.

It’s dry and hot and Peter grips Wade’s shoulders so tight he might bruise. As soon as Wade feels Peter relax around his finger he can’t help the low groan that escapes him, rumbling through his chest and making Peter whimper.

“God, Wade, bed?” Peter asks, sounding as frantic as Wade feels.

Wade nods so hard his neck cracks and he carefully retracts his hand, fully prepared to stand, but Peter just kisses him again like he can’t *help it*.

“You’re so fucking hot,” Peter hisses, almost like he’s angry, and Wade understands, he feels the same way about Peter.

They get upstairs, eventually.

It passes in shades of colors and songful blurs, because all Wade is aware of is Peter and the sounds he makes. They’ve shed their clothes at record speed, and Wade doesn’t get a lot of time to appreciate how beautiful Peter is before his boyfriend his pulling him down and grinding fitfully against him.

And Wade’s reminded of what he so desperately wants to try.

“Hey,” Wade says, licking at the seam of Peter’s lips, “can I lick you out?”

Peter pulls back, face red.

“A rimjob?” he asks and Wade nods, pressing a reassuring kiss to Peter’s nose.

“You can say no,” Wade says, “always. But I really *really* wanna get my tongue on and in you.”

Peter kind of chokes. Wade’s a little concerned.

“Uh,” is all Peter manages.

“We can wait,” Wade backtracks, instantly, “maybe just think about it? And then we can–”

He doesn’t finish because Peter’s kissing him, a new fire sparked in the sting of his lips that has Wade clenching the sheets so he doesn’t hurt Peter.

“Let’s try it,” Peter agrees, hard against where Wade and him are pressed tightly together, “please, I…just go slow?”

Wade swallows past the sudden dryness of his throat. He kisses Peter one last time before working his way down Peter’s body slowly, giving him enough time to back out if he wants. He stops by Peter’s cock, gets a little lost in sucking him off before Peter’s pushing at his shoulders. Wade bites his thigh in retaliation.

“Turn over honey,” Wade urges, “it’ll be easier on your stomach.”

“You just want to stare at my ass,” Peter grumbles, a smile breaking through the put upon pout.

Wade shoots him a wink.

“Obviously.”

Wade starts slow.

He gets that this can be a weird kind of feeling at first, so when Peter finally relaxes, when his back loses its tension and he seeps onto the mattress, Wade can’t help the possessive primal feeling that overtakes him. He can’t help when, what can only be described as a growl, rips its way out of his throat as he spreads Peter’s cheeks and fully invests himself.

He was holding back before, being cautious so Peter could get used to it, so Peter could decide if this is something he likes. Wade's a little pissed that no one's given Peter this before, because Peter deserves the entire world, but there's also a part of him, the dominant side, that's pleased that *Wade's* the only one whose tasted Peter like this.

Because *fuck* he tastes *amazing*.

That is to say, he tastes bitter, and a little salty, but it's the fact that it's *Peter*, that Wade's tongue is making him sound like the world's hottest porn, is amazing. Wade gets creative, he tries different approaches, listening carefully to how Peter reacts and to what kind of moves makes Peter's toes curl and has him going soundless because he's so overcome.

Wade wants to know if Peter's wet, if his precum is staining the sheets, but he also can't tear himself away. He alternates between licking broad strokes over Peter's hole to getting his tongue *inside*, and *that* rips a sound almost violent in its intensity from his boyfriend.

"God, you taste so fucking good," Wade growls, sucking a dark hickie into Peter's left cheek, then his thigh, kissing down to lap teasingly at Peter's balls, "could do this all day."

"Oh…oh *fuck*," Peter whimpers, his fingers clenching tight into Wade's pillows and Wade begins to marvel at how hot it would be if Peter *ripped* them.

Wade pulls back, just a little, to knead at Peter's ass and just stare because hot damn, Peter's the most drool worthy sight he's ever been graced with.

"How's it feel baby? You liking my tongue?" Wade whispers, the dominant side of him feeling so *fucking proud* at how pliant and responsive Peter is being.

Peter nods; eyes watery, his legs shaking and Wade can *feel it* as he goes back in to suck around Peter's rim.

He wonders if Peter's eyes are rolling in his head. It's a thought that has his cock twitching, begging to be touched, but he's as big a sucker for edging as Peter apparently is, so he directs his focus on eating his baby out.

He stills though when he feels Peter shift, and then stops altogether when he hears Peter begin to jerk himself off. It's a dangerous feeling that comes over him, almost vindictive, as he gives Peter one last lick before pulling back.

"Did I say you could touch yourself?" Wade asks softly, carefully, reaching out to gently still Peter's hand.

Humiliation and arousal hits Peter like a sharp jab to the gut, pressure building in his groin, and his hand had stilled the moment Wade had reached to warn him. His face is *burning*, both from where it's been rubbed into Wade's sheets and from Wade's words themselves.

"N-no," Peter whispers, his voice thick and syrupy like honey is stuck in his throat.

He's buzzing all over, sensitive and hyperaware and completely enrapt by Wade's demanding presence behind him.

"No?" Wade mocks, a sharp laugh in his tone, and his hands flex promisingly on Peter's ass.

When Peter doesn't respond immediately he nips at the skin before him, Peter jolting at the sudden sting of teeth, "no *what*?"

Peter’s going to pass out. He’s going to die here. He’s completely content with that.

“No, you didn’t say I could touch,” Peter whispers, and he almost calls Wade another name, almost moans it out, both to see Wade’s reaction and curious as to how it would roll off his tongue but losing the nerve before he can.

He’s never felt like this before.

He’s never been this out of his skin, out of control but also having a subverted sense of power that goes beyond himself. He knows he can say anything and Peter will do it. Which is an intoxicating realization that has Wade feeling dizzy. *Peter's* the one whose allowing Wade to touch him like this, to talk to him like this, because the second Peter decides he doesn’t want it Wade will stop, no questions asked.

And yet Peter *doesn’t* want Wade to stop. He wants to see what Wade wants from *him*. He kind of wants to see how far he can push Wade. He kind of wants Wade to snap.

“Hm, no I didn’t. What are we gonna do about that, Princess?”

And there’s Wade putting the control in Peter’s hands again. Peter can take this in whatever direction he desires. He wants Wade to take control. He wants Wade to teach him a lesson for not listening.

“Spank me,” Peter whispers, his words getting lost in the sheets, and he didn’t realize how much he actually wants that until he says it.

Wade hesitates, then gently maneuvers Peter onto his back and settles between his thighs like he belongs there. Wade thinks he does, Peter looks amazing below him like this, looking up at him in unreserved awe.

His eyes are intense, a shark about to feast for how dark they are, and Wade's so turned on he can feel the precum wetting his stomach. He wonders if Peter can too. God, he’s *never* been this wet. He wants to look at Peter, wants to see if he’s as hard and near to bursting as Wade is, but he can’t stare away from Peter's eyes.

He’s ethereal, like this. Wade's completely enrapt.

Wade trails a large hand reverently across Peter’s cheek, tracing his nose and his jaw and stopping to paint soft strokes around the seam of Peter’s lips.

If possible Peter's eyes get even darker, thunder rolling over a sun dappled field and Wade leans down to rain kisses along Peter’s face, a quick peck on his nose before kissing him long and deep and slow and Peter melts into it, wrapping his arms around Wade’s broad shoulders and moaning low when he feels the width of them.

“That shouldn’t be as hot as it is,” Wade admits, breaking away to suck more hickies into the side of Peter’s neck. “Hm, I’ll spank you. But not too hard, yet, okay? And you tell me if you like it, and we’ll go from there, all right?”

Wade’s tone is gentle but he’s still telling Peter what to do and it’s…fuck, Peter can’t help but roll his hips against Wade’s.

Wade lets him for three moves but then he presses his full weight into him and it stills Peter as effectively as it steals his breath.

“Huh,” Wade hums, sounding way to smug and collected while Peter’s a hairs breadth from fraying at the seams, “you like that I’m bigger than you, don’t you Peter?”

At the use of his name Peter gains more awareness, nodding urgently as Wade’s hands settle on his hips and press him down.

“Yeah,” he says, his words 98% breath at this point, and he can barely understand himself, it’s a wonder Wade can, “I really like it.”

“Why?” Wade presses, pulling away from Peter’s marked throat to bite Peter’s lower lip instead. “Why do you like that I’m bigger than you?”

Peter swallows but his mouth is so dry he doesn’t succeed. His hands scrabble against Wade’s shoulders, sliding down to feel the hardness of his chest.

“I…I like that you could overpower me,” Peter blurts in a self-conscious rush causing Wade to pull back, “if you wanted to, you could.”

Peter is so wet and so hard he doesn’t know how much longer he can semi rut against Wade while the other man dirty talks before he’s *begging* Wade to let him cum already–

“You like me dominating you?” Wade asks, head tilting, “You like this?”

His right hand trails up from Peter’s hip to wrap cautiously around his throat, pressing down just enough so that the suggestion of danger is there. Peter lifts his arm so that he can place his hand over Wade’s, and Wade watches with awe as Peter applies more pressure, enough that breathing is still possible but he has to work for it.

“I *love* this,” Peter says, and he kind of really *needs* to see Wade lose it, he’s aching for Wade to lose some of this carefully articulated control so he’s not the only one feeling like he’s losing his goddamn mind, “and I really like the idea of you spanking me. I trust you. I’ll tell you what I don’t like. Just…I–fuck Daddy I need to cum.”

At the name Wade freezes.

There’s a moment of stillness where he processes everything Peter’s told him, where he gazes so intently into Peter’s eyes that Peter’s sure he can see every little dirty thought he’s ever had. But then it’s like a switch goes off, and something shutters over Wade’s expression, turns it hot and dangerous and the effect of it has Peter shuddering all the way down to his *toes*, anticipation and melted desire making the pressure in his cock almost hurt. He hasn’t even cum yet and he’s already lost the coherency to think.

Wade flexes his grip on Peter’s neck, and for one delicious second Peter can’t breathe, but before he has a moment to relish in how jarring and good that felt Wade’s flipping him over like he weighs nothing and pressing his face into the sheets.

The sound that leaves Peter’s mouth is barely human. Wade groans when he hears it, a low rumbling “Jesus fucking…” that gets cut off and choked and Peter flushes with pride that he’s managed to make Wade flustered like that. And he thinks he knows why, so he plants more of his weight on his front and lifts up his ass. He feels kind of stupid, but the way Wade chokes on his tongue and lets out another hurt noise has Peter pressing his smile into the sheets.

“Oh, you little *brat*,” Wade says but it’s warm and fond, and he leans over to plant open mouthed kisses up Peter’s back and *shit* Peter wasn’t even aware he was sensitive there, “you teasing me?”

“Y–” the rest of Peter’s sentence is cut off on a sharp gasp when Wade spanks him, hard enough that it stings but not hard enough to cause any real pain, but Peter’s hands fists the sheets regardless and he groans into the pillows.

“Nu *uh*,” Wade admonishes, grabbing Peter by the roots of his hair and yanking his head up, and Wade knows *that* hurts almost more than the slap, “I want the neighbors to hear you.”

Fuck.

Fuck fuck fuck fuck *fuck*–

“Fuck that’s hot,” Peter gasps and Wade’s hand flexes in his hair, testing.

“Want another?” Wade asks and Peter tries to nod but finds he can’t with how he’s being held.

“Yes,” he hisses and it sounds strained.

“Yes *what*?” Wade asks, his free hand rubbing soothing circles along Peter’s ass, a contradicting motion to the sharp sting that hand had brought not a minute before.

It makes Peter shiver, the teasing unknown of how Wade will act, and Wade feels both powerful and powerless. He knows Peter’s really in control. Whatever Peter wants, whatever Peter says, Wade will do without hesitation. He’s so beyond gone for this man, so fucking whipped that Peter could tell him to walk off the Brooklyn Bridge and he’d ask how many times.

What Peter says next thought stops Wade’s… *everything*.

“Yes… Daddy,” Peter slurs eyes falling shut in both humiliation and arousal and Wade’s cock twitches, the pleasurable pressure building low in his groin and he needs to squeeze the base of his cock so he doesn’t blow his load right then and there.

Peter’s face is red, his eyes dark and gleaming, and he looks like he enjoyed saying that as much as Wade enjoyed hearing it. God, damn.

“Good boy,” Wade praises and before Peter has time to bask in how Wade’s approval makes him feel another slap, harder than before, makes him jolt.

Peter can’t help the whine that bleeds past his teeth, even if he tries to bite it back before it stains the sheets.

“Shit, Wade,” Peter says, not sure what he’s asking for but knowing that he needs more, “just…I can’t…”

“Can’t what baby?” Wade asks and spanks him again, this hit landing over an already tender spot and causing Peter’s whole body to move with the force, and watching Peter’s ass turn a lovely shade of pink in the shape of his hands is *addicting*. “You wanna cum?”

Yes! Yes, that’s what Peter wants, fuck, he really wants to cum.
“Yes,” Peter sighs, Wade’s hand grabbing his ass and kneading the skin in a possessive roll, “yes, Wa–”

Another slap and Peter has a moment of disconnect where he can’t pinpoint what he did wrong.

“What do you call me, boy?” Wade asks, letting his grip on Peter’s hair tighten so that he pushes Peter face-first into the mattress, flustered, his scalp tender and throbbing and *fuck* if Peter doesn’t

love this.

Could Peter cum untouched? He feels like he can, he's so on edge. Wade really wants to test that one day, see if Peter can cum from dirty talk and a rimjob.

"*Daddy*," Peter answers, face on fire, "I'm sorry."

"You know," Wade says conversationally, and when he shifts his cock drags along the crack of Peter's ass and suddenly fucking Peter into the mattress is *all he can think about*, "you've been good for me, haven't you?"

Peter makes this reedy, broken noise that Wade feels vibrating in his chest. Peter looks like he's trying to find the composure to speak, so before he can Wade spreads his ass and licks lightly at his already wet hole. There's that noise, Wade's favorite sound, unfortunately muffled into the pillows but Wade lets Peter have this one. He's been so good, after all, and his balls are drawn tight, his dick *so* red it looks almost painful. He'll need to cum soon, Wade thinks, because this is new and he doesn't want to push Peter too hard too fast–

"Can you fuck me?" Peter blurts, effectively breaking the tension of their role-play and Wade stills, feeling like he's been punched in the gut, before he laughs, overwhelmed, against the back of Peter's neck. He's trying to hold onto his composure, trying to go slow and in control, but Peter's really testing him here.

"Oh *hell*, honey," Wade says, turning Peter over so that they're facing each other, and Peter's the most beautiful thing Wade's *ever seen*. "You want me to blow my load now?"

"Sure," Peter says, "in my mouth or my ass?"

Wade chokes.

"Jesus," Wade sighs, his hands rubbing worshipfully down Peter's chest, nails scraping lightly over Peter's nipples just to see the goosebumps break across Peter's skin, "trust me baby, I'd love to fuck ya. On every surface imaginable and then once more in case we miss a spot. But I kinda don't wanna rush this. Would that be rushing this?"

"So you're a masochist," Peter says, "why am I not surprised?"

Wade kisses him, soft and reassuring at first, but then it gets deeper, more demanding, and Wade grips Peter's jaw to hold him in place while his tongue licks into Peter's mouth and just *takes*.

Peter whimpers and Wade drinks the sound like wine. Wade can't help feeling every bit of Peter, marveling at his strength and body and feeling an overwhelming surge of adoration for the man below him. Wade hasn't felt this present during sex *ever*. It's magical. Everything with Peter is magical.

"It's not rushing," Peter whispers against his lips, "not to me. But if you'd like to wait, if you wanna take this slow, I understand. I wanna respect that."

Wade takes a deep breath, kissing down Peter's throat and decorating his skin in a lovely chain of red blossoms.

"I…fuck I want everything with you," Wade admits, exposed and breaking his Dom composure.

He's supposed to the one to comfort Peter now. Not the other way around. *He's* supposed to be unshakable, unaffected, in control, but he feels like the complete opposite. A part of him is scared

to take this all the way, because what if…what if he loses Peter? What if it doesn't work?

"Can you finger me then?" Peter asks, breathless, and Wade can't help but grind against Peter's thigh at that.

"Shit, yeah," Wade growls, claiming a biting kiss to Peter's lips, and feeling infinitely grateful that Peter doesn't press the issue, "fuck yeah. You ever cum from a prostate massage before?"

Peter's eyes are wide, the brown all black, his mouth swollen and spit licked. He's delectable and Wade wants to *devour* him.

"No," Peter whispers, "you don't want me to touch myself?"

The anxiety has passed, has waned, and now Wade can let himself slip back into his role, let's himself relax into his stance like a lion posing to pounce. Peter's eyes get darker, if possible, his own cock hot and hard against Wade's abs. Wade can feel how wet he is, and he licks his lips, really fighting the urge to taste.

"Hands by your head baby," Wade instructs, maneuvering Peter so that his legs are wrapped around his waist, "if you move them I'll have to tie you up. And then you won't get to touch me at all, will you?"

Peter's breathing fast, labored breaths sharp and quick in his chest.

"No, Daddy," he whispers and fuck *fuck fuck*, *Wade's* gonna be the one to cum first if Peter keeps calling him that.

"Good boy, baby," Wade grins, bending down to kiss his lips, then trail down to his chest, licking at his nipples and listening to Peter gasp and squirm.

He pinches the right one and Peter's whole body *jolts*.

"Hmm, you're so responsive," Wade whispers, licking down and tonguing over Peter's hipbones.

"Fuck, Wade," Peter whines, clasping his hands together and looking on the delicious side of desperate, "I want to make you feel good too. I want you to cum."

"Yeah?" Wade asks, kissing his way back up, leaving hickies as he goes, reaching blindly for the bottle of lube he'd thrown beside them earlier. "How's my baby want me to get off? Huh?"

Peter swallows, eyes locked on Wade's face, and Wade isn't strong enough to break this connection, especially when Peter tips his head up, wordlessly asking for a kiss. Wade can't deny him, not really, so he lets Peter control the kiss at first, lets Peter lick inside his mouth and let their tongues play.

"However you want," Peter whispers, and he squirms against where Wade's pressing their hips together, "in my mouth? On my ass? Whatever, Wade, just…fuck I really need you to cum, please, I really really need it."

It takes Wade a minute to remember why he isn't fucking Peter right now. It seems more and more like a good idea with every passing second. Just because they fuck doesn't mean Peter's going to leave. Wade's already so deep in this who the hell cares how much further he sinks?

The anxiety is still there though, and it dampens the edge of his arousal, but he refuses to get in his head.

“I’m gonna finger you until you cum,” Wade says after he’s gathered himself, after Peter’s let him, “and then you’re gonna suck me off and swallow, you understand?”

Peter nods, helplessly desperate, and he lets out a shattered breath as he watches Wade squirt and warm some lube onto his fingers.

“I won’t last long,” Peter warns, “I’m already so close.”

“Then this can take the edge off,” Wade grins, devious, “until round two.”

“Round… two, wait–”

Peter cuts off as Wade slides a finger in, up to the first knuckle, but the fun thing about asses (if you have anal experience) you don’t gotta worry about anything stretching like a pussy. Just gotta get that guy dilating and Peter lets him in like a fucking *pro*.

“Wow, look at you,” Wade whispers, pressing reassuring kisses to every part of Peter he can reach, “*fuck*.”

“H–haven’t had someone do this to me in a while,” Peter laughs, breathless, as Wade gets a finger in and *curls– “fuck!”*

Jackpot.

So he’s a little possessive right now, sue him. Peter’s being vulnerable and hot and all around amazing, Wade’s gonna get a protective streak a mile wide. He bends down, makes Peter’s legs spread wider, and the look Peter gives him at that is *dizzying*. He’s being so good, letting Wade do what he wants, that Wade slowly works in a second finger. It’ll be better, with two.

Peter almost forgets himself and touches Wade, but he drops his arms at the last minute and Wade rubs his prostate as a reward. And keeps rubbing it, keeps finding that small bundle of nerves, alternating his touch like he would while rubbing a clit. He doesn’t want Peter to get so sensitive that it hurts, that it doesn’t feel good before he actually cums, so he goes gentle, then rough, then just pressure, and Wade’s never seen Peter lose it like this before.

Peter’s shaking, a flush traveling all the way down to his chest, and he’s looking up at Wade like Wade’s the fucking *sun*–

“Do you finger yourself?” Wade asks, carrying off of what Peter admitted and Peter swallows and shakes and Wade takes some mercy and lets him move so he can grab onto Wade’s shoulders for some kind of support.

“I–*shit*,” Peter admits, grip on Wade tightening, “I…the other night, I did.”

Wade’s breath catches, his dick fucking *hurting* from how long he’s been holding off, but Peter’s started to fuck himself down on Wade’s fingers, developing a rhythm, and Wade isn’t about to upend that now.

“Tell me,” Wade commands, breathless to his own ears, “please tell me about it, baby.”

“Shit shit shit,” Peter pants, his legs tightening around Wade’s waist, precum smearing in streaks across his abdomen as Wade rocks against him and fuck, Wade’s not gonna get to cum in Peter’s mouth if Peter doesn’t cum soon, “thought…thought of you.”

Peter can barely speak.

Wade gets how overwhelming prostate messages can be. He lets Peter claw at him, and he hopes the kisses he plants all along Peter's face and neck are reassuring.

"I bet you did, baby. You're that good aren't you? Wow, look, you're doing so well honey, holy shit, you're so fucking amazing. Love the sounds you're making baby boy, God, wanna make you mine."

"Gonna, Wa–" Peter cuts himself off with a high moan and Wade lets him reach down and begin to jerk his straining dick.

The noise is erotic enough that Wade almost cums on the spot. It's a miracle he doesn't.

"Let me…mouth," Peter whines and Wade's only able to understand what Peter means because they *just* talked about it.

Wade gives Peter's prostate one final farewell, Peter's toes curling, and Wade's fortunate enough to see Peter cum all over his stomach before Wade focuses his attention on Peter's face.

"Open up, baby," Wade breathes and Peter drops his mouth obediently and really Wade just needs to slide in, Peter giving him hard, sucking licks, over and over, eyes wide and watery, before Wade loses enough time that he's caught off guard by his orgasm.

It's strong, so intense that he feels like someone's punched the air from his lungs. He braces one hand on the wall and the other by the side of Peter's head to balance himself from putting his weight on Peter.

And Peter…Peter swallows and doesn't spill a drop.

///

They shower, and order postmates.

Wade could stare at Peter; post coital, sleepy, content and warm, for the rest of his life. Strangely enough, that thought doesn't scare him.

"Stop staring," Peter grumbles, pushing Wade's face playfully gentle away.

"Nah," Wade grins, rolling over onto Peter's side of the bed and propping himself up above him, "can't get enough of you."

Peter's smile is almost as blinding as the hickies darkening in a daisy chain around his throat.

"Thanks for buying us pizza," Peter says, tracing his fingers down Wade's chest, "and the rimjob."

"Thanks for dating me," Wade shoots back, "and not gagging at my skin."

Peter pouts. It's adorable because he's not scary at all.

“I don’t like when you put yourself down,” Peter tells him, “do I have to fight you or something?”

Wade raises his eyebrows.

“How about a kiss instead?”

Peter smiles, pulling Wade down.

“Easy,” he says.

///

It’s 3am when Wade gets a call.

He’s barely awake, let alone feeling like a person, but he answers it blindly and on instinct.

“Fuck is this?” he slurs, trying to keep his voice down as he detangles himself from the sheets and subsequently Peter.

He doesn’t want to wake the other man up, so he makes his way down the steps to the kitchen.

“Wade,” it’s Vanessa, “what’s going on?”

“Uh,” Wade grumbles, more than a little annoyed, “you tell me honey, I was sleeping. Finally.”

“Check your texts. I’ll talk to you in a bit.”

She hangs up. She never hangs up on him. It makes Wade suspicious, and nervous, but he clicks on Vanessa’s name in his texts and stares dumbly at the picture she just sent him.

It’s of Peter and him, standing on Wade’s porch that morning, kissing.

Fuck.

vanessa: were you going to tell me you were dating?

Chapter End Notes

whoop. this chapter is like 30 pages. this fic is almost 200. what am i doing wow
thanks for sticking with ya'll dam

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

> “Shit. Are you wearing lip gloss?”
> “It’s Dior.”
> “*Fuck* me.”

Chapter Notes

> TW: sexual content, cross-dressing, drinking, light Daddy kink

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The headlines come in a rush.

Peter wakes up to his phone buzzing consistently, and he blinks up at Wade’s ceiling trying to get the will to even move.

“Hey,” Wade whispers, the bed dipping as he slides in beside Peter who curls to him instantly, wrapping around him like an octopus and feeling giddy when Wade laughs.

“What time is your flight today?” Peter asks, words muffled into Wade’s scarred skin.

Wade’s hand rests on Peter’s back, rubbing up and down the bare skin comfortingly.

“Six,” Wade sighs, “I’ll get to Paris early in the morning.”

“Gross,” Peter says.

Wade hums in agreement but doesn’t say anything further. Peter pushes himself up so he’s staring down at Wade, taking in the tight lines around Wade’s eyes.

“What’s wrong?” Peter asks.

Wade’s expression shifts to one of surprise.

“How do you know something’s wrong?” Wade wonders, hand sliding from Peter’s back to his ass.

Peter gives him a flat look.

“You’re quiet,” he says, “and my phone has been ringing off the hook. I’m not popular. I know two people.”

Wade sighs, rubs a hand over his face.

“I wanted a nice morning,” he whines dramatically, “where I made you pancakes and licked whipped cream off your dick.”

Peter flushes and Wade winks vivaciously, even if his usual exuberance is missing.

“Well tell me what happened and then we can do all that,” Peter says patiently, worry beginning to build like helium in his chest, “but I’m low-key freaking out.”

“Ooh, don’t freak out,” Wade says, sitting up and leveling with Peter, “or else I’ll freak out.”

“Well you drawing this out is *freaking me out*,” Peter tells him, “just tell me what happened so we both stop freaking out.”

Wade studies his face for long enough that Peter’s anxiety is near bursting.

“Are you breaking up with me? Was this a mistake? You don’t have to rim me anymore if that wasn’t good–”

“Whoa whoa *whoa*, hold up stop saying ridiculous things,” Wade cuts in, pressing a firm kiss to Peter’s lips, “Jesus, that’s not it.”

“Then what the hell–”

“We’re public,” Wade says in a rush and Peter’s mouth snaps shut in surprise.

This definitely isn’t what he was expecting.

“Uh, what?”

“Someone got a pic of us smoochin’ outside,” Wade says, gently, like Peter’s going to freak, “I’m sorry. I should’ve been more careful.”

Peter blinks.

“Wait,” he says, shifting so that he’s facing Wade on the bed, “Wade, *you’re* the one who wanted to take this slow. You didn’t want to go public yet. Fuck me, how are *you*?”

Wade winks and Peter hits his bicep. It’s firm. Fuck.

“Wade–”

“T-b-q-h I was freaking out this morning,” Wade admits and Peter falls silent to listen, “I hate feeling like people are spyin’. But, I’m sure of you ya know? Like, I’m as sure about you as I am about Runamok maple syrup. And while we’re talkin’ about rimming, baby, I’ll eat you out all day if you let–”

“Off topic,” Peter says, “you’re getting off topic.”

“Or, hear me out, we’re getting back *on* topic.”

“Wade the quicker you talk about your feelings the quicker we can have sex,” Peter reminds, heart melting in affection as Wade sighs and settles so he can lay his head on Peter’s thigh.

“All right, doc, here’s the scoop–”

“Are you a cop from the 1940s or my patient?” Peter laughs, running careful fingers along the raised scar tissue of Wade’s scalp.

“Both don’t interrupt me.”

“Oh, my apologies please continue.”

“I’m fine now,” Wade says and looks up at Peter, expression earnest even if Peter’s seeing it upside down, “really. I don’t like paps or tabloids, but I like you. Besides, there’s no earthly way I’d be able to stop touchin’ you in public now. This was inevitable.”

“Are you sure?” Peter asks, “I can stay in the states. I can give you some space–”

“That’s literally the last thing I’d ever want ever,” Wade states, softening when Peter smiles down at him, “don’t you know me at all?”

Peter bends down, kisses the tip of Wade’s nose.

“I know you have an unhealthy obsession with pancakes,” Peter says, kissing Wade’s cheek, “I know you like red and high heels and lipstick,” another kiss, “I know you love the movie Gone Girl and I know how you sound when you cum.”

Wade’s eyes are wet, and he turns in Peter’s lap until he’s straddling him, pushing Peter back down against the pillows with the ease of someone in ridiculous shape.

“You know a lot of things,” Wade agrees, eyes flitting across Peter’s features deferentially, “what else do you know?”

Peter swallows, pressing his hands against the firm lines of Wade’s chest.

“I know I really wanna fuck in your kitchen,” Peter deadpans and Wade’s boisterous laugh will fuel him for the rest of his life.

They *do* fuck in the kitchen.

And Peter learns two new things: Wade’s whipped cream idea was ingenious and he loves when Peter rims him.

It’s great.

///

It’s Peter’s first time on a private jet.

There’s candy in the cup holders of the seats, which recline all the way down. He’s given pillows and blankets and meals. The hour’s pass in a dreamlike, air pressured, daze, his ear buds in, until the jet jolts as the wheels release and they’re landing down.

A man dressed in all black meets Peter on the runway, a sleek black car behind him.

“Uh, hi,” Peter says and the man takes his small suitcase easily.

“Parker?” the man asks, French accent thick and making all of this feel very real.

“Yeah, I can take that you don’t have to carry it–”

“Please follow me,” the man says, turning on his heel and leading Peter to the shiny black car.

Peter, exhausted and confused, obediently hurries to follow.

///

Paris is cleaner than New York.

Doesn't always smell like souring piss and un-emptied garbage cans, but both cities carry that same humming energy. Although Paris is a bit more relaxed, laid back, a cat sprawling in the sun whereas New York is a dog who got into too much chocolate and then threw up all over the living room rug and the owner is wondering if having this pet is even *worth it* anymore–

So Paris is nice.

It's dark when Peter lands, and dark as the car takes him to a lavish hotel with fine dressed people and great smelling food and Peter makes his way through a group of chain-smoking women to follow the man who picked him up inside. The culture shock is that when he passes conversations he can't understand them, and it's both intimidating and oddly liberating. The lobby is black and white tiles and gold delicate wallpaper, covered with plants and special decorations for everyone there for Fashion Week but Peter's stuck on this litany of "*I'm in Paris this is real I'm really in Paris oh my God I can't speak French oh my God*" the entire elevator ride up.

The sleek metal doors slide open and into a narrow carpeted hallway, leading to only one door. It kind of hits Peter then that this is a penthouse suite and he wants to both strange Wade and kiss him silly.

"I'm staying here?" Peter asks, unnecessarily, as he follows the balding man to the door and is handed a pristine key card, "like, this is my room?"

The man gives Peter a disappointed look.

"Yes," is all he says before opening the door and letting Peter step in first.

Peter hardly registers the man telling him about the amenities, or that there is free champagne in the fridge, because Peter's too entranced by the largest hotel room he's *ever seen* splayed out like the best kind of buffet in front of him.

The floor is an off white cream, with grey blue couches and yellow pillows. The bed is wide, looks wider than any King Peter's experienced, with a red velvet headboard that matches the pillows and throw blankets placed around the room (Peter has a feeling Wade specifically asked for red accents). A large flat screen is bolted into the adjacent wall, along with a couch and small seating area, but what's really making Peter's breath stutter is the floor to ceiling windows, draped in lavish gold curtains that accentuate the view of the Eiffel Tower, lit up in the dark and overlooking Paris' 8th arrondissement.

He can't hear any city sounds from this far up, and he hardly has the right of mind to take off his old converse before walking up to the window and looking out. Gold and red lights blink up at him as the city lives and breathes, and Peter has to take a moment to brace himself with the mounting realization that he isn't in New York.

He's in France.

He's in *Paris*, with his famous fashion designer boyfriend.

He's *literally* here to take pictures and document Fashion Week and live in this swanky hotel room and *shit* is he going to cry or have a panic attack or *both* because suddenly all he wants is to be able to tell Aunt May that he maybe has *finally made it–*

"Wow Paris looks hot on you," Wade's voice says and Peter nearly jumps out of his skin, heart hammering as he turns to where the door to the suite is sliding shut and Wade is stepping in.

He's dressed in form fitting black trousers and one of his own designed oversized red hoodies and *fuck* he looks great, he *always* looks great.

"Hey," Peter smiles, jetlag and flying exhaustion feeling a little less prominent now that Wade is walking towards him, "I like these pants on you."

Wade raises a hairless eyebrow, tired around the eyes but his smile is soft and genuine as he rests his hands on Peter's hips.

"Have you had din din?" Wade asks, tilting down and kissing Peter before he can answer, like he can't hold back any longer.

Peter gets the sentiment.

He opens his mouth easily and Wade doesn't waste anytime exploring it. Wade might be a wizard, Peter thinks, because he's half hard from just feeling Wade's tongue and it might be a new record.

They part because Wade makes them and then stares at Peter like he's expecting something.

Peter's been offline the past five minutes so he's not sure what's telepathically being asked.

"Do you want me to suck you off?" he asks and Wade first looks surprised before laughing, eyes crinkling.

"Baby *always*," Wade says, reaching up and wiping a bit of spit off Peter's lip with his thumb, "but I'm still waitin' on that dinner answer."

"What dinner answer?"

"Have you had din din?"

"You can't ask me questions before kissing me and then expect me to remember them," Peter says, standing on tiptoes to plant another kiss to Wade's mouth.

"And you still haven't answered," Wade reminds, hands sliding down Peter's back to move underneath all his layers for skin on skin contact that makes Peter shift closer, "not being very good baby."

Peter's fingers clench in Wade's hoodie. The material is soft beneath his increasingly heated skin.

"Haven't eaten yet," Peter says, mouth dry, "can we uh, can we eat after?"

Wade's eyebrows rise.

"After?" he asks.

"Yeah, after you fuck me on this King sized bed?" Peter elaborates, and Wade looks floored.

“You…you want me to fuck you?” Wade clarifies, like he somehow misheard.

“Wade I’ve *been* wanting you to fuck me,” Peter says, “you’re the one who wanted to take things slow, which is fine, but it’s been like a week and we’ve done everything but have sex and I really can’t keep walking around fantasizing about it and getting hard ons in public like some creep.”

Wade’s staring at him, eyes wide, mouth open, and Peter backtracks, instantly regretting saying anything.

“I mean unless you don’t want to have sex that’s also fine you don’t have to fuck me, you don’t have to do anything we can eat dinner forget I said any–”

Wade’s kiss is bruising and deep and Peter nearly bends back with the force of it.

“I would *love* to fuck you,” Wade pants, “I’d fuck you anywhere baby. You wanna fuck on the Eiffel Tower? I can make that happen. Hmm, cover ya in chocolate and go to *town*.”

“What’s up with you and food?” Peter asks as his thighs hit the mattress and Wade pushes him down.

“You and food are my two favorite things,” Wade explains, nearly tearing Peter’s jeans off.

“You’re not covering me in taco sauce,” Peter says, ending on a moan as Wade sucks at his neck.

“We’ll work our way to it,” Wade promises and then proceeds to take Peter apart.

///

The following week passes in an intoxicating blur of adaptation to a different culture, Fashion Week, interviews, press, dinners, Gala’s, and Peter filling up almost all of his SD cards in one day.

It’s a whirlwind, and Peter barely has time to breathe through it all. He can’t imagine how Wade is holding it together, especially with the more invasive questions regarding his accident and scars and apparently new young boyfriend. Peter wasn’t identified in the grainy picture of them kissing from New York but Wade seems to have lost all fucks to give in Paris, because he holds Peter’s hand going to shows and kisses him at the dinners and it never fails to make Peter’s heart flutter with adoration.

They turn in each night exhausted but wound up with so much access energy from the day that by Sunday they’ve fucked on nearly every surface they can, the bathtub large enough to easily fit them both, and Peter discovers a new kink involving mirrors and being pressed up against one.

He doesn’t see Vanessa often, she tangles in with the mess of models and drinks and cigarette smoke, as elusive as Peter’s anxiety, and he knows he should talk with her at some point but there’s hardly any time to catch a breath, nowadays.

Wade and her seem tense as well, but amicable, and Peter isn’t sure what happened to cause this shift but on the long nights where they’re still out on the streets of Paris at 2am, wine drunk and speaking to Donatella Versace and once Kendall Jenner, Peter can’t help but feel like he fucked

something up. That he got in the way, somehow, of a relationship that's been important to Wade for years.

The wine helps forget all of that.

It stains their lips purple and makes their kisses bitter but Peter sticks to wine like he sticks to his camera and tries to let himself just be in these incredible moments with these influential artists and not drown in his own self wallowing.

Fashion Week ends with cold air and warm venues, and Wade sidles up close to him as the runway is being dismantled and the reporters have long since left.

"Congratulations," Peter tells him, moving his camera to snap a picture of Wade standing amongst racks of clothes and discarded makeup, of coffee mugs and ashtrays and everything that Vogue doesn't show, "it was a beautiful show."

"Yeah?" Wade asks, his lips shining from gloss under the horrible fluorescents "Didn't look to kitschy?"

"It totally did," Ellie calls from where she's lacing up her boots, shaved head doused in purple glitter, "embrace it, Wilson."

"It did," Peter agrees, smile softening as he takes in Wade's affronted look, "but that's why I loved it."

"Drinks?" Natasha asks from the back of the fitting rooms, Domino shrugging on a chic black coat beside her. "I want to celebrate."

They walk, thirty minutes in the cold early morning, all warm just from a shared venture coming to an end, and the bar they end up in is small and gold and wooden perfection.

Wade seems to know the owner kisses his cheek and makes him laugh, and Peter watches with something akin to pride bubbling in his chest because his boyfriend is so talented and smart and charming and Peter–

Peter keeps falling for him. Every day, every waking moment, it feels like the first time.

The night they stay in this bar is one of the bests.

No one is sloppy drunk, just drunk enough, and the food keeps coming, no stopping in the foreseeable future. Peter is nestled against Wade's side for a good part of the night, content and warm with Wade's arm wrapped around him and laughing until their sides burn from it.

Wade migrates to the next table over, checks in with his models, with everyone and Peter watches with his glass of wine and love struck smile on his face. He's tired, but feeling accomplished, and he could watch Wade for hours and not get bored.

He doesn't notice Vanessa sitting down across from him until she clinks their glasses together and captures his attention.

And then the anxiety comes back.

"How are the pictures coming out?" Vanessa asks in lieu of a greeting and Peter tries his best to not appear tense as he answers.

“Great, they’re really good. Got some nice ones of you.”

Vanessa raises her brows, similar to how Wade does it. Peter’s forgotten that jealousy tastes bitter.

“Huh, send them my way,” Vanessa says, smiling gently.

“I will. Definitely, yeah,” Peter promises and they lapse into a bit of an awkward pause, a heavy unspoken topic hanging as intrusive as smoke in the air between them.

“So,” Vanessa begins, sipping her wine and maintaining eye contact. “You and Wade.”

“I–yeah,” Peter says, not bothering to try and backpedal, “yeah. I uh, I’ve liked him for a while.”

“I could tell,” Vanessa points out, tilting her head to rest her cheek on her palm.

She doesn’t look upset, or sad, or any of the things Peter had been bracing himself for. Instead, she looks soft, accepting in this dim light in Paris.

“I’ll always love him,” she says, a whisper caught in the raucous of celebration, “he’s special to me. But we had our time and our chances. It never worked, not the way we wanted it to.”

Peter’s heart is fluttering, beating wildly in his chest. He feels like a bad person, like a home wrecker, even if Vanessa is sitting two feet in front of him telling him he’s not.

“I haven’t seen him this happy since before the accident,” Vanessa continues, her gaze flittering over to rest on Wade, and Peter follows her gaze to the smile at the end of the rainbow, “you’re helping him find himself again. I’m not mad at you, Peter. I’m not jealous, or spiteful. I wish I had been informed in a better way than I was, but I don’t hate you. So stop looking like you’re going to melt into the floor every time I approach you.”

The last part is said like a joke but Peter’s so wound up he can barely force a laugh.

“I’m sorry,” is what he says, “I feel like I messed something up for you.”

Vanessa sighs, reaches across the table to the bottle of wine and refills both their glasses.

“You didn’t,” she tells him, sincere, “I’m the one who–it doesn’t matter. What matters, what really matters, is that he’s happy. Right?”

Vanessa doesn’t intimidate Peter, for the first time since meeting her. Instead, he understands her. They’re the same, he realizes. She’s just run out of chances and Peter’s only starting his.

He reaches out and takes her hand. She seems surprised by the gesture, but doesn’t pull away.

“Let me know if there’s anything I can do,” Peter says, “I understand that, I mean, I get where you’re coming from with this. It sucks. I don’t want to sit here and make it harder.”

She grins.

“Then help me drink the rest of this bottle,” she says and what else can Peter do but agree?

///

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen you this drunk,” Wade says as he maneuvers Peter through the door and into their room, “and that’s saying a lot because our first real conversation involved you blacking out.”

“I didn’t black out,” Peter grumbles, trying to shrug out of his dump jacket and getting tangled in the sleeves, “you blacked out and made it all up.”

“Sure honey,” Wade placates, helping Peter out of his clothes, “hell, you’re wasted.”

“Wanna bone?” Peter slurs before tripping and practically falling onto the bed.

Wade laughing doesn’t help anything.

“Not like this,” Wade says, kicking off his boots and pulling back the comforter for Peter to slink under, “you can barely keep your eyes open and I ain’t Bill Cosby.”

“You’re a fashion designer,” Peter tells him, nuzzling into the sheets and reaching out for Wade, “not a comic. You’re too white.”

“Did you have a good night, Pete?” Wade asks as the drunkenness subsides into the quiet of their room, pressed into white sheets and forgotten with the taste of bubbly water.

“Great night,” Peter sighs, tightening his arms around Wade and pressing a lazy kiss to his shoulder, “you?”

“Great night,” Wade agrees and Peter dips his toes into the warmth of sleep with Wade’s heart beating steady under his ear.

///

He sees it with Natasha on a lunch break on Wednesday.

They’re between meetings and dinners, despite Fashion Week ending, and Natasha has stayed behind a while longer to soak in more of the Parisian air. He doesn’t mean to linger when he sees the lingerie but it’s red and catches his eye and Natasha, as observant as she is, notices.

“You’d look good in that,” she says and ignores Peter’s blush as she bends to see around the mannequin, “no back either, that makes things easier, huh?”

“Nat the hell?” he sputters and she glances over at him, red lipstick impeccable as always.

“What?” she asks, “If you don’t like anal I know Wade does.”

“I like it! But, I mean,” he turns his attention back to the lace garment in front of him, “I’ve never, uh. I don’t know if it would look good.”

Natasha crosses her arms, entirely unamused. Peter feels himself prickle in defense at her look.

“What?”

“You wouldn’t look good?” she asks, blinking slowly. “Pete, you can eat whatever you fuckin’ want and not gain a pound. You have legs for days. I wanna kill you. I *will* kill you, if you don’t

buy those panties and get laid."

Peter's certain he's as red as the lingerie. He feels it. It's soft, and airy, weighs next to nothing. The lace is gentle, not scratchy, and the back of the underwear is a zigzag satin pattern that ties into a small bow at the top of the fabric. No back. He's embarrassed, but also hopelessly turned on, because he could wear this while Wade fucks him and that's almost as hot as the idea of *wearing lingerie for his boyfriend.*

"How much is it?" he sighs and Natasha's answering grin is just a *little* terrifying.

///

They have a week left in Paris.

There are still some dinners they attend, but most of the days are their own.

Wade takes him everywhere, down winding streets, into stores, and Peter has more bread and cheese in this span of time than he's had in his entire life. They take the train to St Emilion a few hours south of Paris, and it's quiet, different than the big cities Peter is used to, and he finds himself enamored with the small bakeries and cobblestone walks, dogs and cats walking along the fields despite the cold.

Peter could live here, he thinks, as he watches Wade speak fluently to a woman in a small bakeshop.

He could live here.

///

It's their last night and Peter's staring at the red lingerie with a mix of trepidation and excitement.

Wade had gone out to get them champagne and say goodbye to Vanessa, and Peter's alone in their large penthouse, running his fingers over the lace.

He's really going to do this.

He's really going to put on panties and matching stockings and lip gloss and try to seduce his boyfriend. He dresses slowly, avoiding the mirror because he doesn't want to psyche himself out, and once the fishnet stockings are pulled up around his thighs he feels a sort of confidence he wasn't expecting.

Is the pink gem butt plug too much?

Maybe he should've gotten heels.

Maybe he should've gone for red lipstick.

Maybe he should take this off before Wade gets back and just pretend it never–

The door opens and Peter isn't sure why he's so nervous but he is, heart hammering, he turns to where Wade is standing, slack jawed, paper bag in hand, as the door swings shut loudly behind him.

There's a tense moment where they just stare at one another, Wade looking like he's just had a stroke and Peter wondering if he looks like a tomato.

Wade breaks the silence first.

Because of course he does.

"Oh, holy hell," he croaks, eyes raking up and down Peter's figure greedily, "wha–*fuck*, baby, Beyonce help me…"

"Do you, uh, does it look okay?"

"Does it look okay," Wade repeats, still sounding dazed, out of it, and he approaches Peter cautiously, dropping the bag with the champagne, all the previous exhaustion of the day leaving him.

Peter's heart is pounding in his chest, his body alight with nerves, but Wade staring at him so intently is turning him on, combining with his embarrassment to form a heady concoction of twisted desire that has him half hard in the lace underwear before Wade's even touched him.

Wade stops a foot in front of him, eyes dark and looking darker in the dim yellow lighting of their hotel room.

"You look like all my fantasies come to life and wrapped up in red lace like the naughtiest kind of present," Wade tells him earnestly, and still he doesn't reach out to him, "just…god damn, baby you're gonna have to resuscitate me."

A shy smile spreads Peter's lips. Wade's breath catches.

"Shit. Are you wearing lip gloss?"

"It's Dior."

"*Fuck* me."

"Any way you want but I was kind of hoping you'd fuck me," Peter says, Wade's response gratifying and making Peter feel bold, "I bought the ones with no back specifically for this."

Wade makes a choking sound.

"No…no back," he wheezes, and Peter's a little concerned he really *is* going to have to resuscitate him, "fuck. Get on the bed. Let me get a good look at you."

His tone has dropped, from breathy and in awe to a harder, more demanding rumble and it makes Peter's cock twitch against the lacy confines as he quickly does what he's told, getting onto the bed in a rush.

"Hands and knees," Wade tells him, eyes nearly black, and Peter shivers as he hears Wade's belt buckle clink in the otherwise silent room.

Peter braces himself on his palms, arches his back and listens as Wade undoes the zipper on his pants.

Peter feels like electricity is racing through his veins, sharp and hot and making him feel shaky and visible and so fucking desired. He can imagine what Wade sees now: the red panties framing his ass, backless and exposing, with the pink gem butt plug peeking shyly out.

“I’m gonna die,” Wade breathes, breaking his character, and Peter hides his pleased smile before turning to look at Wade over his shoulder.

He shakes his ass just to see Wade’s cock twitch in his loose grip.

“It’s yours, babe,” Peter tells him, “you gonna come take what’s yours?”

Peter blames his behavior on the earlier champagne and how fucking *good* Wade looks, broad and tall and daring behind him.

“Fuck yes,” Wade groans, stepping forward and finally, *finally*, resting his hands reverently on Peter’s ass. “God.”

The first slap is light, testing, but Peter trembles anyway and pushes back into Wade’s grip, silently asks for more.

“Shit you look good in red baby,” Wade breathes, spreading Peter’s ass and making him blush scarlet as he feels Wade’s eyes on the plug, “damn I’m so fucking lucky. *Fuck*, honey.”

Peter’s expecting a second slap so the gentle kiss over tingling skin makes him jump in surprise. Wade laughs, his breath tickling and breaking goosebumpbs along Peter’s arms.

“Stockings too? Fuck, you’re…*Christ*, it’s not often someone makes me speechless,” Wade admits, sucking a soon-to-be deep scarlet mark into Peter’s thigh.

“Wade,” Peter pleads, pushes back, these gentle touches and teasing hits making him more desperate than he thought he could ever be before any actual foreplay, “want you to be a little rough with me.”

Wade doesn’t answer at first, just hums to let Peter know he’s heard before sucking another hickie into the swell of Peter’s ass. Peter’s fully hard now, the delicate panties straining, and his mouth is horribly dry but he tries swallowing anyway.

“How rough?” Wade asks, voice soft, not deep and in character like earlier, and Peter twists so he can meet Wade’s gaze.

It’s important.

It’s also incredibly damning because Wade’s unbuttoned his shirt, has let it drape open, and it shows off the hard lines of his pecs and abs and *shit*, Peter wants to *worship* him.

“You’re so much bigger than me,” Peter breathes, distracted and just blurts it out; Wade’s answering grin is sharp and wide.

“You like that don’t you,” Wade says, and it isn’t a question, “like that I’m bigger?”

“You know I do,” Peter answers, wanting to move, wanting to reach over and run his hands along Wade’s skin but Wade didn’t say he could move, “rougher than usual.”

Wade smooths his palms over Peter's back, down to his ass to grope before moving up again, slow, soothing gestures that just make Peter want him more.

"Be specific," Wade says, "and I'll do it."

Peter groans, dropping his head as Wade shifts, gets onto the large King mattress behind him, his knees bracketing Peter's shins. It adds to this dynamic, that Wade is partially clothed and Peter is in lace. Like this, with Wade over him, Peter feels small and vulnerable.

He loves it.

"I…tell me what to do," Peter breathes, "and how to do it. Choke me. Spank me. Ugh, everything we've talked about Wade I don't really care just–"

The slap to his ass interrupts him, sends a spike of electricity up his spine, and Peter drops to his forearms, arching his back even more, knowing that this position drives Wade crazy.

"*Yesss*," he hisses, smile curling his lips as he feels the tingling in his skin, "yes, babe."

Another slap, harder, more deliberate. The sound is loud in their hotel room. Peter wonders if anyone in the hallway could hear. Wade gives him two more, then switches it up, landing sharp slaps to just groping, and it keeps Peter consistently on edge, trapped in anticipation.

When he becomes sore, aching and instinctually moving away from the slaps Wade relents, softens, until he's spreading Peter again and kissing along the abused skin. When he licks Peter's rim, stretched lightly around the plug, Peter shivers. Wade's hands smooth up and down his stocking-clad thighs, strong and sure.

"You're shaking," Wade notes, sounding pleased and Peter nods, face red against the white sheets.

"Feels good," Peter promises, "do you feel good?"

Wade gives him one more lick before moving to sit so he's propped against the bed's velvet headboard, legs splaying out on either side of Peter's arms.

"Suck me off and I'll feel even better baby boy," Wade tells him and Peter doesn't waste any time shuffling forward and kissing his way down Wade's chest, paying special attention to his boyfriends nipples and the sensitive skin of his hips.

Wade's hands hover and delicately caress every part of him, like he can't decide where he wants to touch, and it's quickly becoming one of Peter's favorite things: Wade's gentle touches.

He's always so gentle, even if his words are rough.

Peter takes his time. He wants Wade to process ever move Peter makes. If Francis' bitter words are still ringing in Peter's head he's sure they're screaming in Wade's. So he wraps his lips around Wade's cock, hums and moans and shows Wade how much he's enjoying this.

He licks down to Wade's balls, occasionally sucking there before working his way back up, and he loses time, just a little, so immersed in his task that Wade's fingers gripping his hair and yanking him up is startling.

Wade's laugh is breathy and apologetic.

"You're getting too good at that," he says, and Peter grins, licks his lips and lets Wade tug him up

so he's straddling the other man's thighs, "damn, gonna make me blow my load way too soon."

"That's not a bad thing," Peter tells him, preening a little as Wade's hands immediately fall to the lace over his hips, the fishnet stockings on his thighs.

Wade groans and leans forward to plant open-mouthed kisses along Peter's chest and ribs.

"You look so fucking hot," Wade says, looking up at Peter with a sincerity that feels almost out of place, "I wanna do so many things to ya honey. God."

He spanks Peter again just to hear him gasp.

"Yeah make that sound again," Wade demands, slapping Peter hard enough that his whole body *jolts*.

"Shit," Peter gasps, nails digging into Wade's shoulders, rougher than he's ever been, "*Wade*."

Another smack, harder, and Peter's skin is *searing*.

"Here honey," Wade hums, his tone patient and codling and it makes the desperation Peter's been feeling all the more severe, "be a good boy and get these nice and wet for me."

Peter's whimper is muffled as Wade slides two fingers into his mouth, urging Peter to suck and Peter does, *God*, he doesn't care about the saliva that steadily begins to gather at the corners of his mouth, lets it drip, because Wade's eyes are dark and unwavering and the best motivation.

Peter can feel Wade's cock is made hyperaware that he's squirming in Wade's lap dressed only in lace and stockings and it makes his cock twitch at the dynamic.

Wade lands two more hits over the same reddening spot and Peter's high groans are choked by Wade moving his fingers deeper.

"That's it," Wade praises, gripping Peter's ass and *kneading*, "look at you. Look like my very own personal slut, baby, sucking on my fingers like this."

Shame only enhances the fire in Peter's gut, nurtures it, makes it grow and spark and flame. His arousal is going to burn him alive.

Wade pulls his fingers free and with the other hand removes the plug, only to replace it with a spit soaked finger instead and *shit*, Peter's fucked himself only with spit to lube the way but never anyone else.

It's going to burn, and drag, and Peter's so fucking ready for it. This is exactly what he was hoping for.

"This is what we're gonna do," Wade says, and Peter would think him unaffected if his cock wasn't hard and hot against his ass, "you're gonna ride me until your legs give out and then I'm gonna press you up against that grand fucking window and make you cum all over Paris. Does that sound like something you'd like?"

Peter's stopped breathing, both from Wade's words and the two fingers that have made their way inside him. Peter feels unraveled in the best of ways, feels uninhibited and weightless and lovely.

He feels so very much in love.

And it dulls all the stings from the spanking, dulls the slight, shallow burn of Wade's spit licked

fingers. Dulls out Francis and Harry and tabloids and Wade's own burdening self-doubt.

Wade could offer anything now, and Peter would leap to take it.

From Wade's expression he feels the same.

"Yes," Peter agrees, bending down to give Wade a messy, hot kiss, "yes, please, I want that. Please give me that."

Wade curls his fingers and Peter's legs are already shaking, both from how turned on he is and how Wade's beginning to press against his prostate and his nails scrabble at Wade's shoulders, leave light red marks in the skin.

"Get me good and wet first," Wade says, pulling his fingers out from Peter's ass to get his mouth back around his cock.

///

The panties are *ruined*.

They're definitely going to have to be dry cleaned after this, because Peter's pre-cum is soaking them through, Wade's spit from rimming him adding to the mixture, and as Wade manhandles Peter onto his back, pushes his knees up to his chest.

"Open up for me," Wade growls, "let me in, baby boy. Make Daddy proud."

Then he thrusts back in with no preamble, Peter nearly tears the flimsy fabric off just so he can get a hand around his aching dick.

But then Wade is jackhammering into him, biting his throat, holding down his wrists, and Peter's never cum untouched before but maybe tonight is a first for everything.

///

Wade follows through on his promise.

He has Peter up against the glass, hand around his throat, and Peter's prostate feels so bruised he's jolting with every harsh thrust but this is exactly what he wanted, all he ever needed, and Wade talks the whole time, never shuts up, and laughs coaxingly when Peter *does* cum all over Paris.

It's a fantastic trip.

Peter's lived out a dream, lived out the world, and now, as he curls around Wade in their large bed, drinking champagne and watching vines on Wade's laptop, he realizes he's living out love too.

Chapter End Notes

happy friday!!!!!! happy happy weekened!!! wrote this in like two hours so if there are grammatical errors i'm sorry and will go back to fix them but rn i'm just excited to post this? cause i've never written this much smut before? is it working or is it cringeworthy lol help

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Peter remembers his last meal.

Chapter Notes

omg. omg. okay. this is it!! maybe a sequel will happen but as of now, here we are.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They've been together almost six months when Peter hears from Harry again.

It's kind of the worst time imaginable, because Wade's just finished waking him up with a "happy birthday mouth party" aka a blowjob, and Peter's just got his breath back when his phone vibrates.

And then vibrates again.

And once more for good measure.

"I swear if it's MJ," Peter sighs, as he reaches over to where his phone is resting on his bedside table.

He calls it his, because by now he's practically living at Wade's. The man renovated the upstairs so Peter has his own closet and the bathroom now has two sinks instead of one and now Peter has his own personalized code to the front gate and door. They have their own sides of the bed, their own morning routine, their day routine, their night routine, their shower routine, their sex– well. There's no routine for that, Peter's just relishing it.

Wade's arms are wrapped around his waist, head resting on Peter's sternum, and he's very distracting laid out against Peter like this, all bare skin and wandering kisses.

Peter opens his phone, Wade's arms tightening around him as he shifts to lay his head on Peter's chest.

"Is it MJ?" Wade asks, voice rougher than usual and making another spark of desire light in Peter's gut, "Beyoncé? Literally the only people allowed to interrupt our time together. And even Beyoncé is 50/50."

Peter stares at his phone screen, a weird twisting sensation churning in his stomach and killing any arousal that had been present.

"Harry," Peter says and Wade lifts his head to see Peter's expression, "says "happy birthday. Don't have to respond. Can we meet soon?" He knows we're dating right? Everyone knows we're dating."

"*Beyoncé* knows we're dating," Wade says sagely, rolling off Peter and star fishing out across their

bed (again, distracting), “so are you gonna?”

Peter puts his phone away and turns towards Wade.

“Gonna what?”

“Meet with him,” Wade says, nodding to where Peter’s phone rests on his bedside table, “for like closure or some shit?”

“I don’t know,” Peter admits, reaching out to trace the scars on Wade’s abs, “did it help for you to meet with Francis?”

Wade shrugs, his hand coming up to play with Peter’s hair.

“It was definitely an ending,” Wade whispers, blue eyes trained on the ceiling, “not an easy ending but…necessary.”

“Hm,” Peter muses, taking a breath before swinging his leg over Wade’s and straddling his hips, hands spread out on the hard muscle of his pecs.

Wade raises an amused brow, hands smoothing up and down Peter’s thighs.

“What’s up bubble butt?”

Peter bites the inside of his cheek, not yet ready to meet Wade’s gaze.

“I think…I don’t want to talk about Harry today,” he says and Wade’s hands creep a little higher.

“Easy. What do you wanna do today?” Wade asks, coaxing.

Peter shifts and Wade’s breath hitches.

“Besides drive me crazy,” he elaborates and Peter’s smile is forced from him as he looks up from Wade’s chest and to his face, “or, well, craz*ier*.”

Peter tilts his head, considering.

The morning light paints Wade in soft colors, delicate details, he’s the most beautiful thing Peter’s ever seen. Adoration and love balloon in Peter’s chest and makes him feel tingly and sensitive all the way down to his toes.

He never expected to feel this way about another person before. He’s never had this, and he’s constantly amazed that he’s allowed it.

“Put your hands over your head,” Peter instructs and Wade’s smile is sharp as he obeys, makes a show of gripping his wrists in his hands.

“You wanna take control?” he asks, rocking his hips, and Peter reaches behind himself, strokes Wade’s cock leisurely, like he isn’t getting a little desperate for it.

“I just wanna see how long you can hold out,” Peter explains, like one would discuss the weather or a math equation, and Wade’s eyes darken considerably.

“Don’t hold your breath baby,” he says, inhaling when Peter lubes them up, “my self restraint is non existent.”

Peter sinks down.

“I’m kinda counting on that.”

///

It’s probably the best birthday of his life.

MJ and Natasha take him out to lunch and they get day drunk off bottomless mimosas that Wade insists on paying for.

They go to the MOMA because Peter loves museums, and even if MJ is antsy the whole time Natasha humors him with an in-depth knowledge that Peter hadn’t been expecting.

When they take the subway back to Wade’s apartment it’s to a beautiful golden hour light, caking Brooklyn in hues of orange and yellow and Peter feels full and content and is kind of ready to just crawl into bed and pass out. He’s not one for huge parties or gatherings, and he’s a little nervous that Wade’s gone overboard when he sees the two hundred balloons in their front yard.

“Oh god,” Peter mutters, walking cautiously up to the gate, “is it bad? Did he lose it?”

“Well,” Natasha speculates, a wry smile curling her lips, “they *are* your favorite colors.”

Peter turns to MJ, grasps her hands in his.

“I got you tickets to Lizzo you *have* to tell me if there’s a surprise party waiting up there,” he demands.

MJ rolls her eyes with a laugh, and braces her hands on Peter’s shoulders.

“Listen dude,” she says and Peter straightens, “Wade’s dramatic but he’s also observant. He’s not gonna throw you “Wade Wilson” party. He’s gonna throw you a Peter Parker party. Which is why we’re heading out.”

Peter blinks, contrite.

“Oh,” he says.

“Relax,” Natasha tells him, “we’re having a big dinner tomorrow with everyone. But, you know, take tonight with each other.”

“It’s… he didn’t plan for a two day celebration did he?”

Natasha and MJ exchange a glance. It doesn’t ease Peter’s concerns.

“Yeaah,” MJ says, “two days. That’s it.”

Peter sighs, but hugs them both.

“Thank you,” he says, feeling a choking sense of adoration, “really. It’s been a wonderful day.”

“Happy Birthday, Tiger,” MJ says, kissing his cheek, “go get some more hickies.”

He waves them off and enters the apartment warily. It's dark, besides for electronic tea-lights that direct him up the stairs and to the second floor.

"Uh, Wade?" he calls, trying not to fumble in the dark, "You here babe?"

"Wait!" Wade screams and then trips, "wait, don't come up yet!"

"Okay well I'm on the stairs."

"*Okay* then stay there."

"Can't I just only look at the ground? Or something?"

"Hah! You think I'm that gullible."

"…Kinda, yeah."

"We gotta work on your patience."

"It's your fault for spoiling me with instant gratification."

"I'll keep that in mind for tonight."

The smile on Peter's face is so big it hurts, but he can't help it, doesn't want to try and stuff down the overwhelming joy he's feeling. He waits, despite arguing it, and five minutes later he looks up at the sound of hurried footsteps and Wade's favorite red boots.

Peter didn't think he could smile any bigger but Wade's always proving him wrong.

"You got all dressed up for me?" Peter asks, and Wade holds out his hand for Peter to take.

"Always baby," he whispers, and he says it like one would say, "I love you".

It makes Peter's heart trip, because they haven't said it yet, haven't gone there even if they *have* been so fucking happy, (something about both of them rushing into past relationships and it ending terribly), and Peter grips Wade's hand tight and pulls him down for a reassuring kiss.

"I'm nervous," Peter admits, tucking his face into Wade's neck, "I don't know why I'm nervous."

Wade's arms encircle him, hold him close, and Peter can feel that Wade's heart is beating as fast as his own. It calms him, to know that him and Wade are on the same level.

"Me too," Wade laughs, "but this isn't a scary thing. I mean, unless food from all your favorite restaurants plus my pancakes is scary."

Peter laughs, pulling back but not looking away from Wade's face.

"Can I look now?"

Wade's smile is iridescent.

"Yeah," he says and steps back so Peter can make his way into the dining room.

He stops in the entryway, unable to move any further.

It's beautiful. Peter's favorite flowers are covering every surface. The room is lit by a multitude of candles, and the table is stacked full with mix-matched china, the dishes stacked with tacos and

burgers and pizza and pancakes, and a giant chocolate cake sits precariously near the edge.

“Whoa,” Peter breathes, taking it all in, “is this why you had Nat and MJ keep me busy all day?”

“A little,” Wade admits, coming up from behind and wrapping strong arms around Peter’s waist, “hope you didn’t miss me too much.”

Peter places his hands over Wade’s, holds him.

“Nah,” Peter lies, tipping his head back to rest on Wade’s shoulder, and sobers as Wade inclines his head to kiss Peter’s nose, “thank you.”

They get lost for a bit, a heavy air settling, because Wade’s eyes are *really* blue and Peter *really* wants to say “I love you” but the words keep getting caught in his throat and his own self-incompetence.

“C’mon,” Wade whispers, releasing Peter and patting his butt as he passes, “lets dig in.”

///

Somehow it’s the best the food he has ever tasted.

The cake Wade admits to making, which might explain why the top is smeared with three jars of icing, but Peter is far from complaining. Especially when Wade licks it off him later.

///

“I have a present for you,” Wade says when they’re wrapped up in the comforter they brought down from the bedroom, laid out on the couch with 30 Rock blaring in the background.

“I thought brunch was the present,” Peter says, tracing Wade’s jaw, “and the food and the cake and the blowjobs and the sex and *you*.”

Wade’s expression is warm enough that Peter doesn’t need the additional heat of the comforter.

“I’d give you the world if I could,” Wade admits, gentle, and Peter isn’t sure why but that anticipation is back, creeping along the edges of his heart.

He kisses Wade to center himself.

“I have to get up to get it.”

“Hmm?” Peter asks because now that he’s kissing Wade he’s forgotten why he was feeling anxious in the first place when all he’s experiencing now is love and contentment and calm.

“Babe, let me get your present.”

“No,” Peter grumbles, burrowing into Wade’s chest, “if you’re getting up can you bring me more

cake? Also some fries? Also that aioli you made yesterday ‘cause that would be *so* great with–”

“Wow I love you.”

Peter’s mouth snaps shut.

Wade stiffens beside him.

Slowly, Peter sits up, untangling them so that he can stare down at Wade’s alarmed expression.

Peter feels like he’s going to have a heart attack. He’s suspended in a level of disbelief, because while this isn’t a surprise its…fuck it’s overwhelming because he’s loved Wade for *months*, has been biting his tongue on saying it for weeks that have felt like years.

And Wade beat him to it.

Accidentally.

“What?” Peter croaks, and he’s giving Wade an out.

Maybe Wade didn’t mean it.

Maybe he meant it, but wasn’t ready to say it yet, and if that’s the case Peter isn’t going to steal it from him.

But Wade meets his gaze with the same fire and determination that Peter’s loved for what feels like forever and sits up, pushes the comforter aside and meets Peter’s gaze unwaveringly.

“I love you,” Wade repeats, “I uh, planned it better than this. With like, balloons and a jet and Beyoncé–”

“I love you too,” Peter whispers and Wade looks confused, looks surprised, so Peter takes Wade’s face in his hands and pulls him close, “I love you. And you beat me to it, you asshole.”

Wade’s laugh is wet.

“Do you still want your present–”

But Peter’s pulling him into a deep kiss that only gets deeper, drags Wade back down and against him.

“Later,” Peter says, “later.”

///

Peter remembers his last meal.

It was an hour ago, curled up with his boyfriend in their great California King, the cake sitting between them, and laughing as they go through the filters on Snapchat. They laugh until they cry, and then they cry because they can, and Wade tastes like chocolate icing and the best times of Peter’s life.

The vintage film camera Wade bought him sits on Peter's lap. The first picture he takes is three weeks later when Wade decorates May's grave in an abundance of flowers.

They would have gotten along, Peter thinks, as the flash goes off.

They would have cooked together, Peter thinks, as Wade mixes batter and fries fish.

They would have laughed together, Peter thinks, as Wade watches funny dog videos and nearly breaks a rib.

They would've would've would've.

///

"I'm going back to Paris," Wade tells him on Christmas, when the snow has blanketed the streets and turned to slush under their boots, "will you come with me?"

Peter smiles, presses a kiss to Wade's lips, even if he's still wearing the dumb Santa beard.

"Always," Peter says and it sounds like "I love you" because it is.

Chapter End Notes

guys. not gonna lie, low-key got emotional writing this because i remembered at the beginning when peter only had mj, wasn't eating, couldn't afford shit, and now he's in love with friends and can eat and wow. so happy for our boi. that's the kind of character development we fuck with here.

thank you, all of you, for sticking with me and this fic. i am so so grateful for each and every single one of you.

all my love
- dabbling xx

End Notes

thank you for all the love!! come talk to me on my tumblr: dabblingwithdaisies.tumblr.com

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!